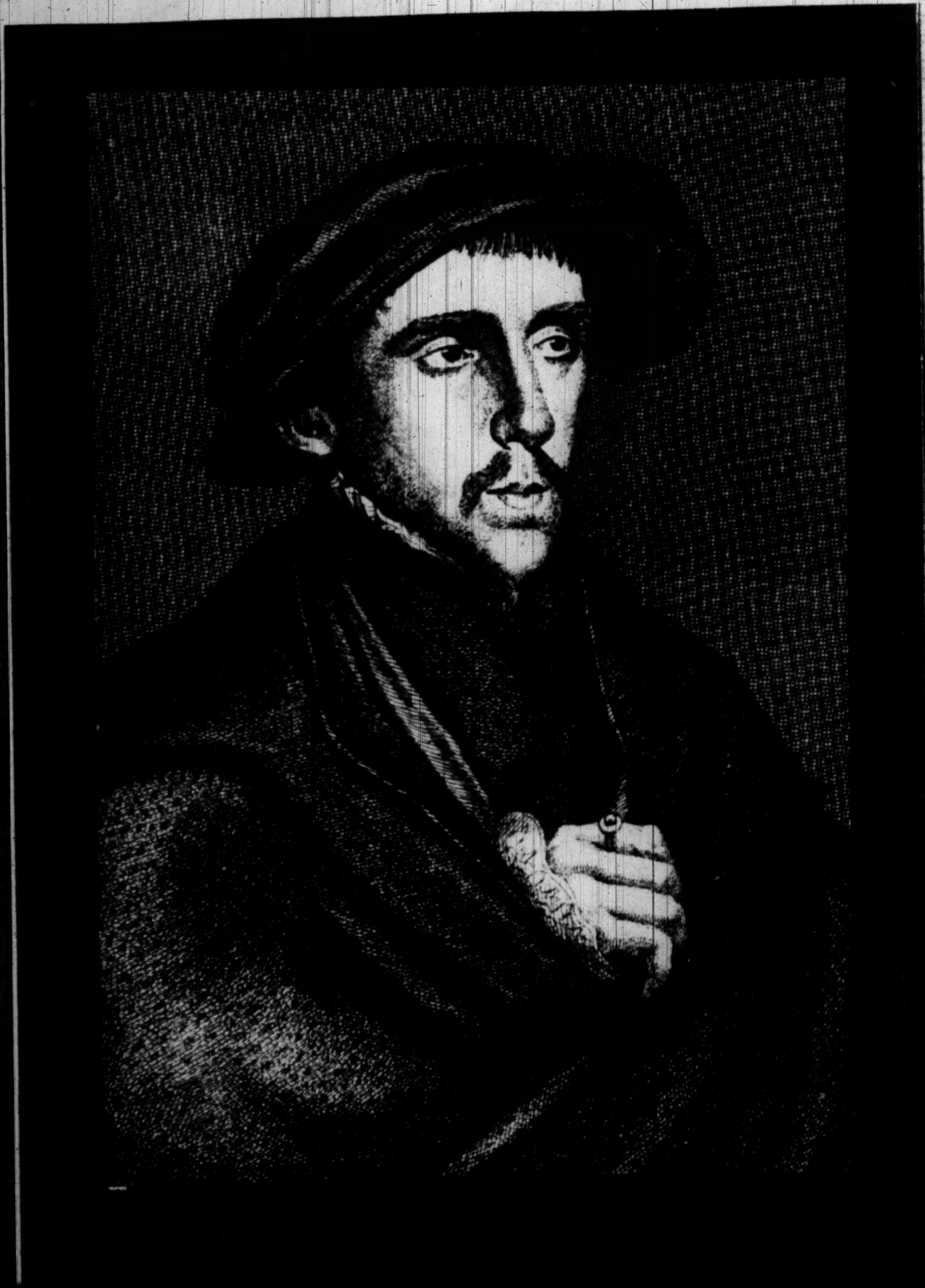

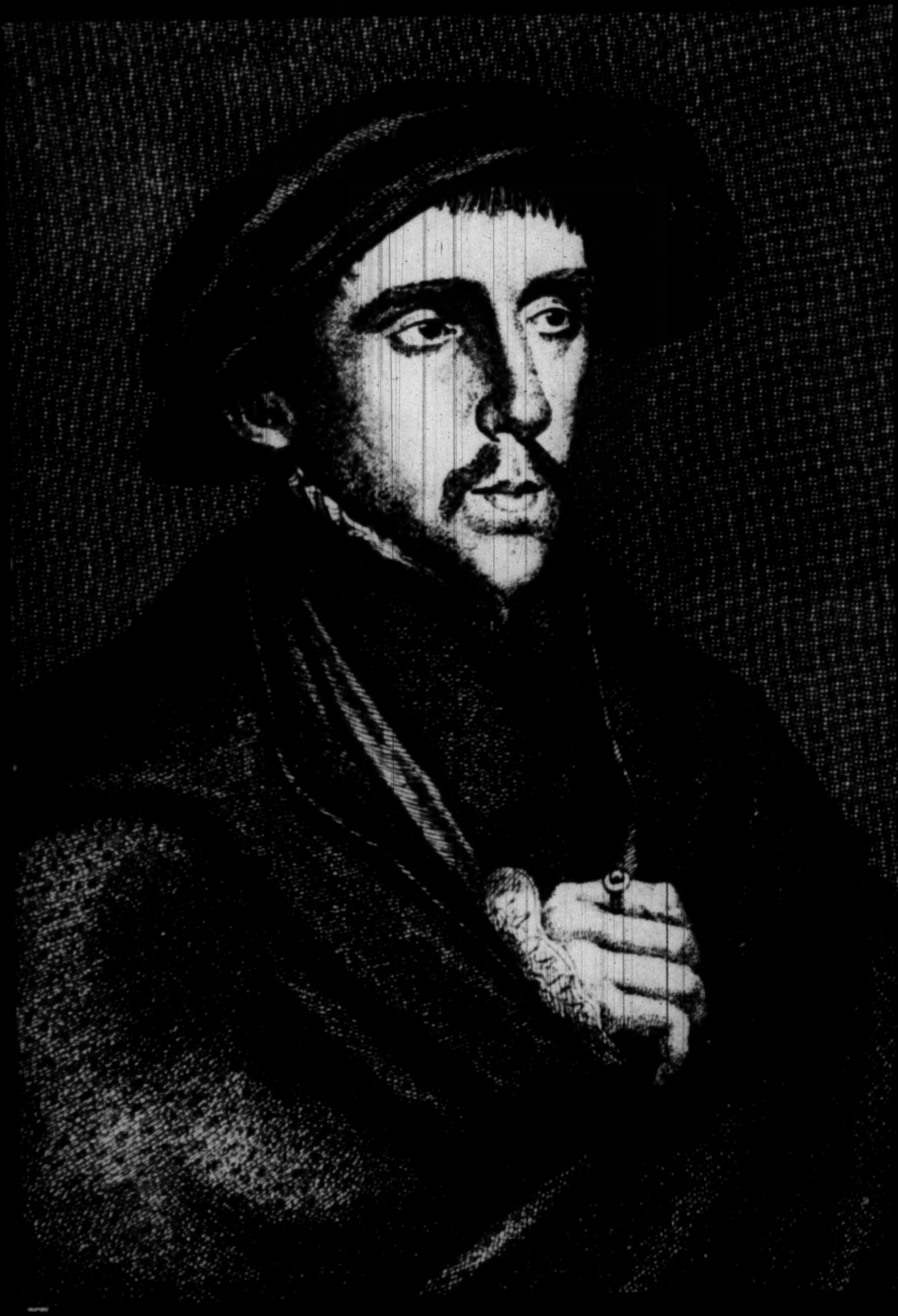

SONGES AND SONETTES,

written by the right honorable Lorde
Henry Haward late Earle of Surrey,
and other.

Apud Ricardum Tottel.
Cũm priuilegio ad imprimendum
ſolum.
.1557.

To the reder.

That to haue wel writtẽ in verſe, yea and in ſmall parcelles, deſerueth great praiſe, the workes of diuers Latines, Italians, & other, doe proue ſufficiently. That our tong is able in that kinde to do as praiſe worthelye as the reſt, the honorable ſtile of the noble earle of Surrey, and the weightineſſe of the depewitted ſir Thomas Wiat the elders verſe, with ſeueral graces in ſondry good Engliſhe writers, do ſhow abũdantly. It reſteth now (gẽtle reder) yͭ thou thinke it not euil don, to publiſhe, to yͤ honor of the engliſh tong, and for profit of the ſtudious of Engliſhe eloquence, thoſe workes which the vngẽtle horders vp of ſuch treſure haue heretofore enuied the. And for this point (good reder) thine own profit and pleaſure, in theſe preſently, & in mo hereafter, ſhal anſwer for my defẽce. If parhappes ſome miſlike the ſtatelineſſe of ſtile remoued from the rude ſkil of cõmon eares: I aſke help of the learned to defende their learned frendes, the authors of this work: And I exhort the vnlearned, by reding to learne to be more ſkilfull, and to purge that ſwinelike groſſeneſſe, that maketh the ſwete maierome not to ſmell to their delight.

Deſcripcion of the reſtleſſe ſtate of a louer, with ſute to his ladie, to rue on his dying hart.

The ſune hath twiſe brought furth his tender grene,
Twiſe clad the earth in liuely luſtineſſe:
Ones haue the windes the trees deſpoiled clene,
And ones again begins their cruelneſſe,
Sins I haue hid vnder my breſt the harm,
That neuer ſhal recouer healthfulneſſe.
The winters hurt recouers with the warm:
The parched grene reſtored is with ſhade.
What warmth (alas) may ſerue for to diſarm
The froſen hart, that mine in flame hath made?
What cold againe is able to reſtore
My freſh grene yeres, that wither thus and fade?
Alas, I ſee nothing hath hurt ſo ſore,
But time in time reduceth a returne:
In time my harm encreaſeth more and more,
And ſemes to haue my cure alwaies in ſcorne.
Strange kindes of death, in life that I do trie:
At hand to melt, farre of in flame to burne,
And like as time liſt to my cure apply,
So doth eche place my comfort cleane refuſe.
Al thing aliue, that ſeeth the heauens with eye,
With cloke of night may couer, and excuſe
It ſelf from trauail of the daies vnreſt,
Saue I, alas, againſt all others vſe,
That then ſtirre vp the tormentes of my breſt,
And curſe eche ſterre as cauſer of my fate:
And when the ſunne hath eke the dark oppreſt,
And brought the day, it doth nothing abate
The trauailes of mine endleſſe ſmart and pain.
For then as one that hath the light in hate,
I wiſh for night, more couertly to plain,
And me withdraw from euery haunted place,
Leſt by my chere my chaunce appere to plain:
And in my minde I meaſure pace by pace,

To ſeke the place where I my ſelf had loſt,
That day that I was tangled in the lace,
In ſemyng ſlack that knitteth euer moſt:
But neuer yet the trauaile of my thought
Of better ſtate coulde catch a cauſe to boſt.
For if I found ſometime that I haue ſought,
Thoſe ſterres by whom I truſted of the port:
My ſailes do fall, and I aduance right nought,
As ankerd faſt: my ſprites do all reſort
To ſtand agazed, and ſink in more and more
The deadly harme which ſhe doth take in ſport.
Lo, if I ſeke, how I do finde my ſore:
And if I flee, I cary with me ſtill
The venomd ſhaft, which doth his force reſtore
By haſte of flight, and I may plaine my fill
Unto my ſelf, vnleſſe this carefull ſong
Print in your hart ſome parcell of my tene.
For I, alas, in ſilence all to long,
Of mine old hurt yet fele the wound but grene.
Rue on my life: or els your cruel wrong
Shall well appere, and by my death be ſene.

Deſcription of Spring, wherin eche thing renewes, ſaue onely the louer.

The ſoote ſeaſon, that bud and blome forth brings,
With grene hath clad the hill, and eke the vale:
The nightingale, with fethers new ſhe ſings:
The turtle to her make hath tolde her tale:
Somer is come, for euery ſpray now ſprings,
The hart hath hong his old hed on the pale:
The buck in brake his winter coate he flings:
The fiſhes flete with new repaired ſcale:
The adder all her ſlough away ſhe ſlings:
The ſwift ſwallow purſueth the flies ſmalle:
The buſy bee her hony now ſhe minges:
Winter is worne that was the flowers bale:
And thus I ſee among theſe pleaſant thinges,
Eche care decayes, and yet my ſorow ſprings.

Deſcription of the reſtleſſe ſtate of a louer.

VVhen youth had led me half the race,
 That Cupides ſcourge had made me runne:
I loked backe, to mete the place,
From whence my wery courſe begonne.
 And then I ſaw how my deſire,
Miſguidyng me, had led the way:
Mine eyen, to gredy of their hyre,
Had made me loſe a better pray.
 For when in ſighes I ſpent the day
And could not cloke my grief with game:
The boylyng ſmoke did ſtill bewray
The perſant heat of ſecrete flame.
 And when ſalt teares do bain my breſt,
where loue his pleaſant traines hath ſowen:
Her beauty hath the frutes oppreſt,
Ere that the buds were ſprong and blowne.
 And when mine eyen did ſtyll purſue
The flying chace of their requeſt
Their gredy lokes did oft renew
The hidden wound within my breſt.
 When euery loke theſe chekes might ſtaine,
From deadly pale to glowyng red:
By outward ſignes appeared plaine,
To her for help my hart was fled.
 But all to late loue learneth me,
To paint all kinde of colors new:
To blinde their eyes that els ſhould ſee
My ſpecled chekes with Cupides hewe.
 And now the couert breſt I claime,
That worſhipt Cupide ſecretely,
And nouriſhed his ſacred flame:
From whence no blaſyng ſparkes do flye.

Deſciption of the fickle affections, panges, and ſleightes of loue.

SUch waiward waies hath loue, that moſt part in diſcord
Our willes do ſtand: whereby our harts but ſeldom do accord.
Deceit in his delight, and to begile, and mock
The ſimple hartes, whom he doth ſtrike & froward diuers ſtroke.
He cauſeth thone to rage with golden burning dart,
And doth alay with leaden cold again the other hart.
Whote glemes of burning fire, and eaſy ſparkes of flame
In balaunce of vnegal weight he pondereth by aime.
From eaſy ford, where I might wade and paſſe ful wel,
He me withdrawes, and doth me driue into a depe dark hel.
And me withholdes, wher I am cald, and offred place:
And willes me that my mortall foe I doe beſeke of grace.
He lettes me to purſue a conqueſt welnere wonne,
To folow where my paines were loſt, ere that my ſute begonne.
So by this meanes I know how ſoone a hart may turne,
From warre to peace, from truce to ſtrife, and ſo againe returne.
I know how to content my ſelf in others luſt:
Of litle ſtuffe vnto my ſelf to weaue a web of truſt:
And how to hide my harmes with ſoft diſſembling chere,
When in my face the painted thoughtes would outwardly apere.
I know how that the blood forſakes the face for dred:
And how by ſhame it ſtaines again the chekes with flaming red.
I know vnder the grene the ſerpent how he lurkes.
The hammer of the reſtles forge I wote eke how it workes.
I know and can by roate the tale that I would tel:
But oft the words come furth awrie of him that loueth wel.
I know in heat and cold the louer how he ſhakes:
In ſinging how he doth complain, in ſleping how he wakes:
To languiſh without ache, ſickleſſe for to conſume:
A thouſand things for to deuiſe, reſoluing all in fume.
And though he liſt to ſee his ladies grace full ſore,
Such pleaſures, as delight his eye, do not his health reſtore.
I know to ſeke the track of my deſired foe:
And fear to finde that I do ſeke. But chiefly this I know,
That louers muſt transforme into the thing beloued,
And liue (alas who would beleue?) with ſprite from life remoued.
I know in harty ſighes, and laughters of the ſplene,
At ones to change my ſtate, my will, and eke my color clene.
I know how to deceaue my ſelf with others help:
And how the Lion chaſtiſed is by beating of the whelp.
In ſtanding nere my fire, I know how that I freze:
Far of I burne: in both I waſt: and ſo my life I leze.

I know how loue doth rage vpon a yelding minde:
How ſmal a net may take and meaſh a hart of gentle kinde:
Or els with ſeldom ſwete to ſeaſon heapes of gall:
Reuiued with a glimſe of grace old ſorowes to let fal,
The hidden traines I know and ſecret ſnares of loue:
How ſone a loke wil print a thought, that neuer may remoue.
The ſlipper ſtate I know, the ſodein turnes from wealth,
The doubtful hope, the certain woe, and ſure deſpeire of health.

Complaint of a louer, that defied loue, and was by loue after the more tormented.

When ſõmer toke in hand the winter to aſſail,
With force of might, & vertue gret, his ſtormy blaſts to quail,
And when he clothed faire the earth about with grene,
And euery tree new garmented, that pleaſure was to ſene:
Mine hart gan new reuiue, and changed blood did ſtur
Me to withdrawe my winter woes, that kept within the dore.
Abrode, quod my deſire: aſſay to ſet thy fote,
Where thou ſhalt finde the ſauour ſwete: for ſprong is euery rote.
And to thy health, if thou were ſick in any caſe,
Nothing more good, than in the ſpring the aire to fele a ſpace.
There ſhalt thou heare and ſe all kindes of birdes ywrought,
Well tune their voice & warble ſmal, as nature hath them tought.
Thus pricked me my luſt the ſluggiſh houſe to leaue:
And for my health I thought it beſt ſuch counſail to receaue.
So on a morow furth, vnwiſt of any wight,
I went to proue how well it would my heauy burden light.
And when I felt the aire ſo pleaſant round about,
Lord, to my ſelf how glad I was that I had gotten out.
There might I ſe how Ver had euery bloſſom hent:
And eke the new betrothed birdes ycoupled how they went.
And in their ſonges me thought they thanked nature much,
That by her licence all that yere to loue their happe was ſuch,
Right as they could deuiſe to choſe them feres throughout:
With much reioyſing to their Lord thus flew they al about.
Which when I gan reſolue, and in my head conceaue,
What pleaſant life, what heapes of ioy theſe litle birdes receaue,

And ſaw in what eſtate I wery man was brought,
By want of that they had at will, and I reiect at nought:
Lord how I gan in wrath vnwiſely me demeane.
I curſed loue and him defied: I thought to turne the ſtreame,
But when I well beheld he had me vnder awe,
I aſked mercy for my fault, that ſo tranſgreſt his lawe.
Thou blinded God (quod I) forgeue me this offence,
Unwittingly I went about, to malice thy pretence.
Wherwith he gaue a beck, and thus me thought he ſwore,
Thy ſorowe ought ſuffice to purge thy fault, if it were more.
The vertue of which ſound mine hart did ſo reuiue,
That I, me thought, was made as whole as any man aliue,
But here I may perceiue mine errour all and ſome,
For that I thought that ſo it was: yet was it ſtill vndone.
And all that was no more but mine expreſſed minde,
That faine would haue ſome good reliefe, of Cupide well aſſinde.
I turned home forthwith, and might perceue it well,
That he agreued was right ſore with me for my rebell.
My harmes haue euer ſince, encreaſed more and more,
And I remaine without his help, vndone for euermore,
A mirror let me be vnto ye louers all:
Striue not with loue, for if ye do, it will ye thus befall.

Complaint of a louer rebuked.

LOue, that liueth, and raigneth in my thought,
That built his ſeat within my captiue breſt,
Clad in the armes, wherin with me he fought,
Oft in my face he doth his banner reſt.
She, that me taught to loue, and ſuffer payne,
My doutfull hope, and eke my hot deſire,
With ſhamefaſt cloke to ſhadow and reſtraine,
Her ſmiling grace conuerteth ſtraight to yre.
And coward loue then to the hart apace
Taketh his flight, wheras he lurkes and plaines
His purpoſe loſt, and dare not ſhew his face.
For my lordes gilt thus faultleſſe bide I paines,
Yet from my lorde ſhall not my foote remoue.
Swete is his death, that takes his end by loue.

Complaint of the louer diſdained.

IN Ciprus, ſpringes (where as dame Venus dwelt)
A Well ſo hotte is, that who taſtes the ſame.
Were he of ſtone, as thawed yſe ſhould melt,
And kindeled finde his breſt with fired flame.
Whoſe moiſt poyſon diſſolued hath my hart.
With creping fire my colde lyms ar ſuppreſt,
Feleth the hart that harbored freedome ſmart,
Endleſſe diſpaire long thraldome hath impreſt.
An other well of froſen yſe is founde,
Whoſe chilling venome of repugnant kinde
The feruent heat doth quenche of Cupides wounde:
And with the ſpot of change infectes the minde:
Wherof my dere hath taſted, to my paine.
Wherby my ſeruice growes into diſdaine.

Deſcription and praiſe of his loue Geraldine.

FRom Tuſkane came my Ladies worthy race:
Faire Florence was ſometime her auncient ſeate:
The Weſtern yle, whoſe pleaſant ſhore doth face
Wilde Cambers clifs, firſt gaue her liuely heate:
Foſtred ſhe was with milke of Iriſhe breſt:
Her ſire, an Earle: her dame, of princes blood.
From tender yeres, in Britain did ſhe reſt,
With a kinges child, who taſteth ghoſtly food.
Honſdon did firſt preſent her to mine yien:
Bright is her hewe, and Geraldine ſhe hight.
Hampton me taught to wiſhe her firſt for mine:
And Windſor, alas, doth chaſe me from her ſight.
Her beauty of kinde, her vertues from aboue.
Happy is he, that can obtaine her loue.

The frailtie and hurtfulnes of beautie.

BRittle beautie, that nature made ſo fraile,
Wherof the gift is ſmall, and ſhort the ſeaſon,

Flowring to day, to morowe apt to faile,
Tickell treaſure abhorred of reaſon,
Daungerous to dele with, vaine, of none auaile,
Coſtly in keping, paſt not worthe two peaſon,
Slipper in ſliding as is an eles taile,
Hard to attaine, once gotten not geaſon,
Jewel of ieopardie that perill doth aſſaile,
Falſe and vntrue, enticed oft to treaſon,
Enmy to youth: that moſt may I bewaile.
Ah bitter ſwete infecting as the poyſon:
Thou fareſt as frute that with the froſt is taken,
To day redy ripe, to morowe all to ſhaken.

A complaint by night of the louer not beloued.

ALas ſo all things now do hold their peace.
Heauen and earth diſturbed in nothing:
The beaſts, the ayre, the birdes their ſong do ceaſe:
The nightes chare the ſtarres about doth bring:
Calme is the Sea, the waues worke leſſe and leſſe:
So am not I, whom loue alas doth wring,
Bringing before my face the great encreaſe
Of my deſires, whereat I wepe and ſing,
In ioy and wo, as in a doutfull caſe.
For my ſwete thoughtes ſometime do pleaſure bring:
But by and by the cauſe of my diſeaſe
Geues me a pang, that inwardly doth ſting.
When that I thinke what griefe it is againe,
To liue and lacke the thing ſhould ridde my paine.

How eche thing ſaue the louer in ſpring reuiueth to pleaſure.

WHen Windſor walles ſuſteyned my wearied arme,
My hand my chin, to eaſe my reſtles hed:
Set pleaſant plots reueſted green with warme,
The bloſſomd bowes with luſty Ver yſpred,

The flowred meades, the wedded birdes ſo late
Mine eyes diſcouer:and to my minde reſorte
The ioly woes,the hateleſſe ſhorte debate,
The rakehell life that longes to loues diſporte.
Wherewith (alas) the heauy charge of care
Heapt in my breſt breakes forth againſt my will,
In ſmoky ſighes,that ouercaſt the ayre.
My vapord eyes ſuche drery teares diſtill,
The tender ſpring which quicken where they fall,
And I halfbent to throw me down withall.

Vow to loue faithfullie howſoeuer he be rewarded.

SEt me wheras the Sunne do parche the grene,
Or where his beames do not diſſolue the yſe:
In temperate heat where he is felt and ſene:
In preſence preſt of people madde or wiſe.
Set me in hye,or yet in low degree:
In longeſt night,or in the ſhorteſt day:
In cleareſt ſkie,or where clowdes thickeſt be:
In luſty youth,or when my heares are gray.
Set me in heauen,in earth,or els in hell,
In hill,or dale,or in the foming flood:
Thrall,or at large,aliue where ſo I dwell:
Sicke,or in health:in euyll fame,or good,
Hers will I be,and onely with this thought
Content my ſelfe,although my chaunce be nought.

Complaint that his ladie after ſhe knew of his loue kept her face alway hidden from him.

I Neuer ſaw my Ladie laye apart
Her cornet blacke,in cold nor yet in heate,
Sith firſt ſhe knew my griefe was growen ſo great,

Which other fanſies driueth from my hart.
That to my ſelfe I do the thought reſerue,
The which vnwares did wounde my woful breſt,
For on her face mine eyes mought neuer reſt,
Sins that ſhe knew I did her loue and ſerue,
Her golden treſſe is clad alway with blacke,
Her ſmiling lokes to hide thus euermore,
And that reſtraines which I deſire ſo ſore.
So doth this corner gouerne my alacke:
In ſomer, ſunne: in winters breath, of froſt:
Wherby the light of her faire lokes I loſt.

Requeſt to his loue to ioyne bountie with beautie.

The golden gift that nature did thee geue
To faſten frendes, and feede them at thy wyll,
With fourme and fauour, taught me to beleue.
How thow art made to ſhew her greateſt ſkill.
Whoſe hidden vertues are not ſo vnknowen,
But liuely domes might gather at the furſt
Where beauty ſo her perfect ſeede hath ſowen,
Of other graces folow nedes there muſt.
Now certeſſe Garret, ſins all this is true,
That from aboue thy giftes are thus elect:
Do not deface them than with fanſies newe,
Nor change of mindes let not thy minde infect:
But mercy him thy frende, that doth thee ſerue,
Who ſeekes alway thine honour to preſerue.

Priſoned in windſor, he recounteth his pleaſure there paſſed.

SO cruell priſon how could betide, alas,
As proude Windſor: where I in luſt and ioy.
With a kinges ſonne my childiſhe yeres did paſſe,
In greater feaſtes than Priams ſonnes of Troy:
Where eche ſwete place returns a taſte full ſower,

The large grene courtes, where we were wont to hone,
With eyes caſt vp into the maydens tower.
And eaſie ſighes, ſuch as folke drawe in loue:
The ſtately ſeates, the ladies bright of hewe
The daunces ſhort, long tales of great delight:
with wordes and lokes, that tigers could but rewe,
Where eche of vs did pleade the others right:
The palme play, where, diſpoiled for the game,
with dazed eies oft we by gleames of loue,
Haue miſt the ball, and got ſight of our dame,
To baite her eies, which kept the leads aboue:
The grauell ground, with ſleues tied on the helme:
On fomyng horſe, with ſwordes and frendly hartes:
With cheare, as though one ſhould another whelme:
Where we haue fought, and chaſed oft with dartes,
with ſiluer droppes the meade yet ſpred for ruth,
In actiue games of nimblenes, and ſtrength,
Where we did ſtraine, trayned with ſwarmes of youth.
Our tender lymmes, that yet ſhot vp in length:
The ſecret groues, which oft we made reſound
Of pleaſaunt plaint, and of our ladies praiſe,
Recording oft what grace eche one had found,
what hope of ſpede, what dread of long delaies:
The wilde foreſt, the clothed holtes with grene:
With rains auailed, and ſwift ybreathed horſe,
With crie of houndes, and mery blaſtes betwene,
Where we did chaſe the fearfull hart of force,
The wide vales eke, that harbord vs ech night,
Wherwith (alas) reuiueth in my breſt
The ſwete accord, ſuch ſlepes as yet delight:
The pleaſant dreames, the quiet bed of reſt:
The ſecrete thoughtes imparted with ſuch truſt:
The wanton talke, the diuers change of play:
The frendſhip ſworne, eche promiſe kept ſo iuſt:
wherwith we paſt the winter nightes away.
And, with this thought, the bloud forſakes the face,
The teares berayne my chekes of deadly hewe:
The which as ſoone as ſobbing ſighes (alas)
Vpſupped haue, thus I my plaint renewe:
O place of bliſſe, renuer of my woes,
Geue me accompt, where is my noble fere:
Whom in thy walles thou doeſt eche night encloſe,

To other leefe, but vnto me moſt dere.
Eccho (alas) that doth my ſorowrewe,
Returns therto a hollow ſound of plaint.
Thus I alone, where all my fredome grewe,
In priſon pyne, with bondage and reſtraint,
And with remembrance of the greater griefe
To baniſh the leſſe, I finde my chief reliefe.

The louer comforteth himſelfe with the worthineſſe of his loue.

VVHen raging loue with extreme payne
Moſt cruelly diſtrains my hart:
When that my teares, as floods of rayne,
Beare witnes of my wofull ſmart:
When ſighes haue waſted ſo my breath,
That I lye at the point of death.
I call to minde the nauie great,
That the Grekes brought to Troye town:
And how the boyſteous windes did beate
Their ſhips, and rent their ſayles adown,
Till Agamemnons daughters blood
Appeaſde the Gods, that them withſtood.
And how that in thoſe ten yeres warre,
Full many a bloodie dede was done,
And many a lord, that came full farre,
There caught his bane (alas) to ſoone:
And many a good knight ouerron,
Before the Grekes had Helene won.
Then thinck I thus: ſithe ſuch repaire,
So long time warre of valiant men,
Was all to winne a lady faire:
Shall I not learne to ſuffer then,
And thinck my life well ſpent to be,
Seruing a worthier wight than ſhe?
Therfore I neuer will repent,
But paines contented ſtill endure.
For like as when, rough winter ſpent,
The pleaſant ſpring ſtraight draweth in vre:

So after raging ſtormes of care
Ioyfull at length may be my fare.

Complaint of the abſence of her louer being vpon the ſea.

O Happy dames, that may embrace
The frute of your delight,
Help to bewaile the wofull caſe,
And eke the heauy plight
Of me, that wonted to reioyce
The fortune of my pleaſant choyce:
Good ladies, help to fill my moorning voyce.
In ſhip, freight with remembrance
Of thoughts, and pleaſures paſt,
He ſailes that hath in gouernance
My life, while it will laſt:
With ſcalding ſighes, for lack of gale,
Furdering his hope, that is his ſail
Toward me, the ſwete port of his auail.
Alas, how oft in dreames I ſee
Thoſe eyes that were my food,
Which ſomtime ſo delited me,
That yet they do me good.
Wherwith I wake with his returne,
Whoſe abſent flame did make me burne.
But when I finde the lacke, Lord how I mourne?
When other louers in armes acroſſe,
Reioyce their chiefe delight:
Drowned in teares to mourne my loſſe,
I ſtand the bitter night,
In my window, where I may ſee,
Before the windes how the cloudes flee.
Lo, what a Mariner loue hath made me.
And in grene waues when the ſalt flood
Doth riſe by rage of winde:
A thouſand fanſies in that mood
Aſſaile my reſtleſſe minde.
Alas, now drencheth my ſwete fo,
That with the ſpoyle of my hart did go,

And leſt me but (alas) why did he ſo?
And when the ſeas ware calme againe,
To chaſe fro me annoye.
My doutful hope doth cauſe me plaine:
So dread cuts of my ioye.
Thus is my wealth mingled with wo,
And of eche thought a dout doth growe,
Now he comes, will he come? alas, no no.

Complaint of a diyng louer refuſed vpon his ladies iniuſt miſtaking of his writing.

IN winters iuſt returne, when Boreas gan his raigne,
And euery tree vnclothed faſt, as nature taught them plaine:
In miſty morning darke, as ſheepe are then in holde,
I hyed me faſt, it ſat me on, my ſheepe for to vnfolde.
And as it is a thing, that louers haue by fittes,
Under a palme I heard one cry, as he had loſt his wittes.
Whoſe voyce did ring ſo ſhrill, in vttering of his plaint,
That I amazed was to heare, how loue could him attaint.
Ah wretched man (quod he) come death, and ridde this wo:
A iuſt reward, a happy end, if it may chaunce thee ſo.
Thy pleaſures paſt haue wrought thy wo, without redreſſe.
If thou hadſt neuer felt no ioy, thy ſmart had bene the leſſe,
And retchleſſe of his life, he gan both ſighe and grone,
A rufull thing me thought, it was, to hear him make ſuch mone,
Thou curſed pen (ſayd he) wo worth the bird thee bare,
The man, the knife, and all that made thee, wo be to their ſhare.
Wo worth the time, and place, where I ſo could endite.
And wo be it yet once againe, the pen that ſo can write.
Unhappy hand, it had ben happy time for me,
If, when to write thou learned firſt, vnioynted hadſt thou be.
Thus curſed he himſelf, and euery other wight,
Saue her alone whom loue him bound, to ſerue both day & night.
Which when I heard, and ſaw, how he himſelf fordid,
Againſt the ground with bloody ſtrokes, himſelf euen ther to rid:
Had ben my heart of flint, it muſt haue melted tho:

For in my life I neuer ſawe a man ſo full of wo.
With teares, for his redreſſe, I raſhly to him ran.
And in my armes I caught him faſt, and thus I ſpake him than.
What woful wight art thou, that in ſuch heauy caſe
Tormentes thy ſelfe with ſuch deſpite, here in this deſert place?
Wherwith, as al agaſt, fulfild with ire, and dred,
He caſt on me a ſtaring loke, with colour pale, and ded.
Nay, what art thou (quod he) that in this heauy plight,
Doeſt find me here, moſt wofull wretch, that life hath in deſpighte?
I am (quoth I) but poore, and ſimple in degre:
A ſhepardes charge I haue in hand, vnworthy though I be.
With that he gaue a ſighe, as though the ſkie ſhold fall:
And lowd (alas) he ſhriked oft, and Shepard, gan he call,
Come, hie the faſt at ones, and print it in thy hart:
So thou ſhalt know, and I ſhall tell the, giltleſſe how I ſmart.
His back againſt the tree, ſore febled al with faint,
With weary ſprite he ſtretcht him vp: and thus he told his plaint.
Ones in my hart (quoth he) it chaunced me to loue
Such one, in whom hath nature wrought, her cũning for to proue.
And ſure I can not ſay, but many yeres were ſpent,
With ſuch good will ſo recompenſt, as both we were content
Wherto then I me bound, and ſhe likewiſe alſo,
The ſunne ſhould runne his courſe awry, ere we this faith forgo.
Who ioied then, but I: who had this worldes bliſſe?
Who might compare a life to mine, that neuer thought on this?
But dwelling in this truth, amid my greateſt ioy,
Is me befallen a greater loſſe, then Priam had of Troy.
She is reuerſed clene, and beareth me in hand,
That my deſerts haue geuen her cauſe to breke this faithful band.
And for my iuſt excuſe auaileth no defence,
Now knoweſt thou all: I can no more, but ſhepheard hie the hence
And geue him leaue to dye, that may no lenger liue:
Whoſe record lo I claime to haue, my death, I do forgeue.
And eke when I am gone, be bolde to ſpeake it plaine:
Thou haſt ſeen dye the trueſt man, that euer loue did paine.
Wherwith he turned him round, and gaſpyng oft for breath,
Into his armes a tree he raught, and ſaid welcome my death:
Welcome a thouſand folde, now dearer vnto me,
Than ſhould without her loue to liue, an emperour to be.
Thus, in this wofull ſtate, he yelded vp the ghoſt:
And little knoweth his lady, what a louer ſhe hath loſt.
Whoſe death when I beheld, no marueil was it, right

For pitye though my hart did blede, to ſe ſo piteous ſight,
  My blood from heat to colde oft changed wonders ſore:
A thouſande troubles there I found I neuer knew before.
  Twene drede and dolour, ſo my ſprites were brought in feare,
That long it was ere I could call to minde, what I did there.
  But, as ech thing hath end, ſo had theſe payns of myne:
The furies paſt, and I my wits reſtord by length of tyme.
  Then as I could deuiſe, to ſeke I thought it beſt,
Where I might finde ſome worthy place, for ſuch a corſe to reſt.
  And in my minde it came: from thence not far away,
Where Creſeids loue, king Priams ſonne, yͤ worthy Troilus lay
  By him I made his tomb, in token he was true:
And as to him belongeth well, I couered it with blew.
  Whoſe ſoule by angels power, departed not ſo ſone,
But to the heauens, lo it fled, for to receiue his dome.

Complaint of the abſence of her louer being vpon the ſea.

GOod Ladies: ye that haue your pleaſures in exile,
  Step in your fote, come take a place, & mourne with me a while
  And ſuch as by their lordes do ſet but little price,
Let them ſit ſtill: it ſkilles them not what chance come on yͤ dice.
  But ye whom loue hath bound by order of deſire,
To loue your lords, whoſe good deſerts none other wold require:
  Come ye yet once again, and ſet your fote by mine,
Whoſe wofull plight and ſorowes great no tong may well define,
  My loue and lorde alas in whom conſiſtes my wealth,
Hath fortune ſent to paſſe the ſeas in hazarde of his health.
  Whom I was wont tembrace with well contented minde
Is now amid the fomyng floods at pleaſure of the winde.
  Where God well him preſerue, and ſone him home me ſend,
Without which hope, my life (alas) were ſhortly at an end.
  Whoſe abſence yet, although my hope doth tell me plaine,
With ſhort returne he comes anone, yet ceaſeth not my payne,
  The fearefull dreames I haue, oft times do greue me ſo:
That when I wake, I lye in dout, where they be true, or no.
  Sometime the roaring ſeas (me ſemes) do grow ſo hye:
That my dere Lord (ay me alas) me thinkes I ſee him dye.
  An other time the ſame doth tell me: he is come:

And plaing, where I ſhall him finde with his faire little ſonne
So, forth I go apace to ſe that lefſome ſight,
And with a kiſſe, me thinke, I ſay, welcome my lord, my knight.
Welcome my ſwete, alas, the ſtay of my welfare.
Thy preſence bringeth forth a truce atwixt me, and my care,
Then liuely doth he loke, and ſaluteth me againe,
And ſaith, my dere how is it now, that you haue al this paine?
Wherwith the heauy cares, that heapt are in my breſt,
Breake forth and me diſchargen clene of all my huge vnreſt.
But when I me awake, and finde it but a dreme,
The anguiſh of my former wo beginneth more extreme,
And me tormenteth ſo that vnneath may I finde
Some hidden place, wherin to ſlake the gnawing of my minde,
Thus euery way you ſe, with abſence how I burn,
And for my wound no cure I finde, but hope of good return
Saue when I thinke, by ſowre how ſwete is felt the more,
It doth abate ſome of my paines, that I abode before,
And then vnto my ſelf I ſay, when we ſhall mete,
But little while ſhall ſeme this paine, the ioy ſhall be ſo ſwete,
Ye windes I you coniure in chiefeſt of your rage,
That ye my Lord ſafely ſende, my ſorowes to aſſwage,
And that I may not long abide in this exceſſe,
Do your good will, to cure a wight, that liueth in diſtreſſe.

A praiſe of his loue wherein he reproueth them that compare their Ladies with his.

GEue place ye louers, here before
That ſpent your boſtes and bragges in vaine,
My Ladies beauty paſſeth more
The beſt of yours, I dare wel ſayen,
Then doth the ſonne, the candle light,
Or brighteſt day, the darkeſt night,
And therto hath a troth as iuſt,
As had Penelope the faire,
For what ſhe ſaith, ye may it truſt,
As it by writing ſealed were,
And vertues hath ſhe many moe,
Than I with pen haue ſkill to ſhow.
I could reherſe, if that I wold
The whole effect of natures plaint,

when ſhe had loſt the perfite mould,
The like to whom ſhe could not paint:
with wringing handes how ſhe did cry,
And what ſhe ſaid, I know it, I.
I know, ſhe ſwore with raging minde,
Her kingdome onely ſet apart,
There was no loſſe, by law of kinde,
That could haue gone ſo nere her hart.
And this was chiefly all her paine:
She could not make the like againe.
Sith nature thus gaue her the praiſe
To be the chefeſt worke ſhe wrought:
In faith me think ſome better waies
On your behalfe might wel be ſought,
Then to compare (as ye haue done)
To matche the candle with the ſunne.

To the ladie that ſcorned her louer

ALthough I had chek,
To giue the mate is hard,
For I haue found a neck,
To kepe mi men in gard.
And you that hardy are
To giue ſo great aſſay,
Vnto a man of warre.
To driue his men away:
I rede you take good hede,
And marke this foliſh verſe,
For I will ſo prouide.
That I wyll haue your ferſe,
And when your ferſe is had,
And all your warre is done,
Then ſhall your ſelfe be glad
To ende that you begon,
For if by chance I winne
Your perſon in the felde:
To late then come you in

Your ſelf to me to yeld.
  For I will vſe my power,
As captaine full of might,
And ſuch I will deuour,
As vſe to ſhew me ſpight.
  And for becauſe you gaue
Me check in your degre,
This vantage loe I haue,
Now checke, and garde to the.
  Defend it, if thou may,
Stand ſtiffe, in thine eſtate,
For ſure I will aſſay,
If I can giue the mate.

A warning to the louer how he is abuſed by his loue.

TO derely had I bought my grene and youthfull yeres,
  If in mine age I could not finde when craft for loue apperes.
 And ſeldome though I come in court among the reſt.
Yet can I iudge in colours dim as depe as can the beſt.
 Where griefe tormentes the man that ſuffreth ſecret ſmart,
To breake it forth vnto ſome frende it eaſeth well the hart,
 So ſtandes it now with me for my beleued frinde.
This caſe is thine for whom I fele ſuch torment of my minde.
 And for thy ſake I burne ſo in my ſecret breſt
That till thou know my whole diſeaſe my hart can haue no reſt,
 I ſe how thine abuſe hath wreſted ſo thy wittes,
That all it yeldes to thy deſire, and folowes the by fittes.
 Where thou haſt loued ſo long with hart and all thy power,
I ſe thee fedde with fained wordes, thy fredome to deuower.
 I know, (though ſhe ſay nay, and would it well withſtand)
When in her grace thou holdeſt the moſt, ſhe bare the but in hand.
 I ſe her pleaſant chere in chiefeſt of thy ſuite,
When thou art gone, I ſe him come that gathers vp the fruite.
 And eke in thy reſpect I ſe the baſe degre
Of him to whom ſhe gaue the hart that promiſed was to the.
 I ſe (what would you more) ſtode neuer man ſo ſure
On womans word but wiſedome would miſtruſt it to endure.

The forſaken louer deſcribeth and forſaketh loue.

O Lothſome place where I
Haue ſene and hard my dere
when in my hart her eye
Hath made her thought appere
By glimſing with ſuch grace
As fortune it ne would,
That laſten any ſpace
Betwene vs lenger ſhould.
As fortune did auance,
To further my deſire:
Euen ſo hath fortunes chaunce
Throwen all amiddes the mire.
And that I haue deſerued
with true and faithful hart,
Is to his handes reſerued
That neuer felt the ſmart.
But happy is that man,
That ſcaped hath the griefe
That loue well teache him can
By wanting his reliefe.
A ſcourge to quiet mindes
It is, who taketh hede.
A common plage that bindes,
A trauell without mede.
This gift it hath alſo,
who ſo enioies it moſt,
A thouſand troubles grow
To vexe his weried ghoſt.
And laſt it may not long
The trueſt thing of all
And ſure the greateſt wrong
That is within this thrall.
But ſins thou deſert place
Canſt geue me no accompt
Of my deſired grace
That I to haue was wont
Farewell thou haſt me taught

To thinke me not the furſt,
That loue hath ſet aloft,
And caſten in the duſt.

The louer deſcribes his reſtleſſe ſtate.

As oft as I behold and ſee
The ſoueraigne beauty that me bounds:
The nyer my comfort is to me,
Alas the freſſher is my wound.
As flame doth quench by rage of fire,
And runnyng ſtremes conſume by raine:
So doth the ſight, that I deſire,
Appeaſe my grief and deadly payne.
Firſt when I ſaw thoſe criſtall ſtreames,
Whoſe beauty made my mortall wound:
I little thought within her beames
So ſwete a venom to haue found.
But wilfull will did prick me forth,
And blinde Cupide did whippe and guide:
Force made me take my grief in worth:
My fruteles hope my harme did hide.
As cruel waues full oft be found,
Againſt the rockes to rore and cry:
So doth my hart full oft rebound
Againſt my breſt full bitterly.
I fall, and ſee mine owne decay,
As one that beares flame in his breſt,
Forgets in payne to put away,
The thing that bredeth mine vnreſt.

The louer excuſeth himſelf of ſuſpected change.

Though I regarded not
The promiſe made by me,
Or paſſed not to ſpot
My faith and honeſtee:

Yet were my fancy ſtrange,
And wilfull will to wite,
If I ſought now to change
A falkon for a kite.
  All men might well diſprayſe
My wit and enterpriſe,
If I eſtemed a peſe
Aboue a perle in priſe:
Or iudged the owle in ſight
The ſparehauke to excell,
Which flieth but in the night,
As all men know right well.
  Or if I ſought to ſayle
Into the brittle port,
Where ankerhold doth faile,
To ſuch as do reſort.
And leaue the hauen ſure,
Where blowes no bluſteryng winde,
Nor fickelneſſe in vre
So farforth as I finde.
  No, thinke me not ſo light,
Nor of ſo churliſh kinde,
Though it lay in my might
My bondage to vnbinde.
That I would leue the hinde
To hunt the ganders ſo.
No no I haue no minde
To make exchanges ſo:
  Nor yet to change at all,
For think it may not be
That I ſhould ſeke to fall
From my felicitie,
Deſirous for to win,
And loth for to forgo,
Or new change to begin:
How may all this be ſo?
  The fire it can not freſe:
For it is not his kinde,
Nor true loue can not leſe
The conſtance of the minde.
Yet as ſone ſhall the fire,
Want heat to blaſe and burn,

As I in ſuch deſire,
Haue once a thought to turne.

A careleſſe man, ſcorning and deſcribing, the ſuttle vſage of women towarde their louers.

VVRapt in my careleſſe cloke, as I walkt to and fro:
I ſe, how loue cã ſhew, what force ther reigneth in his bow
And how he ſhoteth eke, a hardy hart to wound:
And where he glanceth by againe, that litle hurt is found.
For ſeldom is it ſene, he woundeth hartes alike.
The tone may rage, when tothers loue is often farre to ſeke.
All this I ſee, with more: and wonder thinketh me:
How he can ſtrike the one ſo ſore, and leaue the other free.
I ſee, that wounded wight, that ſuffreth all this wrong:
How he is fed with yeas, and nayes, and liueth all to long.
In ſilence though I kepe ſuch ſecretes to my ſelf:
Yet do I ſee, how ſhe ſomtime doth yeld a looke by ſtelth:
As though it ſeemd, ywys I will not loſe thee ſo,
When in her hart ſo ſwete a thought did neuer truely grow.
Then ſay I thus: alas, that man is farre from bliſſe:
That doth receiue for his relief, none other gaine but this.
And ſhe, that fedes him ſo, I fele, and finde it plain:
Is but to glory in her power, that ouer ſuch can reign.
Nor are ſuch graces ſpent, but when ſhe thinkes, that he,
A weried man is fully bent, ſuch fanſies to let flie:
Then to retain him ſtill, ſhe wraſteth new her grace,
And ſmileth lo, as though ſhe would forthwith the man embrace:
But when the proofe is made, to try ſuch lookes withall:
He findeth then the place all voyde, and freighted ful of gall.
Lord what abuſe is this: who can ſuch women praiſe:
That for their glory do deuiſe, to vſe ſuch craftie wayes.
I, that among the reſt do ſit, and marke the row,
Finde, that in her is greater craft, then is in twenty mo.
Whoſe tender yeres, alas, with wyles ſo well are ſped:
What will ſhe do, when hory heares are powdred in her hed?

An anſwer in the behalfe of a woman of an vncertain aucthor.

GIrt in my giltles gowne as I ſit here and ſow,
I ſee that thinges are not in dede as to the outward ſhow.
And who ſo liſt to looke and note thinges ſomewhat nere:
Shall finde wher plaineſſe ſemes to haũt nothing but craft appere
For with indifferent eyes my ſelf can well diſcerne,
How ſome to guide a ſhip in ſtormes ſeke for to take the ſterne.
Whoſe practiſe if were proued in calme to ſtere a barge,
Aſſuredly beleue it well it were to great a charge.
And ſome I ſee againe ſit ſtill and ſay but ſmall,
That could do ten times more than they that ſay they can do all.
Whoſe goodly giftes are ſuch the more they vnderſtand,
The more they ſeke to learn and know & take leſſe charge in hand.
And to declare more plain the time fleetes not ſo faſt:
But I can beare full well in minde the ſong now ſoung and paſt.
The authour whereof came wrapt in a crafty cloke:
With will to force a flaming fire where he could raiſe no ſmoke.
If power and will had ioynde as it appeareth plaine,
The truth nor right had tane no place their vertues had ben vain.
So that you may perceiue, and I may ſafely ſe,
The innocent that giltleſſe is, condemned ſhould haue be.

The conſtant louer lamenteth.

SIns fortunes wrath enuieth the wealth.
wherein I raigned by the ſight:
Of that that fed mine eyes by ſtelth,
With ſower ſwete, dread and delight.
Let not my griefe moue you to mone,
For I will wepe and waile alone.
Spite draue me into Boreas raigne,
Where hore froſtes the frutes do bite,
When hilles were ſpred and euery plaine:
With ſtormy winters mantle white.
And yet my dere ſuch was my heate,
When others freze then did I ſweate.
And now though on the ſunne I driue,
Whoſe feruent flame all thinges decaies,

His beames in brightneſſe may not ſtriue,
With light of your ſwete golden rayes,
Nor from my breſt this heate remoue,
The froſen thoughtes grauen by loue.
Ne may the waues of the ſalt flood,
Quenche that your beauty ſet on fire,
For though mine eyes forbeare the foode,
That did releue the hot deſire.
Such as I was ſuch will I be,
Your own, what would ye more of me?

A ſong written by the earle of Surrey by a ladie that refuſed to daunce with him.

Ech beaſt can choſe his fere according to his minde,
And eke can ſhew a frendly chere like to their beaſtly kinde.
A Lion ſaw I late as white as any ſnow,
Which ſemed well to lead the race his port the ſame did ſhow.
Upon the gentle beaſt to gaze it pleaſed me,
For ſtill me thought he ſemed wel of noble blood to be,
And as he praunced before, ſtill ſeking for a make,
As who wold ſay there is none here I trow will me forſake.
I might perceiue a Wolfe as white as whales bone,
A fairer beaſt of freſher hue beheld I neuer none.
Saue that her lookes were coy, and froward eke her grace,
Unto the which this gentle beaſt gan him aduance apace.
And with a beck full low he bowed at her feete,
In humble wiſe as who would ſay I am to farre vnmeete.
But ſuch a ſcornefull chere wherewith ſhe him rewarded,
Was neuer ſene I trow the like to ſuch as well deſerued.
With that ſhe ſtart aſide welnere a foote or twaine,
And vnto him thus gan ſhe ſay with ſpite and great diſdaine.
Lion ſhe ſayd if thou hadſt knowen my minde before,
Thou hadſt not ſpent thy trauail thus nor all thy paine forlore.
Doway I let thee wete thou ſhalt not play with me,
Go range about where thou maieſt finde ſome meter fere for thee.
With that he bet his taile, his eyes began to flame,
I might perceiue his noble hart much moued by the ſame.
Yet ſaw I him refraine and eke his wrath aſwage,
And vnto her thus gan he ſay when he was paſt his rage.

Cruell, you do me wrong to ſet me thus ſo light,
Without deſert for my good will to ſhew me ſuch deſpight.
How can ye thus entreat a Lion of the race,
That with his pawes a crowned king deuoured in the place:
Whoſe nature is to pray vpon no ſimple food,
As long as he may ſuck the fleſh, and drink of noble blood.
If you be faire and freſh, am I not of your hue:
And for my vaunt I dare well ſay my blood is not vntrue.
For you your ſelf haue heard it is not long agoe,
Sith that for loue one of the race did end his life in woe
In tower ſtrong and hie for his aſſured truth,
Whereas in teares he ſpent his breath, alas the more the ruth.
This gentle beaſt ſo dyed whom nothing could remoue,
But willingly to leſe his life for loſſe of his true loue.
Other there be whoſe liues do lingre ſtill in paine,
Againſt their willes preſerued ar that would haue died faine,
But now I do perceaue that nought it moueth you,
My good entent, my gentle hart, nor yet my kinde ſo true.
But that your will is ſuch to lure me to the trade,
As other ſome full many yeres to trace by craft ye made.
And thus behold our kindes how that we differ farre.
I ſeke my foes: and you your frendes do threaten ſtill with warre
I fawne where I am fled: you ſlay that ſekes to you,
I can deuour no yelding pray: you kill where you ſubdue.
My kinde is to deſire the honour of the field:
And you with blood to ſlake your thirſt on ſuch as to you yeld.
Wherefore I would you wiſt that for your coyed lookes,
I am no man that will be trapt nor tangled with ſuch hookes.
And though ſome luſt to loue where blame full well they might,
And to ſuch beaſts of currant ſort that would haue trauail bright.
I will obſerue the law that Nature gaue to me,
To conquer ſuch as will reſiſt and let the reſt go fre.
And as a Faucon free that ſoreth in the ayre,
Which neuer fed on hand nor lure, nor for no ſtale doth care,
While that I liue and breath ſuch ſhall my cuſtome be,
In wildnes of the woods to ſeke my pray where pleaſeth me.
where many one ſhall rue, that neuer made offence.
Thus your refuſe againſt my power ſhall bote them no defence.
And for reuenge therof I vow and ſweare therto,
A thouſand ſpoiles I ſhall commit I neuer thought to do.
And if to light on you my lucke ſo good ſhall be,
I ſhall be glad to fede on that that would haue fed on me.

And thus farewell vnkinde to whom I bent and bow,
I would ye wiſt the ſhip is ſafe that bare his ſailes ſo low.
Sith that a Lions hart is for a Wolfe no pray,
With bloody mouth go ſlake your thirſt on ſimple ſhepe I ſay,
With more diſpite and ire than I can now expreſſe,
Which to my paine though I refrain, the cauſe you may wel geſſe.
As for becauſe my ſelf was aucthor of the game.
It bootes me not that for my wrath I ſhould diſturbe the ſame.

The faithfull louer declareth his paines and his vncertein ioyes, and with only hope recomforteth ſomwhat his wofull heart.

IF care do cauſe men cry, why do not I complaine?
If eche man do bewaile his wo, why ſhew not I my paine?
Since that amongſt them all I dare well ſay is none,
So farre from weale, ſo full of wo, or hath more cauſe to mone.
For all thinges hauing life ſometime haue quiet reſt.
The bearing Aſſe, the drawing Oxe, and euery other beaſt.
The peaſant and the poſt, that ſerues at all aſſayes,
The ſhipboy and the galley ſlaue haue time to take their eaſe,
Saue I alas whom care of force doth ſo conſtraine
To waile the day and wake the night continually in paine,
From penſiuenes to plaint, from plaint to bitter teares,
From teares to painfull plaint againe: and thus my life it weares.
No thing vnder the ſunne that I can heare or ſe,
But moueth me for to bewaile my cruell deſtenie.
For where men do reioyce ſince that I can not ſo,
I take no pleaſure in that place, it doubleth but my wo.
And when I heare the ſound of ſong or inſtrument,
Me think eche tune there dolefull is and helps me to lament.
And if I ſee ſome haue their moſt deſired ſight,
Alas think I eche man hath weal ſaue I moſt wofull wight.
Then as the ſtriken Dere withdrawes him ſelfe alone,
So do I ſeke ſome ſecrete place where I may make my mone.
There do my flowing eyes ſhew forth my melting hart,
So yͭ the ſtremes of thoſe two welles right well declare my ſmart.

And in thoſe cares ſo colde I force my ſelfe a heat,
As ſick men in their ſhaking fittes procure them ſelf to ſweat,
With thoughtes that for the time do much appeaſe my paine,
But yet they cauſe a farther feare and brede my woe againe.
Me thinke within my thought I ſe right plaine appere,
My hartes delight my ſorowes leche mine earthly goddeſſe here,
With euery ſondry grace that I haue ſene her haue.
Thus I within my wofull breſt her picture paint and graue.
And in my thought I roll her bewties to and fro,
Her laughing chere her louely looke my hart that perced ſo.
Her ſtrangenes when I ſued her ſeruant for to be,
And what ſhe ſaid and how ſhe ſmiled when that ſhe pitied me.
Then comes a ſodaine feare that riueth all my reſt
Leſt abſence cauſe forgetfulnes to ſink within her breſt.
For when I think how far this earth doth vs deuide.
Alas me ſemes loue throwes me downe I fele how that I ſlide,
But then I think againe why ſhould I thus miſtruſt,
So ſwete a wighte ſo ſad and wiſe that is ſo true and iuſt,
For loth ſhe was to loue, and wauering is ſhe not.
The farther of the more deſirde thus louers tie their knot.
So in diſpaire and hope plonged am I both vp an doune,
As is the ſhip with wind and waue when Neptune liſt to froune.
But as the watery ſhowers delay the raging winde,
So doth good hope clene put away diſpaire out of my minde.
And biddes me for to ſerue and ſuffer paciently,
For what wot I the after weale that fortune willes to me.
For thoſe that care do know and taſted haue of trouble,
When paſſed is their wofull paine eche ioy ſhall ſeme them double.
And bitter ſendes ſhe now to make me taſt the better,
The pleſant ſwete when that it comes to make it ſeme the ſweter.
And ſo determine I to ſerue vntil my breath.
Ye rather die a thouſand times then once to falſe my faithe.
And if my feble corps through weight of woful ſmart,
Do faile or faint my wyll it is that ſtill ſhe kepe my hart.
And when thys carcas here to earth ſhalbe refarde,
I do bequeth my weried ghoſt to ſerue her afterwarde.

The meanes to attain happy life.

Martiall,

Martial, the thinges that do attain
The happy life, be theſe, I finde.
The richeſſe left, not got with pain:
The frutefull ground: the quiet minde:
The egall frend, no grudge, no ſtrife:
No charge of rule, nor gouernance:
Without diſeaſe the healthful life:
The houſhold of continuance:
The meane diet, no delicate fare:
Trew wiſdom ioyned with ſimpleneſſe:
The night diſcharged of all care,
Where wine the wit may not oppreſſe:
The faithfull wife, without debate:
Such ſlepes, as may begile the night:
Contented with thine own eſtate,
Ne wiſh for death, ne feare his might.

Praiſe of meane and constant eſtate.

Of thy life, Thomas, this compaſſe wel mark:
Not aye with ful ſailes the hye ſeas to beat:
Ne by coward dred, in ſhonning ſtormes dark,
On ſhalow ſhores thy keel in peril freat.
Who ſo gladly halſeth the golden meane,
Voide of daungers aduiſdly hath his home
Not with lothſome muck, as a den vnclean:
Nor palacelike, wherat diſdain may glome.
The lofty pyne the great winde often riues:
With violenter ſwey falne turrets ſtepe:
Lightnings aſſault the hie mountains, & clyues,
A hart wel ſtayd, in ouerthwartes depe,
Hopeth amendes: in ſwete, doth feare the ſowre.
God, that ſendeth, withdraweth winter ſharp.
Now il, not aye thus: once Phebus to lowre
With bowe vnbent ſhal ceſſe, and frame to harp
His voice. In ſtraite eſtate appere thou ſtout:
And ſo wiſely, when lucky gale of winde
All thy puft ſailes ſhal fill, loke well about:
Take in a ryft: haſt is waſt, profe doth finde.

Praiſe

Praiſe of certaine pſalmes of Dauid, tranſlated by
ſir T. w. the elder

The great Macedon, that out of Perſie chaſed
Darius, of whoſe huge power all Aſie rong,
In the rich ark dan Homers rimes he placed,
who fayned geſtes of heathen princes ſong.
What holy graue? what worthy ſepulture
To Wiattes Pſalmes ſhould Chriſtians then purchaſe?
where he doth paint the liuely faith, and pure,
The ſtedfaſt hope, the ſwete returne to grace
Of iuſt Dauid, by perfite penitence.
Where rulers may ſee in a mirrour clere
The bitter frute of falſe concupiſcence:
How Iewry bought Urias death full dere.
In princes harts Gods ſcourge imprinted depe,
Ought them awake, out of their ſinfull ſlepe.

Of the death of the ſame
ſir T. w.

Dyuers thy death do diuerſly bemone.
Some, that in preſence of thy liuelyhed
Lurked, whoſe breſtes enuy with hate had ſwolne,
yeld Ceaſars teares vpon Pompeius hed,
Some, that watched with the murdrers knife,
With eger thirſt to drink thy giltleſſe blood,
Whoſe practiſe brake by happy end of life,
With enuious teares to heare thy fame ſo good.
But I, that knew what harbred in that hed:
What vertues rare were temperd in that breſt:
Honour the place, that ſuch a iewell bred,
And kiſſe the ground, whereas thy corſe doth reſt,
With vapord eyes: from whence ſuch ſtreames auayl,
As Pyramus did on Thiſbes breſt bewail.

Of the ſame.

W. Reſteth here, that quick could neuer reſt:
Whoſe heauenly giftes encreaſed by diſdain,

And vertue ſank the deper in his breſt.
Such profit he by enuy could obtain.
  A head, where wiſdom miſteries did frame:
Whoſe hammers bet ſtill in that liuely brain,
As on a ſtithe: where that ſome work of fame
Was dayly wrought, to turne to Britaines gaine.
  A viſage, ſtern, and mylde: where both did grow,
Vice to contemne, in vertue to reioyce:
Amid great ſtormes, whom grace aſſured ſo,
To liue vpright, and ſmile at fortunes choyce.
  A hand, that taught, what might be ſaid in rime:
That reft Chaucer the glory of his wit:
A mark, the which (vnparfited, for time)
Some may approch, but neuer none ſhal hit.
  A toung, that ſerued in forein realmes his king:
Whoſe courteous talke to vertue did enflame.
Eche noble hart: a worthy guide to bring
Our Engliſh youth, by trauail, vnto fame.
  An eye, whoſe iudgement none affect could blinde,
Frendes to allure, and foes to reconcile:
Whoſe perſing loke did repreſent a minde
With vertue fraught, repoſed, void of gile.
  A hart, where dreade was neuer ſo impreſt,
To hide the thought, that might the trouth auance:
In neither fortune loſt, nor yet repreſt,
To ſwel in wealth, or yeld vnto miſchance,
  A valiaunt corps, where force, and beawty met:
Happy, alas, to happy, but for foes:
Liued, and ran the race, that nature ſet:
Of manhodes ſhape, where ſhe the mold did loſe.
  But to the heauens that ſimple ſoule is fled:
Which left with ſuch, as couet Chriſt to know,
Witneſſe of faith, that neuer ſhall be ded:
Sent for our helth, but not receiued ſo.
Thus, for our gilte, this iewel haue we loſt:
The earth his bones, the heauens poſſeſſe his goſt.

Of the ſame.

IN the rude age when knowledge was not rife,
  If Ioue in Create and other were that taught,

Artes to conuert to profit of our life,
Wend after death to haue their temples ſought,
If vertue yet no voide vnthankfull time,
Failed of ſome to blaſt her endles fame,
A goodly meane both to deterre from crime:
And to her ſteppes our ſequele to enflame,
In daies of truth if Wiates frendes then waile,
The only det that dead of quick may claime:
That rare wit ſpent employd to our auaile.
Where Chriſt is taught we led to vertues traine.
His liuely face their breſtes how did it freat,
Whoſe cindres yet with enuy they do eate.

Of Sardanapalus diſhonorable life, and miſerable death.

Thaſſirian king in peace, with foule deſire;
And filthy luſtes, that ſtaind his regal hart
In warre that ſhould ſet princely hartes on fire:
Did yeld, vanquiſht for want of marciall art.
The dint of ſwordes from kiſſes ſemed ſtrange:
And harder, than his ladies ſide, his targe:
From glutton feaſtes, to ſouldiars fare a change:
His helmet, farre aboue a garlands charge.
Who ſcace the name of manhode did retain,
Drenched in ſlouth, and womaniſh delight,
Feble of ſprite, impacient of pain:
When he had loſt his honor, and his right:
Proud, time of wealth, in ſtormes appalled with dred,
Murthered himſelf, to ſhew ſome manful dede.

How no age is content with his owne eſtate, and how the age of children is the happieſt, if they had ſkill to vnderſtand it.

Lyd in my quiet bed, in ſtudy as I were,
I ſaw within my troubled head, a heape of thoughtes appere:
And euery thought did ſhewe ſo liuely in myne eyes,
That now I ſighed, & the I ſmilde, as cauſe of thought dyd riſe.
I ſaw the litle boy in thought, how oft that he
Did wiſh of god, to ſcape the rod, a tall yongman to be.
The yongman eke that feles, his bones with paines oppreſt
How he would be a rich olde man, to lyue, and lye at reſt.
The rych oldman that ſees his end draw on ſo ſore,
How he would be a boy again, to liue ſo much the more.
Wherat full oft I ſmilde, to ſe, how all theſe three,
From boy to man, from man to boy, would chop & change degree.
And muſing thus I think, the caſe is very ſtrange,
That man from welth, to liue in wo, doth euer ſeke to change.
Thus thoughtfull as I lay, I ſaw my witherd ſkyn,
How it doth ſhow my dented chewes, the fleſh was worne ſo thyn:
And eke my tothleſſe chaps, the gates of my rightway,
That opes and ſhuts, as I do ſpeake, doe thus vnto me ſay:
Thy white and horiſh heares, the meſſengers of age,
That ſhew, like lines of true belife, that this life doth aſſwage,
Byds thee lay hand, and fele them hanging on thy chin:
The which do write two ages paſt, the third now comming in.
Hang vp therfore the bit of thy yong wanton time:
And thou that therin beaten art, the happieſt life define,
Wherat I ſighed, and ſayd, farewell, my wonted ioy:
Truſſe vp thy pack, and trudge from me to euery litle boy:
And tell them thus from me, their time moſt happy is:
If, to their time, they reaſon had to know the trueth of this.

Bonum eſt mihi quod
humiliaſti me.

The ſtormes are paſt theſe cloudes are ouerblowne,
And humble chere great rigour hath repreſt:
For the defaute is ſet a paine ſore knowne,
And pacience graft in a determed breſt.
And in the hart wher heapes of griefes were growne,
The ſwete reuenge hath planted mirth and reſt,
No company ſo pleaſant as mine owne.
Thraldom at large hath made this priſon fre,
Danger wel paſt remembred workes delight:

Of lingring doubtes ſuch hope is ſprong pardie,
That nought I finde diſpleaſaunt in my ſight:
But when my glaſſe preſented unto me:
The cureleſſe wound that bledeth day and night,
To think (alas) ſuch hap ſhoud graunted be
Unto a wretch that hath no hart to fight,
To ſpill that blood that hath ſo oft bene ſhed,
For Britannes ſake (alas) and now is ded.

Exhortacion to learne by others trouble.

My Ratclif, when thy retchleſſe youth offendes:
Receue thy ſcourge by others chaſtiſement.
For ſuch calling, when it workes none amendes:
Then plages are ſent without aduertiſement.
Yet Salomon ſaid, the wronged ſhall recure:
But Wiat ſaid true, the ſkarre doth aye endure.

The fanſie of a weried louer.

The fanſy, which that I haue ſerued long,
That hath alway bene enmy to myne eaſe,
Semed of late to rue upon my wrong,
And bad me flye the cauſe of my miseaſe.
And I forthwith did preaſe out of the throng,
That thought by flight my painfull hart to pleaſe
Som other way: tyll I ſaw faith more ſtrong:
And to my ſelf I ſaid: alas, thoſe daies
In vayn were ſpent, to runne the race ſo long.
And with that thought, I met my guyde, that playn
Out of the way wherin I wandred wrong,
Brought me amiddes the hilles, in baſe Bullayn:
Where I am now, as reſtleſſe to remayn,
Againſt my will, full pleaſed with my payn.

SVRREY.

The louer for ſhamefaſtneſſe hideth his deſire within his faithfull hart.

THe long loue, that in my thought I harber,
And in my hart doth kepe his reſidence,
Into my face preaſeth with bold pretence,
And there campeth, diſplaying his banner.
She that me learns to loue, and to ſuffer,
And willes that my truſt, and luſtes negligence
Be reined by reaſon, ſhame, and reuerence,
With his hardineſſe takes diſpleaſure.
Wherwith loue to the hartes foreſt he fleeth,
Leauing his enterpriſe with paine and crye,
And there him hideth and not appeareth.
What may I do: when my maiſter feareth,
But in the field with him to liue and dye,
For good is the life, ending faithfully.

The louer waxeth wiſer, and will not die for affeccion.

YEt was I neuer of your loue agreued,
Nor neuer ſhall, while that my life doth laſt:
But of hating my ſelf, that date is paſt,
And teares continuall ſore hath me weried.
I will not yet in my graue be buried,
Nor on my tombe your name haue fixed faſt,
As cruel cauſe, that did my ſprite ſone haſt.
From thunhappy boones by great ſighes ſtirred,
Then if an hart of amorous faith and will
Content your minde withouten doing grief:
Pleaſe it you ſo to this to do relief,
If otherwiſe you ſeke for to fulfyll
Your wrath: you erre, and ſhall not as you wene.
And you your ſelf the cauſe therof haue bene.

The abuſed louer ſeeth his folie, and entendeth to truſt no more.

VVAs neuer file yet half ſo well yfiled,
To file a file for any ſmithes entent,
As I was made a filing inſtrument,
To frame other, while that I was begiled.
But reaſon loe, hath at my foly ſmiled,
And pardoned me, ſins that I me repent
Of my laſt yeres, and of my time miſpent.
For youth led me, and falſhod me miſguided.
Yet, this truſt I haue of great apparence:
Sins that diſceit is ay returnable,
Of very force it is agreable,
That therwithall be done the recompence.
Then gile begiled playnd ſhould be neuer,
And the reward is little truſt for euer.

The louer deſcribeth his being ſtriken with ſight of his loue.

THe liuely ſparkes, that iſſue from thoſe eyes,
Againſt the which there vaileth no defence,
Haue perſt my hart, and done it none offence,
With quaking pleaſure, more then once or twiſe.
Was neuer man could any thing deuiſe,
Sunne beames to turne with ſo great vehemence
To daſe mans ſight, as by their bright preſence
Daſed am I, much like vnto the giſe
Of one ſtriken with dint of lightening,
Blinde with the ſtroke, and crying here and there,
So call I for helpe, I not when, nor where,
The paine of my fall paciently bearing.
For ſtreight after the blaſe (as is no wonder)
Of deadly noyſe heare I the fearfull thunder.

The wauering louer willeth, and dreadeth, to moue his deſire.

SUch vain thought, as wonted to miſlead me
In deſert hope by well aſſured mone,
Makes me from company to liue alone,
In folowing her whom reaſon bids me fle.
And after her my hart would faine be gone:
But armed ſighes my way do ſtop anone,
Twixt hope and dread locking my libertie.
So fleeth ſhe by gentle crueltie.
Yet as I geſſe vnder diſdainfull brow
One beame of ruth is in her cloudy looke:
Which comfortes the minde, that erſt for feare ſhooke.
That bolded ſtraight the way then ſeke I how
To vtter forth the ſmart I bide within:
But ſuch it is, I not how to begin.

The louer hauing dreamed enioying of his loue, complaineth that the dreame is not either longer or truer.

VNſtable dreame according to the place,
Be ſtedfaſt ones, or els at leaſt be true.
By taſted ſweteneſſe, make me not to rew
The ſoden loſſe of thy falſe fained grace.
By good reſpect in ſuch a daungerous caſe
Thou broughteſt not her into theſe toſſing ſeas.
But madeſt my ſprite to liue my care tencreaſe,
My body in tempeſt her delight timbrace,
The body dead, the ſprite had his deſire.
Painleſſe was thone, the other in delight.
Why then alas did it not kepe it right,
But thus returne to leape into the fire:
And where it was at wiſh, could not remaine?
Such mockes of dreames do turne to deadly paines.

The louer vnhappy biddeth happy louers reioice in Maie, while he waileth that month to him moſt vnlucky.

YE that in loue finde luck and ſwete abundance,
And liue in luſt of ioyfull iolitie,
Ariſe for ſhame, do way your ſluggardy:
Ariſe I ſay, do May ſome obſeruaunce.
Let me in bed lye, dreaming of miſchance.
Let me remember my miſhappes vnhappy,
That me betide in May moſt commonly:
As one whom loue liſt little to aduance.
Stephan ſaid true, that my natiuitie
Miſchanced was with the ruler of May.
He geſt (I proue) of that the veritie.
In May my wealth, and eke my wittes, I ſay,
Haue ſtand ſo oft in ſuch perplexitie.
Ioye: let me dreame of your felicitie.

The louer confeſſeth him in loue with Phillis.

IF waker care: if ſodayn pale colour:
If many ſighes, with litle ſpeche to plaine:
Now ioye, now wo: if they my chere diſtaine:
For hope of ſmall, if much to feare therfore,
To haſte, or ſlack: my pace to leſſe, or more:
Be ſigne of loue: then do I loue againe.
If thou aſke whom: ſure ſins I did refraine
Brunet, that ſet my welth in ſuch a rore,
Thunfayned chere of Phillis hath the place,
That Brunet had: ſhe hath, and euer ſhall:
She from my ſelf now hath me in her grace:
She hath in hand my wit, my will, and all:
My hart alone wel worthy ſhe doth ſtay,
Without whoſe helpe ſkant do I liue a day.

Of others fained ſorrow, and the louers fained mirth.

CEſar, when that the traitour of Egipt
with thonorable hed did him preſent,
Couering his hartes gladneſſe, did repreſent
Plaint with his teares outward, as it is writ.
Eke Hannibal, when fortune him out ſhit
Clene from his reigne, and from all his entent,
Laught to his folke, whom ſorow did torment,
His cruel deſpite for to diſgorge and quit.
So chanceth me, that euery paſſion
The minde hideth by colour contrary,
With fained viſage, now ſad, now mery.
Wherby, if that I laugh at any ſeaſon:
It is becauſe I haue none other way
To cloke my care, but vnder ſport and play.

Of change in minde.

ECHe man me telth, I change moſt my deuiſe:
And, on my faith, me thinke it good reaſon
To change purpoſe, like after the ſeaſon.
For in eche caſe to kepe ſtill one guiſe
Is mete for them, that would be taken wiſe.
And I am not of ſuch maner condicion:
But treated after a diuers faſhion:
And therupon my diuerſneſſe doth riſe.
But you, this diuerſneſſe that blamen moſt,
Change you no more, but ſtill after one rate
Treat you me well: and kepe you in that ſtate.
And while with me doth dwell this weried goſt,
My word nor I ſhall not be variable,
But alwaies one, your own both firme and ſtable.

How the louer periſheth in his delight, as the flie in the fire.

Some fowles there be that haue ſo perfit ſight,
Againſt the ſunne their eies for to defend:
And ſome, becauſe the light doth them offend,
Neuer appeare, but in the darke, or night.
Other reioyce, to ſe the fire ſo bright,
And wene to play in it, as they pretend:
But find contrary of it, that they intend.
Alas, of that ſort may I be, by right.
For to withſtand her loke I am not able:
Yet can I not hide me in no dark place:
So foloweth me remembrance of that face:
That with my teary eyen, ſwolne, and vnſtable,
My deſteny to behold her doth me lead:
And yet I know, I runne into the glead.

Againſt his tonge that failed to vtter his ſutes.

Becauſe I ſtil kept thee fro lyes, and blame,
And to my power alwayes thee honoured,
Unkind tongue, to yl haſt thou me rendred,
For ſuch deſert to do me wreke and ſhame.
In nede of ſuccour moſt when that I am,
To aſke reward: thou ſtandſt like one afraied,
Alway moſt cold: and if one word be ſaid,
As in a dreame, vnperfit is the ſame.
And ye ſalt teares, againſt my wyll eche nyght,
That are with me, when I would be alone:
Then are ye gone, when I ſhold make my mone.
And ye ſo ready ſighes, to make me ſhright,
Then are ye ſlacke, when that ye ſhould outſtart.
And onely doth my loke declare my hart.

Deſcription of the contrarious paſſions in a louer.

I Finde no peace, and all my warre is done:
I feare, and hope: I burne, and freſe like yſe:

I flye aloft, yet can I not ariſe:
And nought I haue, and all the world I ſeaſon.
That lockes nor loſeth, holdeth me in priſon,
And holdes me not, yet can I ſcape no wiſe:
Nor lettes me liue, nor dye, at my deuiſe,
And yet of death it geueth me occaſion.
Without eye I ſe, without tong I playne:
I wiſh to periſh, yet I aſke for helth:
I loue another, and I hate my ſelfe.
I fede me in ſorow, and laugh in all my paine.
Lo, thus diſpleaſeth me both death and life.
And my delight is cauſer of this ſtrife.

The louer compareth his ſtate to a ſhip in perilous ſtorme toſſed on the ſea.

My galley charged with forgetfulneſſe,
Through ſharpe ſeas, in winter nightes doth paſſe,
Twene rocke, and rocke: and eke my fo (alas)
That is my lord, ſtereth with cruelneſſe:
And euery houre, a thought in readineſſe,
As though that death were light, in ſuch a caſe.
An endleſſe wind doth teare the ſaile apace
Of forced ſighes, and truſty fearefulneſſe.
A rayne of teares, a clowde of darke diſdaine
Haue done the weried coardes great hinderance,
Wrethed with errour, and with ignorance.
The ſtarres be hidde, that leade me to this payne.
Drownde is reaſon that ſhould be my comfort:
And I remayne, diſpearing of the port.

Of doutful loue.

Aviſyng the bright beames of thoſe fayre eyes,
Where he abides that mine oft moiſtes and waſheth:
The weried mynde ſtreight from the hart departeth,
To reſt within his worldly Paradiſe,

And bitter findes the ſwete, vnder his giſe.
What webbes there he hath wrought, well he perceaueth
Whereby then with him ſelf on loue he plaineth,
That ſpurs with fire, and bridleth eke with yſe.
In ſuch extremitie thus is he brought:
Froſen now cold, and now he ſtandes in flame:
Twixt wo and wealth: betwixt earneſt and game:
With ſeldome glad, and many a diuers thought:
In ſore repentance of his hardineſſe,
Of ſuch a roote lo cometh frute fruteleſſe.

The louer ſheweth how he is forſaken of ſuch as he ſomtime enioyed.

They flee from me, that ſometime did me ſeke
With naked foote ſtalking within my chamber.
Once haue I ſeen them gentle, tame, and meke,
That now are wild, and do not once remember
That ſometime they haue put them ſelues in danger,
To take bread at my hand, and now they range,
Buſily ſeking in continuall change.
Thanked be fortune, it hath been otherwiſe
Twenty times better: but once eſpeciall,
In thynne aray, after a pleaſant giſe,
When her looſe gown did from her ſhoulders fall,
And ſhe me caught in her armes long and ſmall,
And therwithall, ſo ſwetely did me kiſſe,
And ſoftly ſayd: deare hart how like you this?
It was no dreame: for I lay broade awaking.
But all is turnde now through my gentleneſſe,
Into a bitter faſhion of forſaking.
And I haue leaue to go of her goodneſſe,
And ſhe alſo to vſe newfangleneſſe.
But, ſins that I vnkindly ſo am ſerued:
How like you this, what hath ſhe now deſerued?

To a ladie to anſwer directlie with yea or naie.

MAdame, withouten many wordes:
Once I am ſure, you will, or no.
And if you will: then leaue your boordes,
And vſe your wit, and ſhew it ſo:
For with a beck you ſhal me call.
And if of one, that burns alway,
Ye haue pity or ruth at all:
Anſwer him faier with yea, or nay.
If it be yea: I ſhall be faine.
If it be nay: frendes, as before.
You ſhall another man obtain:
And I mine owne, and yours nomore.

To his loue whom he had kiſſed againſt her will.

ALas, Madame, for ſtealing of a kiſſe,
Haue I ſo much your minde therin offended?
Or haue I done ſo greuouſly amiſſe:
That by no meanes it may not be amended?
Reuenge you then, the rediest way is this:
Another kiſſe my life it ſhal haue ended.
For, to my mouth the firſt my hart did ſuck:
The next ſhal clene out of my breſt it pluck.

Of the Ielous man that loued the ſame woman and eſpied this other ſitting with her.

THe wandring gadling, in the ſummer tide,
That findes the Adder with his rechleſſe foote
Startes not diſmaid ſo ſodeinly aſide,
As iealous deſpite did, though there were no boote,
When that he ſawe me ſitting by her ſide,
That of my health is very crop, and roote,

It pleſed me then to haue ſo faire a grace,
To ſtynge the hart, that would haue had my place,

To his loue from whom he had her gloues.

VVhat nedes theſe threatning woordes, and waſted wynd?
  All this can not make me reſtore my pray.
To robbe your good ywis is not my mynde:
Nor cauſeleſſe your faire hand did I diſplay,
Let loue be iudge: or els whom next we finde:
That may both hear, what you and I can ſay.
She reft my hart: and I a gloue from her:
Let vs ſe then if one be worth the other.

Of the fained frend.

Right true it is, and ſayd full yore ago:
  Take hede of him, that by the backe thee claweth.
For, none is worſe, then is a frendly fo.
Though thee ſeme good, all thinge that thee deliteth:
Yet know it well, that in thy boſome crepeth.
For, many a man ſuch fyre oft times he kindleth:
That with the blaſe his berd him ſelf he ſingeth.

The louer taught, miſtruſteth allurementes.

It may be good like it who liſt:
  But I do dout, who can me blame?
For oft aſſured, yet haue I miſt:
And now againe I feare the ſame.
The wordes, that from your mouth laſt came,
Of ſodain change make me agaſt.
For dread to fall, I ſtand not faſt.
  Alas I tread an endleſſe maſe:
That ſeke taccord two contraries:
And hope thus ſtill, and nothing haſe:

Impriſoned in liberties,
As one vnheard, and ſtill that cries:
Alwayes thirſty, and naught doth taſte,
For dreade to fall, I ſtand not faſt.
Aſſured I dout I be not ſure,
Should I then truſt vnto such ſuretie?
That oft haue put the proofe in vre,
And neuer yet haue found it truſtie?
Nay ſyr in faith, it were great folly.
And yet my life thus do I waſt,
For dread to fall I ſtand not faſt.

The louer complaineth that his loue doth not pitie him.

REſownde my voyce ye woodes, that heare me plain:
Both hilles and vales cauſing reflexion,
And riuers eke, record ye of my paine:
Which haue oft forced ye by compaſſion,
As iudges lo to heare my exclamacion.
Among whom, ruth (I finde) yet doth remaine.
Where I it ſeke, alas, there is diſdaine.
Oft ye riuers, to heare my woſull ſounde,
Haue ſtopt your cours, and plainely to expreſſe,
Many a teare by moyſture of the ground
The earth hath wept to heare my heauineſſe:
Which cauſeleſſe I endure without redreſſe.
The hugy okes haue rored in the winde,
Eche thing me thought complayning in their kind.
Why then alas doth not ſhe on me rew,
Or is her hart ſo hard that no pitie
May in it ſinke, my ioye for to renew?
O ſtony hart who hath thus framed thee
So cruell? that art cloked with beauty,
That from thee may no grace to me procede.
But as reward death for to be my mede.

The louer reioyſeth againſt fortune that by hindering his ſute had happily made him forſake his folly.

IN faith I wot not what to ſay,
Thy chaunces ben ſo wonderous,
Thou fortune with thy diuers play
That makſt the ioyful dolourous,
And eke the ſame right ioyous.
Yet though thy chaine hath me enwrapt
Spite of thy hap, hap hath wel hapt.
Though thou haſt ſet me for a wonder,
And ſekeſt by change to do me paine:
Mens mindes yet maiſt thou not ſo order.
For honeſtie if it remaine,
Shal ſhine for all thy cloudy raine.
In vaine thou ſekeſt to haue me trapt,
Spite of thy hap, hap hath well hapt.
In hindring me, me didſt thou further,
And made a gap where was a ſtile.
Cruel willes ben oft put vnder.
Wening to lower, then didſt thou ſmile,
Lord, how thy ſelfe thou didſt begile,
That in thy cares wouldſt me haue wrapt?
But ſpite of hap, hap hath wel hapt.

A renouncing of hardly eſcaped loue

FArewell the hart of crueltie.
Though that with paine my libertie
Deare haue I bought, and wofully
Finiſht my feareful tragedy,
Of force I muſt forſake ſuch pleaſure:
A good cauſe iuſt, ſins I endure
Therby my wo, which be ye ſure,
Shal therwith go me to recure.
I fare as one eſcapt that fleeth,
Glad he is gone, and yet ſtill feareth
Spied to be caught, and ſo dredeth
That he for nought his paine leſeth.
In ioyfull paine reioice my hart,
Thus to ſuſtaine of ech a part.

Let not this ſong from thee aſtart,
Welcome among my pleaſant ſmart.

The louer to his bed, with deſcribing of his vnquiet ſtate.

The reſtfull place, renewer of my ſmart:
The labours ſalue, encreaſing my ſorowe:
The bodies eaſe, and troubler of my hart:
Quieter of minde, mine vnquiet fo:
Forgetter of paine, remembrer of my wo:
The place of ſlepe, wherein I do but wake:
Beſprent with teares, my bed, I thee forſake.
The froſty ſnowes may not redreſſe my heat:
Nor heat of ſunne abate my feruent cold.
I know nothing to eaſe my paines ſo great.
Eche cure cauſeth encreaſe by twenty fold.
Renewing cares vpon my ſorowes old.
Such ouerthwart effectes in me they make.
Beſprent with teares my bed for to forſake.
But all for nought: I finde no better eaſe
In bed, or out. This moſt cauſeth my paine:
Where I do ſeke how beſt that I may pleaſe,
My loſt labour (alas) is all in vaine.
My hart once ſet, I can not it refraine.
No place from me my griefe away can take.
Wherfore with teares, my bed I thee forſake.

Compariſon of loue to a ſtreame falling from the Alpes.

From theſe hie hilles as when a ſpring doth fall,
It trilleth downe with ſtill and ſuttle courſe,
Of this and that it gathers ay and ſhall,
Till it haue iuſt down flowed to ſtreame and force:
Then at the foote it rageth ouer all.
So fareth loue, when he hath tane a ſourſe.
Rage is his raine. Reſiſtance vaileth none.
The firſt eſchue is remedy alone.

E.L.

wiates complaint vpon Loue, to Reaſon: with Loues anſwere.

Mine old dere enmy, my froward maiſter,
Afore that Quene, I cauſde to be acited,
Which holdeth the diuine part of our nature,
That, like as golde, in fire he mought be tried.
Charged with dolour, there I me preſented
With horrible feare, as one that greatly dredeth
A wrongfull death, and iuſtice alway ſeketh
And thus I ſayd: Once my left foote, Madame,
When I was yong, I ſet within his reigne:
Wherby other then firely burning flame
I neuer felt, but many a greuous pain.
Torment I ſuffred, angre, and diſdain:
That mine oppreſſed pacience was paſt,
And I mine own life hated, at the laſt.
Thus hitherto haue I my time paſſed
In pain and ſmart. What waies profitable:
How many pleaſant daies haue me eſcaped,
In ſeruing this falſe lyer ſo deceauable?
What wit haue wordes ſo preſt and forceable,
That may contain my great miſhappyneſſe,
And iuſt complaintes of his vngentleneſſe?
So ſmall hony, much aloes, and gall,
In bitterneſſe, my blinde life hath ytaſted.
His falſe ſemblance, that turneth as a ball:
With faire and amorous daunce, made me be traced,
And, where I had my thought, and minde araced,
From earthly frailneſſe, and from vain pleaſure,
Me from my reſt he toke, and ſet in errour:
God made he me regardleſſe, than I ought,
And to my ſelf to take right litle hede:
And for a woman haue I ſet at nought
All other thoughtes: in this onely to ſpede.
And he was onely counſeler of this dede:
Whetting alwaies my youthly fraile deſire
On cruell whetſton, tempered with fire.
But (Oh alas) where, had I euer wit?

Or other gift, geuen to me of nature?
That ſooner ſhalbe changed my weried ſprite:
Then the obſtinate will, that is my ruler.
So robbeth he my fredom with diſpleaſure,
This wicked traytour, whom I thus accuſe:
That bitter life hath turned in pleaſant vſe.
He hath me haſted, through diuers regions:
Through deſert woods, and ſharp hye mountaines:
Through froward people, and through bitter paſsions:
Through rocky ſeas, and ouer hilles and plaines:
With wery trauell, and with laborous paines:
Alwaies in trouble and in tediouſneſſe:
All in errour, and dangerous diſtreſſe.
But nother he, nor ſhe, my tother fo,
For all my flight, did euer me forſake:
That though my timely death hath been to ſlow
That me as yet, it hath not ouertake:
The heauenly Gods of pitie do it ſlake.
And, note they this his cruell tiranny,
That fedes him, with my care, and miſery.
Sins I was his, hower reſted I neuer,
Nor looke to do: and eke the waky nightes
The baneſhed ſlepe may in no wiſe recouer.
By guile, and force, ouer my thralled ſprites,
He is ruler: ſins which bell neuer ſtrikes,
That I heare not as ſounding to renue
My plaintes. Himſelf, he knoweth, that I ſay true.
For neuer wormes old rotten ſtocke haue eaten:
As he my hart, where he is reſident
And doth the ſame with death dayly threaten,
Thence come the teares, and thence the bitter torments:
The ſighes: the wordes, and eke the languiſhment:
That noy both me, and parauenture other.
Judge thou: that knoweſt the one, and eke the tother,
Mine aduerſair, with ſuch greuous reproofe,
Thus he began. Heare Lady, thother part:
That the plain troth, from which he draweth aloofe,
This vnkinde man may ſhew, ere that I part.
In his yong age, I toke him from that art,
That ſelleth wordes, and makes a clattering knight:
And of my wealth I gaue him the delight.
Now ſhames he not on me for to complain,

That held him euermore in pleaſant gaine,
From his deſire, that might haue been his pain.
Yet therby alone I brought him to ſome frame:
Which now as wretchednes, he doth ſo blame:
And toward honour quickned I his wit:
Whereas a daſtard els he mought haue ſit
 He knoweth, how great Atride that made Troy freat,
And Hanniball, to Rome ſo troubelous:
Whom Homer honored, Achilles that great,
And Thaffricane Scipion the famous:
And many other, by much honour glorious:
Whoſe fame, and actes did lift them vp aboue:
I did let fall in baſe diſhoneſt loue.
 And vnto him, though he vnworthy were:
I choſe the beſt of many a Milion:
That, vnder ſunne yet neuer was her pere,
Of wiſdome, womanhod, and of diſcrecion:
And of my grace I gaue her ſuch a facion,
And eke ſuch way I taught her for to teache,
That neuer baſe thought his hart ſo hye might reache.
 Euermore thus to content his maiſtreſſe,
That was his onely frame of honeſty,
I ſtirred him ſtill toward gentleneſſe:
And cauſde him to regard fidelity.
Pacience I taught him in aduerſity.
Such vertues learned he in my great ſchoole:
Wherof repenteth now the ignorant foole.
 Theſe were the ſame diceites, and bitter gall,
That I haue vſed, the torment and the anger:
Sweter, then euer did to other fall,
Of right good ſede yll fruite lo thus I gather.
And ſo ſhall he, that the vnkinde doth further.
A Serpent nouriſh I vnder my wing:
And now of nature, ginneth he to ſting.
 And for to tell, at laſt, my great ſeruiſe.
From thouſand diſhoneſties haue I him drawen:
That, by my meanes, him in no maner wiſe.
Neuer vile pleaſure once hath ouerthrowen.
Where, in his dede, ſhame hath him alwaies gnawen:
Doubting report, that ſhould come to her eare:
Whom now he blames, her wonted he to feare.
 What euer he hath of any honeſt cuſtome:

Of her, and me: that holdes he euery whit,
But, lo, yet neuer was there nightly fantome
So farre in errour, as he is from his wit.
To plain on vs, he ſtriueth with the bit,
Which may rule him, and do him eaſe, and pain:
And in one hower, make al his grief his gain,
  But, one thing yet there is, aboue all other:
I gaue him winges, wherwith he might vpflie
To honour and fame: and if he would to higher
Then mortal thinges, aboue the ſtarry ſkie:
Conſidering the pleaſure, that an eye
Might geue in earth, by reaſon of the loue:
What ſhould that be that laſteth ſtill aboue?
  And he the ſame himſelf hath ſayd ere this.
But now, forgotten is both that and I,
That gaue her him, his onely wealth and bliſſe.
And, at this word, with dedly ſhreke and cry.
Thou gaue her once: quod I, but by and by
Thou toke her ayen from me: that wo worth the.
Not I but price: more worth than thou (quod he.)
  At laſt: eche other for himſelf, concluded:
I, trembling ſtill: but he, with ſmall reuerence.
Lo, thus, as we eche other haue accuſed:
Dere Lady: now we waite thine onely ſentence.
She ſmiling, at the whiſted audience:
It liketh me (quod ſhe) to haue heard your queſtion:
But, lenger time doth aſk a reſolution.

The louers ſorowfull ſtate maketh him write ſorowfull ſonges, but (Souche) his loue may change the ſame.

MAruell no more altho
  The ſonges, I ſing do mone:
For other life then wo,
I neuer proued none.
  And in my hart alſo,
Is grauen with letters depe
A thouſand ſighes and mo:
A flood of teares to wepe.

How may a man in ſmart
Finde matter to reioyce:
How may a moorning hart
Set foorth a pleaſant voyce.
Play who ſo can, that part:
Nedes muſt in me appere:
How fortune ouerthwart
Doth cauſe my moorning chere.
Perdy there is no man,
If he ſaw neuer ſight:
That perfitly tell can
The nature of the ſight.
Alas: how ſhould I than,
That neuer taſte but ſowre:
But do, as I began,
Continually to lowre.
But yet perchance ſome chance
May chance to change my tune:
And when (Souch) chance doth chance:
Then ſhall I thank fortune.
And if I haue (Souch) chance:
Perchance ere it be long:
For (Souch) a pleaſant chance,
To ſing ſome pleaſant ſong.

The louer complaineth him‑ſelf forſaken.

WHere ſhall I haue, at mine owne will.
Teares to complain: Where ſhall I fet
Such ſighes: that I may ſigh my fill:
And then againe my plaintes repete.
For, though my plaint ſhall haue none end:
My teares cannot ſuffiſe my wo.
To mone my harm, haue I no frend,
For fortunes frend is miſhaps fo.
Comfort (God wot) els haue I none:
But in the winde to waſt my wordes,
Nought moueth you my deadly mone:
But ſtill you turne it into bordes.

I Serue

I ſpeake not, now, to moue your hart,
That you ſhould rue vpon my pain:
The ſentence geuen may not reuert:
I know, ſuch labour were but vain.
But ſins that I for you (my dere)
Haue loſt that thing, that was my beſt:
A right ſmall loſſe it muſt appere,
To leſe theſe wordes, and all the reſt.
But, though they ſparkle in the winde:
yet, ſhall they ſhew your falſed faith:
Which is returned to his kinde:
For like to like: the prouerb ſaith,
Fortune, and you did me auance.
Me thought, I ſwam, and could not drown:
Happieſt of all, but my miſchance
Did lift me vp, to throw me down.
And you, with her, of cruelneſſe,
Did ſet your foote vpon my neck,
Me, and my welfare to oppreſſe:
without offence your hart to wreck.
Where are your pleaſant wordes? alas:
where is your faith? your ſtedfaſtneſſe?
There is no more: but all doth paſſe:
And I am left all comfortleſſe.
But ſins ſo much it doth you greue,
And alſo me my wretched life:
Haue here my troth: Nought ſhall releue,
But death alone my wretched ſtrife.
Therfore, farewell my life my death,
My gain, my loſſe: my ſalue my ſore:
Farewell alſo, with you my breath:
For, I am gone for euermore.

Of his loue that pricked her finger with a nedle.

SHe ſat, and ſowed: that hath done me the wrong:
Wherof I plain, and haue done many a day:
And, whilſt ſhe heard my plaint, in piteous ſong:

She wiſht my hart the ſamplar, that it lay.
The blinde maſter, whom I haue ſerued ſo long:
Grudging to heare, that he did heare her ſay:
Made her own weapon do her finger blede:
To fele, if pricking were ſo good in dede.

Of the ſame.

VVhat man hath heard ſuch cruelty before?
That, when my plaint remembred her my wo,
That cauſed it: ſhe cruell more and more,
Wiſhed eche ſtitche, as ſhe did ſit and ſow,
Had prickt my hart, for to encreaſe my ſore,
And, as I think, ſhe thought it had been ſo.
For as ſhe thought, this is his hart in dede:
She pricked hard: and made her ſelf to blede.

Request to Cupide for reuenge of his vnkinde loue.

BEhold, Loue, thy power how ſhe deſpiſeth:
My greuous pain how litle ſhe regardeth,
The ſolemne othe, wherof ſhe takes no cure,
Broken ſhe hath: and yet, ſhe bydeth ſure,
Right at her eaſe, and litle thee ſhe dredeth.
Weaponed thou art, and ſhe vnarmed ſitteth:
To thee diſdainfull, all her life ſhe leadeth:
To me ſpitefull, without iuſt cauſe, or meaſure.
Behold Loue, how proudly ſhe triumpheth,
I am in hold, but if thee pitie meueth:
Go, bend thy bow, that ſtony hartes breaketh:
And with ſome ſtroke reuenge the great diſpleaſure
Of thee, and him that ſorow doth endure,
And as his Lord thee lowly here entreateth.

Complaint for true loue vnrequited.

VVhat vaileth troth: or by it, to take payn
To ſtriue by ſtedfaſtneſſe, for to attain
How to be iuſt: and flee from doubleneſſe?
Since all alyke, where ruleth carftineſſe,
Rewarded is both crafty falſe, and plain.
Sooneſt he ſpedes, that moſt can lye and fayn.
True meaning hart is had in hie diſdain.
Againſt deceit, and cloked doubleneſſe,
What vaileth troth, or parfit ſtedfaſtneſſe.
Deceaued is he, by falſe and crafty trayn,
That meanes no gile, and faithful doth remain
Within the trapt, without help or redreſſe.
But for to loue (lo) ſuch a ſterne maiſtreſſe,
Where cruelty dwelles, alas it were in vain.

The louer that fled loue, now folowes it with his harme.

Somtime I fled the fire, that me ſo brent,
By ſea, by land, by water, and by wynde:
And now, the coales I folow, that be quent,
From Douer to Calas, with willing minde,
Lo, how deſire is both forth ſprong, and ſpent:
And he may ſee, that whilom was ſo blinde:
And all his labour, laughes he now to ſcorne,
Meaſhed in the breers, that erſt was onely torne.

The louer hopeth of better chance.

He is not dead, that ſomtime had a fall.
The Sun returnes, that hid was vnder clowd.
And when Fortune hath ſpit out all her gall,
I truſt, good luck to me ſhall be alowd.
For, I haue ſeen a ſhip in hauen fall,
After that ſtorme hath broke both maſte, & ſhroud,
The willow eke, that ſtoupeth with the winde,
Doth riſe againe, and greater wood doth binde.

The louer compareth his hart to the ouercharged gonne.

The furious goonne, in his moſt raging yre.
When that the boule is rammed into ſore:
And that the flame cannot part from the fire,
Crackes in ſunder: and in the ayer do rore
The ſheuered peces. So doth my deſire,
Whoſe flame encreaſeth ay from more to more.
Which to let out, I dare not loke, nor ſpeake:
So inward force my hart doth all to breake.

The louer ſuſpected of change praieth that it be not beleued againſt him.

Accuſed though I be, without deſert:
Sith none can proue, beleue it not for true.
For neuer yet, ſince that you had my hert,
Intended I to falſe, or be vntrue.
Sooner I would of death ſuſtayn the ſmart,
Than breake one word of that I promiſed you:
Accept therfore my ſeruice in good part.
None is alyue, that can yll tonges eſchew.
Hold them as falſe: and let not vs depart
Our frendſhip old, in hope of any new.
Put not thy truſt in ſuch as vſe to fayn,
Except thou minde to put thy frend to payn.

The louer abuſed renownſeth loue.

My loue to ſkorne, my ſeruice to retayne,
Therin (me thought) you vſed crueltie.
Since

Since with good will I loſt my libertie,
Might neuer wo yet cauſe me to refrain,
But onely this, which is extremitie,
To geue me nought (alas) nor to agree,
That as I was, your man I might remain.
But ſince that thus ye liſt to order me,
That would haue bene your ſeruãt true & faſt:
Diſpleaſe you not: my doting time is paſt.
And with my loſſe to leaue I muſt agree.
For as there is a certain time to rage:
So is there time ſuch madnes to aſwage.

The louer profeſſeth himſelf conſtant.

WIthin my breſt I neuer thought it gain,
Of gentle mindes the fredom for to loſe
Nor in my hart ſanck neuer ſuch diſdain,
To be a forger, faultes for to diſcloſe.
Nor I can not endure the truth to gloſe,
To ſet a gloſſe vpon an earneſt pain.
Nor I am not in nomber one of thoſe,
That liſt to blow retrete to euery train,

The louer ſendeth his complaintes and teares to ſue for grace.

PAſſe forth my wonted cries,
Thoſe cruel cares to pearce,
Which in moſt hatefull wyſe
Doe ſtil my plaintes reuerſe.
Doe you, my teares, alſo
So wet her barrein hart:
That pitie there may grow,
And crueltie depart.
For though hard rockes among

She ſemes to haue bene bred:
And of the Tigre long
Bene nouriſhed, and fed.
Yet ſhall that nature change,
If pitie once win place.
Whom as vnknowen, and ſtrange,
She now away doth chaſe.
  And as the water ſoft,
Without forcing or ſtrength,
Where that it falleth oft,
Hard ſtones doth perſe at length:
So in her ſtony hart
My plaintes at laſt ſhal graue,
And, rygour ſet apart,
Winne graunt of that I craue.
  Wherfore my plaintes, preſent
Stil ſo to her my ſute,
As ye, through her aſſent,
May bring to me ſome frute.
And as ſhe ſhall me proue,
So bid her me regarde,
And render loue for loue:
Which is a iuſt reward.

The louers caſe can not be hidden how euer he diſſemble.

Your lokes ſo often caſt,
  Your eyes ſo frendly rolde,
Your ſight fixed ſo faſt,
Alwaies one to behold.
Though hyde it fayn ye would:
It plainly doth declare,
Who hath your hart in hold,
And where good will ye bare,
  Fayn would ye finde a cloke
Your brennyng fire to hyde:
Yet both the flame, and ſmoke
Breakes out on euery ſyde.

Yee can not loue ſo guide,
That it no iſſue winnne.
Abrode nedes muſt it glide,
That brens ſo hote within.
  For cauſe your ſelf do wink,
Ye iudge all other blinde:
And ſecret it you think,
Which euery man doth finde.
In waſt oft ſpend ye winde
Your ſelf in loue to quit,
For agues of that kinde
Will ſhow, who hath the fit.
  Your ſighes you ſet from farre,
And all to wry your wo:
Yet are ye neare the narre,
Men ar not blinded ſo.
Depely oft ſwere ye no:
But all thoſe othes ar vaine.
So well your eye doth ſhow,
Who puttes your hart to paine.
  Think not therfore to hide,
That ſtill it ſelfe betraies:
Nor ſeke meanes to prouide
To darke the ſunny daies.
Forget thoſe wonted waies:
Leaue of ſuch frowning chere:
There will be found no ſtaies
To ſtoppe a thing ſo clere.

The louer praieth not be diſdained, refuſed, miſtruſted, nor forſaken.

Diſdaine me not without deſert:
  Nor leaue me not ſo ſodenly:
Since well ye wot, that in my hert
I meane ye not but honeſtly.
  Refuſe me not without cauſe why:
For think me not to be vniuſt:

Since that by lot of fantaſy,
This carefull knot nedes knit I muſt.
Miſtruſt me not, though ſome there be,
That faine would ſpot my ſtedfaſtneſſe:
Beleue them not, ſins that ye ſe,
The proofe is not, as they expreſſe.
Forſake me not, till I deſerue:
Nor hate me not, till I offend.
Deſtroy me not, till that I ſwerue.
But ſins ye know what I intend:
Diſdaine me not that am your own:
Refuſe me not that am ſo true:
Miſtruſt me not till all be known:
Forſake me not, now for no new.

The louer lamenteth his eſtate with ſute for grace.

For want of will, in wo I plain:
Under colour of ſoberneſſe.
Renewing with my ſute my pain,
My wanhope with your ſtedfaſtneſſe.
Awake therfore of gentleneſſe.
Regard at length, I you require,
My ſwelting paines of my deſire.
Betimes who giueth willingly,
Redoubled thankes aye doth deſerue.
And I that ſue vnfainedly,
In frutleſſe hope (alas) do ſterue.
How great my cauſe is for to ſwerue:
And yet how ſtedfaſt is my ſute:
Lo, here ye ſee, where is the frute?
As hound that hath his keper loſt,
Seke I your preſence to obtain:
In which my hart deliteth moſt,
And ſhall delight though I be ſlain.
You may releaſe my band of pain.
Loſe then the care that makes me cry.
For want of helpe or els I dye.

I dye, though not incontinent,
By proceſſe yet conſumingly
As waſte of fire, which doth relent.
If you as wilfull will deny.
Wherfore ceaſe of ſuch cruelty:
And take me wholy in your grace:
Which lacketh will to change his place.

The louer waileth his changed ioyes.

If euery man might him auaunt
Of fortunes friendly chere:
It was my ſelfe I muſt it graunt,
For I haue bought it dere.
And derely haue I held alſo
The glory of her name:
In yelding her ſuch tribute, lo.
As did ſet forth her fame.
Sometime I ſtoode ſo in her grace:
That as I would require,
Ech ioy I thought did me embrace.
That furdered my deſire.
And all thoſe pleaſures (lo) had I,
That fanſy might ſupport:
And nothing ſhe did me deny,
That was vnto my comfort.
I had (what would you more perde?)
Ech grace that I did craue.
Thus fortunes will was vnto me
All thing that I would haue.
But all to rathe alas the while,
She built on ſuch a ground:
In litle ſpace, to great a guile
In her now haue I found.
For ſhe hath turned ſo her whele:
That I vnhappy man
May waile the time that I dede fele
Wherwith ſhe fed me than.
For broken now are her beheſtes:
And pleſant lookes ſhe gaue:

And therfore now all my requeſtes,
From perill can not ſaue.
Yet would I well it might appere
To her my chiefe regard:
Though my deſertes haue been to dere
To merite ſuch reward.
Sith fortunes will is now ſo bent
To plage me thus poore man:
I muſt my ſelfe therwith content:
And beare it as I can.

To his loue that had geuen him anſwere of refuſell.

The anſwere that ye made to me my dere,
When I did ſue for my poore hartes redreſſe:
Hath ſo appalde my countenance and my chere:
That in this caſe, I am all comfortleſſe:
Sins I of blame no cauſe can well expreſſe.
I haue no wrong, where I can claime no right.
Nought tane me fro, where I haue nothing had,
Yet of my wo, I can not ſo be quite.
Namely, ſins that another may be glad
With that, that thus in ſorow makes me ſad.
Yet none can claime (I ſay) by former graunt,
That knoweth not of any graunt at all.
And by deſert, I dare well make auaunt,
Of faithfull will, there is no where that ſhall
Beare you more truth, more ready at your call.
Now good then, call againe that bitter word:
That toucht your friende ſo nere with panges of paine:
And ſay my dere that it was ſayd in bord.
Late, or to ſone, let it not rule the gaine,
Wherwith free will doth true deſert retaine.

To his ladie cruel ouer her yelden louer

SUch is the courſe, that natures kinde hath wrought,
That ſnakes haue time to caſt away their ſtinges.
Iuſt chainde priſoners what nede defence be ſought:
The fierce lyon will hurt no yelden thinges:
Why ſhould ſuch ſpite be nurſed then thy thought?
Sith all theſe powers are preſt vnder thy winges:
And eke thou ſeeſt, and reaſon thee hath taught:
What miſchief malice many wayes it bringes:
Conſider eke, that ſpight auaileth naught,
Therfore this ſong thy fault to thee it ſinges:
Diſpleaſe the not, for ſaying thus (me thought.)
Nor hate thou him from whom no hate forth ſpringes,
For furies, that in hell be execrable.
For that they hate, are made moſt miſerable.

The louer complaineth that deadly ſickneſſe can not helpe his affeccion.

THe enmy of life, decayer of all kinde,
That with his cold withers away the grene:
This other night, me in my bed did finde:
And offerd me to ryd my feuer clene.
And I dyd graunt: ſo did diſpaire me blinde.
He drew his bowe, with arrowes ſharpe and kene:
And ſtrake the place, wher loue had hit before:
And draue the firſt dart deper more and more.

The louer reioiceth the enioying of his loue.

ONce as me thought, fortune me kiſt:
And bade me aſke, what I thought beſt:
And I ſhould haue it as me liſt,
Therewith to ſet my hart in reſt.
I aſked but my ladyes hart
To haue for euermore myne owne:
Then at an end were al my ſmart:
Then ſhould I nede no more to mone.

Yet for all that a ſtormy blaſt
Had ouerturnde this goodly nay:
And fortune ſemed at the laſt,
That to her promiſe ſhe ſaid day.
But like as one out of diſpayre
To ſodain hope reuiued I.
Now fortune ſheweth her ſelfe ſo faire,
That I content me wonderſly.
My moſt deſire my hand may reach:
My wyll is al way at my hand.
Me nede not long for to beſeche
Her, that hath power me to commaunde.
What earthly thing more can I craue?
What would I wiſhe more at my will?
Nothing on earth more would I haue,
Saue that I haue, to haue it ſtyll.
For fortune now hath kept her promeſſe,
In graunting me my moſt deſire.
Of my ſoueraigne I haue redreſſe,
And I content me with my hire.

The louer complaineth the vnkindnes of his loue.

My lute awake performe the laſt
Labour that thou and I ſhal waſt:
And end that I haue now begonne:
And when this ſong is ſong and paſt:
My lute be ſtil for I haue done.
As to be heard where eare is none:
As lead to graue in marble ſtone:
My ſong may pearſe her hart as ſone.
Should we then ſigh: or ſinge, or mone?
No, no, my lute for I haue done.
The rockes do not ſo cruelly
Repulſe the waues continually,
As ſhe my ſute and affection:
So that I am paſt remedy,
Wherby my lute and I haue done.
Proude of the ſpoile that thou haſt gotte

Of ſimple hartes through loues ſhot:
By whom vnkind thou haſt them wonne,
Thinke not he hath his bow forgot,
Although my lute and I haue done.
  Vengeaunce ſhall fall on thy diſdaine
That makeſt but game on earneſt payne.
Thinke not alone vnder the ſunne
Vnquit to cauſe thy louers plain:
Although my lute and I haue done.
  May chance thee lie withered and olde.
In winter nightes that are ſo colde,
Plaining in vaine vnto the mone:
Thy wiſhes then dare not be tolde.
Care then who liſt, for I haue done.
  And then may chance thee to repent
The time that thou haſt loſt and ſpent
To cauſe thy louers ſigh and ſwowne.
Then ſhalt thou know beaute but lent,
And wiſh and want as I haue done.
  Now ceaſe my lute this is the laſt,
Labour that thou and I ſhal waſt
And ended is that we begonne.
Now is this ſong both.ſong and paſt.
My lute be ſtill for I haue done.

How by a kiſſe he found both his life and death.

NAture that gaue the Bee ſo feate a grace,
  To finde hony of ſo wondrous faſhion:
Hath taught the ſpider out of the ſame place
To fetche poyſon by ſtrange alteracion.
Though this be ſtrange, it is a ſtraunger caſe,
With one kiſſe by ſecret operacion,
Both theſe at once in thoſe your lipps to finde,
In change wherof, I leaue my hart behinde.

The louer deſcribeth his being taken with ſight of his loue.

VNwarely ſo was neuer no man caught,
With ſtedfaſt loke vpon a goodly face:
As I of late:for ſodainely me thought,
My hart was torne out of hys place.
Thorow mine eye the ſtroke from hers did ſlide,
And downe directly to my hart it ranne:
In helpe wherof the blood therto did glide,
And left my face both pale and wanne.
Then was I like a man for wo amaſed:
Or like the fowle that fleeth into the fier.
For while that I vpon her beauty gaſed:
The more I burnd in my deſire.
Anone the bloud ſtart in my face againe,
Inflamde with heat, that it had at my hart.
And brought therwith through out in euery vayne,
A quaking heate with pleaſant ſmart.
Then was I like the ſtraw, when that the flame
Is driuen therin, by force, and rage of winde.
I can not tell, alas, what I ſhall blame:
Nor what to ſeke, nor what to finde.
But well I wot: the griefe doth hold me ſore
In heat and cold, betwixt both hope and dreade:
That, but her helpe to health do me reſtore:
This reſtleſſe life I may not lead.

To his louer to loke vpon him.

AL in thy loke my life doth whole depende.
Thou hydeſt thy ſelf, and I muſt dye therfore,
But ſins thou mayſt ſo eaſily helpe thy frend:
Why doſt thou ſtick to ſalue that thou madeſt ſore?
Why do I dye: ſins thou maiſt me defend:
And if I dye, thy lyfe may laſt no more.
For eche by other doth liue and haue reliefe,
I in thy loke, and thou moſt in my griefe.

The louer excuſeth him of wordes wherwith he was vniuſtly charged.

Perdy I ſayd it not:
  Nor neuer thought to do.
As well as I ye wot:
I haue no power therto,
And if I did, the lot,
That firſt did me enchayne:
May neuer ſlake the knot,
But ſtrayght it to my payne.
  And if I did ech thing,
That may do harme or wo:
Continually may wring
My hart wher ſo I go.
Report may alwayes ring
Of ſhame on me for aye:
If in my hart did ſpring
The wordes that you do ſay
  And if I did ech ſtarre,
That is in heauen aboue,
May frowne on me to marre
The hope I haue in loue.
And if I did ſuch warre,
As they brought vnto Troye,
Bring all my life as farre
From all his luſt and ioye.
  And if I did ſo ſay:
The beautie that me bounde,
Encreaſe from day to day
More cruel to my wounde:
With al the mone that may,
To plaint may turne my ſong:
My life may ſone decay,
Without redreſſe by wrong.
  If I be cleare from thought,
Why do you then complayne?
Then is this thing but ſought.
To turne my hart to payne,

Then this that you haue wrought,
You muſt it now redreſſe,
Of ryght therfore you ought
Such rigour to repreſſe.
And as I haue deſerued:
So graunt me now my hire:
You know I neuer ſwarued.
You neuer founde me lier.
For Rachel haue I ſerued,
For Lea cared I neuer:
And her I haue reſerued
Within my hart for euer.

Of ſuch as had forſaken him.

Lux, my faire fawlcon, and thy felowes all:
How well pleaſant it were your libertie:
Ye not forſake me, that faire mought you fal.
But they that ſometime liked my company:
Like lice away from deade bodies they crall.
Loe, what a proofe in light aduerſitie?
But ye my birdes, I ſweare by all your belles,
Ye be my frendes, and very few elles.

A deſcription of ſuch a one as he would loue.

A Face that ſhould content me wonderous wel,
Should not be faire, but louely to behold:
Of liuely loke, all griefe for to repel:
With right good grace, ſo would I that it ſhould
Speake without word, ſuch wordes as none cā tel.
Her treſſe alſo ſhould be of criſped gold.
With wit, and theſe perchance I might be tride,
And knit againe with knot, that ſhould not ſlide.

How vnpoſſible it is to finde quiet in loue.

Euer my hap is ſlack and ſlowe in comming
Deſire encreaſyng ay my hope vncertaine:
With doubtful loue that but increaſeth pain
For Tigre like ſo ſwift it is in parting.
Alas the ſnow black ſhal it be and ſcalding,
The ſea waterles, and fiſhe vpon the mountaine:
The Temis ſhal back retourne into his fountaine:
And wher he roſe the ſunne ſhal take his lodging.
Ere I in this ſinde peace or quietneſſe.
Or that loue or my lady rightwiſely
Leaue to conſpire againſt me wrongfully.
And if I haue after ſuch bitterneſſe,
One drop of ſwete, my mouth is out of taſte:
That al my truſt and trauell is but waſte.

Of loue, fortune, and the louers minde.

Loue, Fortune, and my minde which do remẽber
Eke that is now, and that that once hath bene:
Torment my hart ſo ſore that very often
I hate and enuy them beyonde al meaſure.
Loue ſleeth my hart while Fortune is depriuer
Of all my comfort: the foliſhe minde than:
Burneth and plainth: as one that very ſildam.
Liueth in reſt. So ſtyl in diſpleaſure
My pleaſant daies they flete away and paſſe.
And dayly doth myne yll change to the worſe.
While more then halfe is runne now of my courſe.
Alas not of ſtele, but of brittle glaſſe,
I ſe that from my hand falleth my truſt:
And all my thoughtes are daſhed into duſt.

The louer praieth his offred hart to be receiued.

How oft haue I, my deare and cruel fo:
With my great pain to get ſom peace or truce,
Geuen you my hart: but you do not vſe,
In ſo hie thinges, to caſt your minde ſo low.

If any other loke for it, as you trow,
Their vaine weake hope doth greatly them abuſe,
And that thus I diſdaine, that you refuſe.
It was once mine, it can no more be ſo.
If you it chaſe, that it in you can finde,
In this exile, no maner of comfort:
Nor liue alone, nor where he is calde, reſort,
He may wander from his naturall kinde.
So ſhall it be great hurt vnto vs twayne,
And yours the loſſe, and mine the deadly payne.

The louers life compared to the Alpes.

Lyke vnto theſe vnmeſurable mountaines,
So is my painefull life, the burden of yre.
For hye be they, and hye is my deſire.
And I of teares, and they be full of fountaines.
Under craggy rockes they haue barren plaines,
Hard thoughtes in me my wofull minde doth tire,
Small frute and many leaues their toppes do attire,
With ſmall effect great truſt in me remaines.
The boyſtous windes oft their hie boughes do blaſt:
Hote ſighes in me continually be ſhed.
Wilde beaſtes in them, fierce loue in me is fed.
Unmoueable am I: and they ſtedfaſt.
Of ſinging birdes they haue the tune and note:
And I alwaies plaintes paſſing through my throte.

Charging of his loue as vnpetious and louing other.

If amorous fayth, or if an hart vnfained
A ſwete languor, a great louely deſire:
If honeſt will, kindled in gentle fire:
If long errour in a blind maſe chained,
If in my viſage ech thought diſtained:
Or if my ſparkelyng voice, lower, or hier,

Which feare and ſhame, ſo wofully doth tyre:
If pale colour, which loue alas hath ſtained:
If to haue another then my ſelf more dere,
If wailing or ſighing continually,
With ſorowfull anger feding buſily
If burning farre of, and if fryſing nere,
Are cauſe that I by loue my ſelfe deſtroy:
Yours is the fault, and mine the great annoy.

A renouncing of loue.

Farewell, Loue, and all thy lawes for euer,
Thy bayted hookes ſhall tangle me no more.
Senec, and Plato call me from thy lore:
To parfit wealth my wit for to endeuer.
In blinde errour when I did parſeuer:
Thy ſharp repulſe, that pricketh aye ſo ſore:
Taught me in trifles that I ſet no ſtore:
But ſcape forth thence: ſince libertie is leuer.
Therefore, farewell: go trouble yonger hartes:
And in me claime no more auctoritie.
With ydle youth go vſe thy propartie:
And theron ſpend thy many brittle dartes.
For, hitherto though I haue loſt my time:
Me liſt no lenger rotten bowes to clime,

The louer forſaketh his vukinde loue.

My hart I gaue thee, not to do it pain:
But to preſerue, lo it to thee was taken.
I ſerued thee not that I ſhould be forſaken:
But, that I ſhould receiue reward again,
I was content thy ſeruant to remain:
And not to be repayed on this faſhion.
Now, ſince in thee there is none other reaſon:
Diſpleaſe thee not, if that I do reſtrain.
Vnſaciat of my wo, and thy deſire.
Aſſured by craft for to excuſe thy fault.
But, ſins it pleaſeth thee to fain default;

Farewell, I ſay, departing from the fire.
For, he, that doth beleue bearing in hand:
Ploweth in the water: and ſoweth in the ſand.

The louer deſcribeth his reſtleſſe ſtate.

The flaming ſighes that boyle within my breſt
Somtime breake forth and thei can well declare
The hartes vnreſt and how that it doth fare,
The pain therof the grief and all the reſt.
The watred eyen from whence the teares do fall,
Do fele ſome force or els they would be dry:
The waſted fleſh of colour ded can try,
And ſomtime tell what ſwetenes is in gall.
And he that luſt to ſee and to diſarne,
How care can force within a weried minde:
Come he to me I am that place aſſinde,
But for all this no force it doth no harme.
The wound alas happe in ſome other place:
From whence no toole away the ſkar can race.
But you that of ſuch like haue had your part,
Can beſt be iudge. Wherfore my friend ſo deare:
I thought it good my ſtate ſhould now appeare.
To you and that there is no great deſart.
And wheras you in weighty matters great:
Of fortune ſaw the ſhadow that you know,
For trifling thinges I now am ſtriken ſo
That though I fele my hart doth wound and beat:
I ſit alone ſaue on the ſecond day:
My feuer comes with whom. I ſpend my time,
In burning heat while that ſhe liſt aſſigne.
And who hath helth and libertie alway:
Let him thank God and let him not prouoke,
To haue the like of this my painfull ſtroke.

The louer lamentes the death of his loue.

The piller periſht is wherto I lent,
The ſtrongeſt ſtay of mine vnquiet minde:

The like of it no man again can finde:
From Eaſt to Weſt ſtill ſeking though he went.
To mine vnhappe for happe away hath rent,
Of all my ioy the very bark and rinde:
And I (alas) by chance am thus aſſinde,
Dayly to moorne till death do it relent.
But ſins that thus it is by deſteny,
What can I more but haue a wofull hart,
My penne, in plaint, my voyce in carefull cry:
My minde in wo, my body full of ſmart,
And I my ſelf, my ſelfe alwaies to hate,
Till dreadfull death do eaſe my dolefull ſtate.

The louer ſendeth ſighes to mone his ſute.

GO burning ſighes vnto the froſen hart,
Go breake the yſe with pities painfull dart.
Might neuer perce and if that mortall praier,
In heauen be heard, at leſt yet I deſire.
That death or mercy end my wofull ſmart.
Take with thee pain, wherof I haue my part,
And eke the flame from which I cannot ſtart.
And leaue me then in reſt, I you require:
Go burning ſighes fulfill that I deſire.
I muſt go worke I ſee by craft and art,
For truth and faith in her is laid apart:
Alas, I can not therfore now aſſaile her,
With pitefull complaint and ſcalding fier,
That from my breſt diſceiuably doth ſtart.

Complaint of the abſence of his loue.

SO feble is the threde, that doth the burden ſtay,
Of my poore life: in heauy plight, that falleth in decay:
That, but it haue elſwhere ſome ayde or ſome ſuccours:
The running ſpindle of my fate anone ſhall end his courſe.
For ſins thunhappy hower, that did me to depart,
From my ſwete weale: one onely hope hath ſtaied my life, apart:
Which doth perſwade ſuch wordes vnto my ſored minde:

Maintain thy ſelf, O wofull wight, ſome better luck to finde.
For though thou be depriued from thy deſired ſight:
Who can thee tell, if thy returne be for thy more delight?
Or, who can tell, thy loſſe if thou mayſt once recouer?
Some pleaſant hower thy wo may wrap: and thee defend, & couer
Thus in this truſt as yet it hath my life ſuſtained:
But now (alas) I ſee it faint: and I, by truſt, am trayned.
The time doth flete, and I ſee how the howers, do bend
So faſt: that I haue ſcant the ſpace to marke my comming end,
Weſtward the ſunne from out the Eaſt ſcant ſhewes his light:
When in the Weſt he hies him ſtrayt, within the dark of night.
And comes as faſt, where he began, his path awry.
From Eaſt to Weſt, from Weſt to Eaſt ſo doth his iourney lye.
The life ſo ſhort, ſo fraile, that mortall men liue here:
So great a weight, ſo heauy charge the bodies, that we bere:
That, when I think vpon the diſtaunce, and the ſpace:
That doth ſo farre deuide me from my dere deſired face:
I know not, how tattain the winges, that I require,
To lift me vp: that I might flie, to folow my deſire.
Thus of that hope, that doth my life ſome thing ſuſtaine,
Alas: I feare, and partly fele: full litle doth remain.
Eche place doth bring me grief: where I do not behold
Thoſe liuely eyes: which of my thoughts wer wōt ẏ keys to hold,
Thoſe thoughts wer pleaſant ſwete: whilſt I enioyed that grace:
My pleaſure paſt, my preſent pain, when I might well embrace.
And, forbecauſe my want ſhould more my wo encreaſe:
In watch, and ſlepe, both day and night, my will doth neuer ceaſe
That thing to wiſh: wherof ſins I did leſe the ſight:
Was neuer thing that mought in ought my wofull hart delight,
Thuneaſy life, I lead, doth teach me for to mete
The floodes, the ſeas, the land, the hilles: that doth thē entermete
Twene me, and thoſe ſhene lightes: that wonted for to clere.
My darked pangs of cloudy thoughts, as bright as Phebus ſpere
It teacheth me alſo, what was my pleaſant ſtate:
The more to fele, by ſuch record, how that my wealth doth bate.
If ſuch record (alas) prouoke thenflamed minde:
Which ſprong that day, that I did leaue the beſt of me behinde:
If loue forget himſelf, by length of abſence let:
Who doth me guyde (O wofull wretch) vnto this bayted net?
Where doth encreaſe my care: much better wer for me,
As dumme, as ſtone, all thing forgot, ſtill abſent for to be.
Alas: the clere chriſtall, the bright tranſplendant glaſſe

Doth not bewray the colours hid, which vnderneth it haſe:
As doth thaccumbred ſprite the thoughtfull throwes diſcouer,
Of feares delite, of feruent loue: that in our hartes we couer.
Out by theſe eyes, it ſheweth that euermore delight.
In plaint, and teares to ſeke redreſſe: and eke both day and night.
Theſe kindes of pleaſures moſt wherein men ſo reioyce,
To me they do redouble ſtill of ſtormy ſighes the voyce.
For, I am one of them, whom plaint doth well content:
It ſits me well myne abſent wealth me ſemes for to lament:
And with my teares, taſſay to charge mine eyes twain:
Like as my hart aboue the brink is fraughted full of pain.
And forbecauſe, thereto, that thoſe faire eyes to treate
Do me prouoke: I will returne, my plaint thus to repeate.
For, there is nothing els, ſo toucheth me within:
Where they rule all: and I alone nought but the caſe, or ſkin.
Wherefore, I ſhall returne to them, as well, or ſpring:
From whom deſcendes my mortall wo, aboue all other thing.
So ſhall mine eyes in pain accompany my hart,
That were the guides, that did it lead of loue to fele the ſmart.
The criſped gold, that doth ſurmount Apollos pride:
The liuely ſtreames of pleaſant ſtarres that vnder it doth glide:
Wherein the beames of loue do ſtill encreaſe their heate:
Which yet ſo farre touch me ſo nere, in cold to make me ſweate.
The wiſe and pleaſant talk, ſo rare, or els alone:
That gaue to me the curteis gift, that erſt had neuer none:
Be farre from me, alas: and euery other thing
I might forbeare with better will: then this that did me bring
With pleaſant woord and chere, redreſſe of lingred pain:
And wonted oft in kindled will to vertue me to train.
Thus, am I forſt to heare, and harken after newes.
My comfort ſcant, my large deſire in doutfull truſt renewes.
And yet with more delite to mone my wofull caſe:
I muſt complain thoſe hands, thoſe armes: that firmly do embrace
Me from my ſelf: and rule the ſterne of my poore life:
The ſwete diſdaines, the pleaſāt wrathes, and eke the louely ſtrife
That wonted well to tune in temper iuſt, and mete,
The rage: that oft did make me erre, by furour vndiſcrete.
All this is hid fro me, with ſharp, and ragged hilles:
At others will, my long abode my depe diſpaire fulfils.
And if my hope ſometime riſe vp, by ſome redreſſe:
It ſtumbleth ſtraite, for feable faint: my feare hath ſuch exceſſe.
Such is the ſort of hope: the leſſe for more deſyre:

And yet I truſt ere that I dye to ſee that I require:
The reſting place of loue: where vertue dwelles and growes
There I deſire, my wery life, ſomtime, may take repoſe.
My ſong: thou ſhalt attain to finde that pleaſant place:
Where ſhe doth liue, by whō I liue: may chance to haue this grace
when ſhe hath red, and ſene the grief, wherin I ſerue:
Betwene her breſtes ſhe ſhall thee put: there, ſhall ſhe the reſerue.
Then, tell her, that I come: ſhe ſhall me ſhortly ſee:
And if for waighte the body fayle, the ſoule ſhall to her flee.

The louer blameth his loue for renting of the letter he ſent her.

Suffiſed not (madame) that you did teare,
My woful hart, but thus alſo to rent:
The weping paper that to you I ſent.
Whereof eche letter was written with a teare.
Could not my preſent paines alas ſuffiſe.
Your gredy hart? and that my hart doth fele,
Tormentes that prick more ſharper thē the ſtele,
But new and new muſt to my lot ariſe.
Uſe then my death. So ſhall your cruelty:
Spite of your ſpite rid me from all my ſmart,
And I no more ſuch tormentes of the hart:
Fele as I do. This ſhall you gain thereby.

The louer curſeth the time when firſt he fell in loue.

WHen firſt mine eyes did view, and marke,
Thy faire beawtie to behold:
And when mine eares liſtned to harke:
The pleaſant wordes, that thou me told:
I would as then, I had been free,
From eares to heare, and eyes to ſee.
And when my lips gan firſt to moue,
Wherby my hart to thee was knowne:
And when my tong did talk of loue,

To thee that haſt true loue down throwne:
I would, my lips, and tong alſo:
Had then bene dum, no deale to go.
And when my handes haue handled ought,
That thee hath kept in memorie:
And when my feete haue gone, and ſought
To finde and get thee companie:
I would, eche hand a foote had bene,
And I eche foote a hand had ſene.
And when in minde I did conſent
To folow this my fanſies will:
And when my hart did firſt relent,
To taſte ſuch bayt, my life to ſpill:
I would, my hart had bene as thine:
Or els thy hart had bene, as mine.

The louer determineth to ſerue faithfully.

Synce loue will nedes, that I ſhall loue:
Of very force I muſt agree.
And ſince no chance may it remoue:
In wealth, and in aduerſitie,
I ſhall alway my ſelf apply
To ſerue and ſuffer paciently.
Though for good will I finde but hate:
And cruelty my life to waſt:
And though that ſtill a wretched ſtate
Should pine my daies vnto the laſt:
yet I profeſſe it willingly,
To ſerue, and ſuffer paciently.
For ſince my hart is bound to ſerue:
And I not ruler of mine owne:
What ſo befall, till that I ſterue.
By proofe full well it ſhall be knowne:
That I ſhall ſtill my ſelfe apply
To ſerue, and ſuffer paciently.
Yea though my grief finde no redreſſe:
But ſtill increaſe before mine eyes:
Though my reward be cruelneſſe,
With all the harme, happe can deuiſe:

Yet I profeſſe it willingly
To ſerue and ſuffer paciently.
Yea though fortune her pleaſant face
Should ſhew, to ſet me vp a loft:
And ſtraight, my wealth for to deface,
Should writhe away, as ſhe doth oft:
Yet would I ſtill my ſelfe apply
To ſerue and ſuffer paciently.
There is no grief, no ſmart, no wo:
That yet I feele, or after ſhall:
That from this minde may make me go,
And what ſo euer me befal:
I do profeſſe it willingly
To ſerue and ſuffer paciently.

The louer ſuſpected blameth yll tonges.

Myſtruſtfull mindes be moued
To haue me in ſuſpect.
The troth it ſhalbe proued:
Which time ſhall once detect.
Though falſhed go about
Of crime me to accuſe:
At length I do not dout,
But truth ſhall me excuſe.
Such ſawce, as they haue ſerued
To me without deſart:
Euen as they haue deſerued:
Therof God ſend them part.

The louer complaineth and his ladie comforteth.

Louer. It burneth yet, alas my hartes deſire.
Ladye. What is the thing, that hath inflamde thy hert?
Louer. A certain point, as feruent, as the fire.
Ladye. The heate ſhall ceaſe, if that thou wilt conuert.
Louer. I cannot ſtop the feruent raging yre.

La. What may I do, if thy ſelf cauſe thy ſmart?
Lo. Heare my requeſt, and rew weping chere.
La. With right good will, ſay on: lo, I thee here.
Lo. That thing would I, that maketh two content.
La. Thou ſekeſt, perchance, of me, that I may not.
Lo. Would god, thou wouldſt, as thou maiſt, well aſſent.
La. That I may not, the grief is mine: God wot.
Lo. But I it fele, what ſo thy wordes haue ment.
La. Suſpect me not: my wordes be not forgot.
Lo. Then ſay, alas: ſhall I haue helpe? or no.
La. I ſee no time to anſwer, yea, but no.
Lo. Say ye, dere hart: and ſtand no more in dout.
La. I may not grant a thing, that is ſo dere
Lo. Lo, with delaies thou driues me ſtill about.
La. Thou wouldeſt my death: it plainly doth appere.
Lo. Firſt, may my hart his blood, and life blede out
La. Then for my ſake, alas, thy will forbere.
Lo. From day to day, thus waſtes my life away.
La. Yet, for the beſt, ſuffer ſome ſmall delay.
Lo. Now, good, ſay yea: do once ſo good a dede.
La. If I ſayd yea: what ſhould therof enſue?
Lo. An hart in pain of ſuccour ſo ſhould ſpede.
Twixt yea, and nay, my doute ſhal ſtill renew.
My ſwete, ſay yea: and do away this drede.
La. Thou wilt nedes ſo: be it ſo: but then be trew.
Lo. Nought would I els, nor other treaſure none,
Thus, hartes be wonne, by loue, requeſt, and mone.

Why loue is blind.

Of purpoſe, loue choſe firſt for to be blinde:
For, he with ſight of that, that I beholde,
Vanquiſht had been, againſt all godly kinde.
His bow your hand, and truſſe ſhould haue vnfolde.
And he with me to ſerue had bene aſſinde.
But, for he blinde, and reckleſſe would him holde:
And ſtill, by chance, his dedly ſtrokes beſtowe:
With ſuch, as ſee, I ſerue, and ſuffer wo.

To his vnkinde loue.

What rage is this? what furor? of what kinde?
What power, what plage doth wery thus my minde?
Within my bones to rankle is aſſinde
What poyſon pleaſant ſwete?
Lo, ſee, myne eyes flow with continuall teares:
The body ſtill away ſlepeleſſe it weares:
My foode nothing my fainting ſtrength repaires,
Nor doth my limmes ſuſtain.
In depe wide wound, the dedly ſtroke doth turne:
To cureles ſkarre that neuer ſhall returne.
Go to: triumph: reioyce thy goodly turne:
Thy frend thou doeſt oppreſſe.
Oppreſſe thou doeſt: and haſt of him no cure:
Nor yet my plaint no pitie can procure.
Fierce Tygre, fell, hard rock without recure:
Cruel rebell to Loue,
Once may thou loue, neuer beloued again:
So loue thou ſtyll, and not thy loue obtain:
So wrathfull loue, with ſpites of iuſt diſdain,
May thret thy cruell hart.

The louer blameth his inſtant deſire.

Deſire (alas) my maſter, and my fo:
So ſore altered thy ſelf how mayſt thou ſee?
Sometime thou ſekeſt, that driues me to and fro.
Sometime, thou leadſt, that leadeth the and me.
What reaſon is to rule thy ſubiectes ſo?
By forced law, and mutabilitie.
For where by thee I douted to haue blame:
Euen now by hate again I dout the ſame.

The louer complaineth his eſtate.

I See, that chance hath choſen me
Thus ſecertly to liue in paine:
And to an other geuen the fee

Of al my loſſe to haue the gayn.
Bychance aſſinde thus do I ſerue:
And other haue, that I deſerue.
  Unto my ſelf ſometime alone
I do lament my woful caſe.
But what auaileth me to mone?
Since troth, and pitie hath no place
In them: to whom I ſue and ſerue:
And other haue, that I deſerue.
  To ſeke by meane to change this minde:
Alas, I proue, it will not be.
For in my hart I cannot finde
Once to refraine, but ſtyl agre,
As bound by force, alway to ſerue:
And other haue that I deſerue.
  Such is the fortune, that I haue
To loue them moſt, that loue me leſſe
And to my paine to ſeke, and craue
The thing, that other haue poſſeſt.
So thus in vain alway I ſerue.
And other haue, that I deſerue.
  And tyll I may apeaſe the heate:
If that my happe wyll happe ſo welle:
To waile my wo my hart ſhal freate:
Whoſe penſiſ pain my tong can tell.
Yet thus vnhappy muſt I ſerue:
And other haue, that I deſerue.

Of his loue called Anna.

WHat word is that, that changeth not,
  Though it be turned & made in twaine:
It is mine Anna god it wot.
The only cauſer of my paine:
My loue that medeth with diſdaine.
Yet is it loued what will you more,
It is my ſalue, and eke my ſore.

That pleaſure is mixed with euery paine.

Venemous thrones that are ſo ſharp and kene,
Beare flowers we ſe full freſh and faire of hue.
Poiſon is alſo put in medicine.
And vnto man his helth doth oft renue.
The fier that all thinges eke conſumeth cleane
May hurt and heale: then if that this be true.
I truſt ſometime my harme may be my health,
Sins euery woe is ioyned with ſome wealth.

A riddle of a gift geuen by a Ladie.

A Lady gaue me a gift ſhe had not,
And I receiued her gift which I toke not,
She gaue it me willingly, and yet ſhe would not,
And I receiued it, albeit, I could not,
If ſhe giue it me, I force not,
And if ſhe take it againe ſhe cares not.
Conſter what this is and tel not,
For I am faſt ſworne I may not.

That ſpeaking or profering bringes alway ſpeding.

Speake thou and ſpede where will or power ought helpth,
Where power doth want will muſt be wonne by welth.
For nede will ſpede, where will workes not his kinde,
And gaine, thy foes thy frendes ſhall cauſe thee finde.
For ſute and golde, what do not they obtaine,
Of good and bad the triers are theſe twaine.

He ruleth not though he raigne ouer realmes that is ſubiect to his own luſtes.

IF thou wilt mighty be, flee from the rage
Of cruel will, and ſee thou kepe thee free
From the foule yoke of ſenſuall bondage,
For though thyne empyre ſtretche to Indian ſea,
And for thy feare trembleth the fardeſt Thylee,
If thy deſire haue ouer thee the power,
Subiect then art thou and no gouernour.
If to be noble and high thy minde be meued,
Conſider well thy ground and thy beginning:
For he that hath eche ſtarre in heauen fixed,
And geues the Moone her hornes and her eclipſing:
Alike hath made the noble in his working,
So that wretched no way may thou bee.
Except foule luſt and vice do conquer thee.
All were it ſo thou had a flood of gold,
Unto thy thirſt yet ſhould it not ſuffice.
And though with Indian ſtones a thouſand folde,
More precious then can thy ſelfe deuiſe,
Ycharged were thy backe: thy couetiſe
And buſy biting yet ſhould neuer let,
Thy wretched life, ne do thy death profet.

Whether libertie by loſſe of life, or life in priſon and thraldom be to be preferred.

LYke as the birde within the cage encloſed,
The dore vnſparred, her foe the hawke without,
Twixt death and priſon piteouſly oppreſſed,
Whether for to choſe ſtandeth in dout,
Lo, ſo do I, which ſeke to bring about,
Which ſhould be beſt by determinacion,
By loſſe of life libertie, or life by priſon.
O miſchiefe by miſchiefe to be redreſſed.
Where pain is beſt there lieth but litle pleaſure.

By ſhort death better to be deliuerred,
Than bide in painfull life, thraldome, and doler,
Small is the pleaſure where much pain we ſuffer.
Rather therfore to chuſe me thinketh wiſdome,
By loſſe of life libertie, then life by priſon.
And yet me thinkes although I liue and ſuffer,
I do but waite a time and fortunes chance:
Oft many thinges do happen in one houre.
That which oppreſt me now may me aduance.
In time is truſt which by deathes greuance
Is wholy loſt. Then were it not reaſon,
By death to chuſe libertie, and not life by priſon.
But death wer deliuerãce wher life lẽgths pain.
Of theſe two ylles let ſee now chuſe the beſt:
This bird to deliuer that here doth plain,
What ſay ye louers: which ſhall be the beſt?
In cage thraldome, or by the hawke oppreſt.
And which to chuſe make plain concluſion,
By loſſe of life libertie, or life by priſon.

Againſt hourders of money.

FOr ſhamfaſt harm of great, and hatefull nede:
In depe diſpaire, as did a wretch go,
With ready corde, out of his life to ſpede:
His ſtumbling foote did finde an hoorde, lo,
Of gold, I ſay: where he preparde this dede:
And in eſchange, he left the corde, tho.
He, that had hid the gold, and found it not:
Of that, he found, he ſhapte his neck a knot.

Diſcription of a gonne.

VUlcane begat me: Minerua me taught:
Nature, my mother: Craft nouriſht me yere by yere.
Thre bodies are my foode: my ſtrength is in naught:
Anger, wrath, waſt, and noyce are my children dere,
Geſſe friend, what I am: and how I am wraught:
Monſter of ſea, or of land, or of els where.
Know me, and vſe me: and I may thee defend:
And if I be thine enmy, I may thy life end,

Wiate being in priſon, to Brian.

Syghes are my foode: my drink are my teares.
Clinking of fetters would ſuch muſick craue.
Stink, and cloſe ayre away my life it weares.
Poore innocence is all the hope I haue.
Rain, winde, or wether iudge I by mine eares.
Malice aſſaultes, that righteouſneſſe ſhould haue.
Sure am I, Brian, this wound ſhall heale again:
But yet alas, the ſkarre ſhall ſtill remain.

Of diſſembling wordes.

Throughout the world if it wer ſought,
Faire wordes inough a man ſhall finde:
They be good chepe they coſt right nought.
Their ſubſtance is but onely winde:
But well to ſay and ſo to mene,
That ſwete acord is ſeldom ſene.

Of the meane and ſure eſtate.

Stond who ſo liſt vpon the ſlipper wheele,
Of hye aſtate and let me here reioyce.
And vſe my life in quietneſſe eche dele,
Unknowen in court that hath the wanton toyes,
In hidden place my time ſhal ſlowly paſſe
And when my yeres be paſt withouten noyce
Let me dye olde after the common trace
For gripes of death doth he to hardly paſſe
That knowen is to all: but to him ſelfe alas,
He dyeth vnknowen, daſed with dreadfull face.

The courtiers life

In court to ſerue decked with freſh aray,
Of ſugred meates feling the ſwete repaſt:
The life in bankets, and ſundry kindes of play,

Amid the preſſe of worldly lookes to waſte,
Hath with it ioynde oft times ſuch bitter taſte.
That who ſo ioyes ſuch kinde of life to hold,
In priſon ioyes fettred with cheines of gold.

Of diſapointed purpoſe by negligence.

OF Carthage he that worthy warriour
Could ouercome, but could not vſe his chance
And I likewiſe of all my long endeuour
The ſharpe conqueſt though fortune did aduance,
Ne could I vſe. The hold that is geuen ouer,
I vnpoſeſſ, ſo hangeth now in balance
Of warre, my peace, reward of all my paine,
At Mountzon thus I reſtleſſe reſt in Spaine.

Of his returne from Spaine.

TAgus farewell that Weſtward with thy ſtremes
Turnes vp the graines of gold already tried,
For I with ſpurre and ſaile go ſeke the temmes.
Gaineward the ſunne that ſheweth her welthy pride,
And to the town that Brutus ſought by dreames,
Like bended mone that leanes her luſty ſide.
My king, my countrey, I ſeke for whom I liue,
O mighty Ioue the windes for this me giue.

Of ſodaine truſting.

DRiuen by deſire I did this dede
To danger my ſelf without cauſe why:
To truſt thuntrue not like to ſpede,
To ſpeake and promiſe faithfully:
But now the proofe doth verifie,
That who ſo truſteth ere he know,
Doth hurt himſelfe and pleaſe his foe,

Of the mother that eat her childe at the ſeige of Ieruſalem.

IN doubtfull breaſt whiles motherly pity
With furious famine ſtandeth at debate,
The mother ſayth: O chyld vnhappy
Returne thy bloud where thou hadſt milke of late
Yeld me thoſe limmes that I made vnto thee,
And enter there where thou were generate.
For one of body againſt all nature,
To an other muſt I make ſepulture.

Of the meane and ſure eſtate writen to Iohn Poins.

My mothers maides when they do ſowe and ſpinne:
They ſing a ſong made of the feldiſhe mouſe:
That forbicauſe her liuelod was but thinne,
Would nedes go ſe her towniſh ſiſters houſe,
She thought, her ſelfe endured to greuous paine,
The ſtormy blaſtes her caue ſo ſore dyd ſowſe:
That when the furrowes ſwimmed with the raine:
She muſt lie colde, and wet in ſory plight.
And worſe then that, bare meat there did remaine
To comfort her , when ſhe her houſe had dight:
Sometime a barly corne: ſometime a beane:
For which ſhe laboured hard both day and night,
In harueſt time, while ſhe might go and gleane.
And when her ſtore was ſtroyed with the floode:
Then weleaway for ſhe vndone was cleane.
Then was ſhe faine to take in ſtede of fode,
Slepe if ſhe might, her honger to begile.
My ſiſter (quod ſhe) hath a liuing good:
And hence from me ſhe dwelleth not a mile.
In colde and ſtorme, ſhe lieth warme and dry,
In bed of downe: the durt doth not defile
Her tender fote, ſhe labours not as I,

Richely ſhe fedes, and at the richemans coſt:
And for her meat ſhe nedes not craue nor cry.
By ſea, by land, of delicates the moſt
Her cater ſekes, and ſpareth for no perell:
She fedes on boyle meat, bake meat, and on roſt:
And hath therefore no whit of charge nor trauell.
And when ſhe liſt the licour of the grape
Doth glad her hart, tyll that her belly ſwell.
And at this iourney makes ſhe but a iape:
So forth ſhe goes, truſting of all this wealth,
With her ſiſter her part ſo for to ſhape:
That if ſhe might there kepe her ſelf in health:
To liue a Lady while her life doth laſt.
And to the dore nowe is ſhe come by ſtealth:
And with her fote anone ſhe ſcarpes full faſt.
Thother for fear, durſt not well ſcarſe appeare:
Of euery noyſe ſo was the wretch agaſt.
At laſt, ſhe aſked ſoftly who was there.
And in her language as well as ſhe could,
Pepe(quod the other)ſiſter I am here.
Peace(quod the towne mouſe)why ſpeakeſt thou ſo loude?
And by the hand ſhe toke her faire and well.
Welcome(quod ſhe)my ſiſter by the rode.
She feaſted her that ioye it was to tell
The fare they hadde, they dranke the wine ſo clere:
And as to purpoſe now and then it fell:
She chered her, with how ſiſter what chere?
Amid this ioye be fell a ſory chance:
That(weleaway)the ſtranger bought full dere
The fare ſhe had. For as ſhe lookt a ſcance:
Under a ſtole ſhe ſpied two ſtemyng eyes
In a rounde head, wyth ſharpe eares: in Fraunce
Was neuer mouſe ſo ferde, for the vnwiſe
Had not yſene ſuch a beaſt before.
Yet had nature taught her after her giſe,
To know her fo: and dread him euermore.
The towne mouſe fled: ſhe knew whither to go:
The other had no ſhift, but wonders ſore
Ferde of her life, at home ſhe wiſht her tho:
And to the dore(alas)as ſhe did ſkippe:
The heauen it would, lo: and eke her chance was ſo:
At the threſhold her ſely fote did trippe:

And ere ſhe myght recouer it againe:
The traitour cat had caught her by the hippe:
And made her there againſt her wyll remayne:
That had forgot her power, ſuerty and reſt,
For ſeking welth, wherein ſhe thought to raigne.
Alas (my Poyns) how men do ſeke the beſt,
And finde the worſe, by errour as they ſtray,
And no maruell, when ſight is ſo oppreſt,
And blindes the guide, anone out of the way
Goeth guide and all in ſeking quiet life.
O wretched mindes, there is no golde that may
Graunt that you ſeke, no warre, no peace, no ſtrife.
No, no, although thy head were hoopt with golde,
Sergeant with mace, with hawbart, ſword, nor knife,
Can not repulſe the care that folow ſhould.
Ech kinde of life hath with him his diſeaſe.
Liue in delits, euen as thy luſt would:
And thou ſhalt finde, when luſt doth moſt thee pleaſe:
It irketh ſtraight, and by it ſelfe doth fade.
A ſmall thing is it, that may thy minde appeaſe.
None of you al there is, that is ſo madde,
To ſeke for grapes on brambles, or on bryers:
Nor none I trow that hath a wytte ſo badde,
To ſet his haye for conies ouer riuers:
Nor ye ſet not a draggenet for an hare.
And yet the thing, that moſt is your deſire,
You do miſſeke, with more trauell and care.
Make plaine thine hart, that it be not knotted
With hope or dreade, and ſe thy wil be bare
From all affectes, whom vice hath neuer ſpotted.
Thy ſelfe content with that is thee aſſinde:
And vſe it well that is to thee alotted,
Then ſeke no more out of thy ſelfe to finde
The thing that thou haſt ſought ſo long before.
For thou ſhalt feele it ſtickyng in thy minde.
Made, if ye liſt to continue your ſore:
Let preſent paſſe, and gape on time to come,
And depe thy ſelfe in trauell more and more.
Henceforth (my Poins) this ſhall be all and ſumme
Theſe wretched foles ſhall haue nought els of me:
But, to the great God and to his dome,
None other paine pray I for them to be:

But when the rage doth leade them from the right:
That loking backward, Vertue they may ſe,
Euen as ſhe is, ſo goodly fayre and bright.
And whilſt they claſpe their luſtes in armes a croſſe:
Graunt them good Lord, as thou maiſt of thy might,
To freat inwarde, for loſyng ſuch a loſſe.

Of the Courtiers life written to Ihon Poins.

Myne owne Ihon Poins: ſins ye delite to know
The cauſes why that homeward I me draw,
And fle the preaſe of courtes, where ſo they go:
Rather then to liue thrall vnder the awe,
Of lordly lokes, wrapped within my cloke,
To will and luſt learning to ſet a law:
It is not that becauſe I ſcorne or mocke
The power of them: whom fortune here hath lent
Charge ouer vs, of ryght to ſtrike the ſtroke.
But true it is that I haue alwayes ment
Leſſe to eſteme them, then the common ſort
Of outward thinges: that iudge in their entent,
without regarde, what inward doth reſort.
I graunt, ſometime of glory that the fire
Doth touch my hart. Me liſt not to report
Blame by honour, and honour to deſire.
But how may I this honour now attaine?
That can not dye the colour blacke a lier.
My Poyns, I can not frame my tune to fayn:
To cloke the truth, for praiſe without deſert,
Of them that liſt all vice for to retaine.
I can not honour them, that ſet their part
With Venus, and Bacchus, all their life long:
Nor holde my peace of them, although I ſmart.
I can not crouch nor knele to ſuch a wrong:
To worſhip them like God on earth alone:
That are as wolues theſe ſely lambes among.
I can not with my wordes complaine and mone,
And ſuffer nought: nor ſmart without complaynt:
Nor turne the word that from my mouth is gone,
I can not ſpeake and loke like as a ſaint:
Vſe wiles for wit, and make diſcept a pleaſure:

Call craft counſaile, for lucre ſtill to paint.
I can not wreſt the law to fill the coffer:
With innocent bloud to fede my ſelfe fatte:
And do moſt hurt: where that moſt helpe I offer.
I am not he, that can alow the ſtate
Of hye Ceaſar, and damne Cato to dye:
That with his death did ſcape out of the gate,
From Ceaſars handes, if Liuye doth not lye:
And would not liue, where libertie was loſt,
So did his hart the common wealth apply.
I am not he, ſuch eloquence to boſt:
To make the crow in ſingyng, as the ſwanne:
Nor call the lyon of coward beaſtes the moſt.
That can not take a mouſe, as the cat can.
And he that dieth for honger of the golde,
Call him Alexander, and ſay that Pan
Paſſeth Appollo in muſike manifold:
Praiſe ſyr Topas for a noble tale,
And ſcorne the ſtory that the knight tolde:
Praiſe him for counſell, that is dronke of ale:
Grinne when he laughes, that beareth al the ſway:
Frowne, when he frownes: and grone when he is pale:
On others luſt to hang both night and day.
None of theſe poyntes would euer frame in me.
My wit is nought, I can not learne the way.
And much the leſſe of thinges that greater be,
That aſken helpe of colours to deuiſe
To ioyne the meane with ech extremitie:
With neareſt vertue ay to cloke the vice.
And as to purpoſe likewiſe it ſhall fall:
To preſſe the vertue that it may not riſe.
As dronkenneſſe good fellowſhip to call:
The frendly foe, with his faire double face,
Say he is gentle and curties therewithall.
Affirme that fauel hath a goodly grace,
In eloquence: And cruelty to name
Zeale of Juſtice: And change in time and place.
And he that ſuffereth offence without blame:
Call him pitifull, and him true and plaine,
That rayleth reckleſſe vnto ech mans ſhame.
Say he is rude, that can not lye and faine:
The letcher a louer, and tyranny

To be the right of a Princes raygne.
I can not I, no, no, it will not be.
This is the cauſe that I could neuer yet
Hang on their ſleues, that weygh (as thou mayſt ſe)
A chippe of chance more then a pounde of wit.
This maketh me at home to hunt and hauke:
And in fowle wether at my booke to ſit:
In froſt and ſnow, then with my bowe to ſtalke.
No man doth marke where ſo I ride or go.
In luſty leas at libertie I walke:
And of theſe newes I fele nor weale nor wo:
Saue that a clogge doth hang yet at my heele.
No force for that, for it is ordred ſo:
That I may leape both hedge and dike full wele,
I am not now in Fraunce, to iudge the wine:
With ſauery ſauce thoſe delicates to fele.
Nor yet in Spaine where one muſt him incline,
Rather then to be, outwardly to ſeme.
I meddle not with wyttes that be ſo fyne,
Nor Flaunders chere lettes not my ſyght to deme
Of blacke, and white, nor takes my wittes away
Wyth beaſtlineſſe: ſuch do thoſe beaſtes eſteme.
Nor I am not, where truth is geuen in pray,
For money, poyſon, and treaſon: of ſome
A common practiſe, vſed nyght and day.
But I am here in Kent and chriſtendome:
Among the Muſes, where I reade and ryme,
Where if thou liſt myne owne Jhon Poyns to come:
Thou ſhalt be iudge, how I do ſpende my time.

How to vſe the court and him ſelfe therin, written to ſir Fraunces Brian.

A Spendyng hand that alway powreth out,
Had nede to haue a bringer in as faſt.
And on the ſtone that ſtyll doth turne about,
There groweth no moſſe. Theſe prouerbes yet do laſt:

Reaſon hath ſet them in ſo ſure a place:
That length of yeares their force can neuer waſte.
When I remember this, and eke the caſe,
Wherin thou ſtandſt: I thought forthwith to write
(Brian) to thee: who knowes how great a grace
In writyng is to counſayle man the right.
To thee therfore that trottes ſtyll vp and downe:
And neuer reſtes, but runnyng day and nyght,
From realme to realme, from citie ſtrete, and towne.
Why doeſt thou weare thy body to the bones?
And mighteſt at home ſlepe in thy bedde of downe:
And drinke good ale ſo nappy for the nones:
Fede thy ſelfe fatte, and heape vp pounde by pound.
Likeſt thou not this? No. Why? For ſwine ſo groines
In ſtye, and chaw dung moulded on the ground.
And driuell on pearles with heade ſtyll in the maunger,
So of the harpe the aſſe doth heare the ſound.
So ſackes of durt be filde. The neat courtier
So ſerues for leſſe, then do theſe fatted ſwine.
Though I ſeme leane and drye, withouten moyſter:
Yet wyll I ſerue my prince, my lord and thyne.
And let them liue to fede the paunch that liſt:
So I may liue to fede both me and myne.
By God well ſaid. But what and if thou wiſt
How to bring in, as faſt as thou doeſt ſpende.
That would I learne. And it ſhal not be miſt,
To tell thee how. Now harke what I intende.
Thou knoweſt well firſt, who ſo can ſeke to pleaſe,
Shall purchaſe frendes: where trouth ſhall but offend.
Flee therefore truth, it is both welth and eaſe.
For though that trouth of euery man hath praiſe:
Full neare that winde goeth trouth in great miſeaſe.
Uſe vertue, as it goeth now a dayes:
In worde alone to make thy language ſwete:
And of thy dede, yet do not as thou ſaies.
Els be thou ſure: thou ſhalt be farre vnmete
To get thy breade, ech thyng is now ſo ſkant.
Seke ſtyll thy profit vpon thy bare fete.
Lend in no wiſe: for feare that thou do want:
Unleſſe it be, as to a calfe a cheſe:
But if thou can be ſure to winne a cant
Of halfe at leaſt. It is not good to leeſe.

Learne at the ladde, that in a long white cote,
From vnder the ſtall, withouten landes or feeſe,
Hath lept into the ſhoppe: who knowes by rote
This rule that I haue told thee here before.
Sometime alſo rich age beginnes to dote,
Se thou when there thy gaine may be the more.
Stay him by the arme, where ſo he walke or go:
Be nere alway, and if he coughe to ſore:
What he hath ſpit treade out, and pleaſe him ſo.
A diligent knaue that pikes his maſters purſe,
May pleaſe him ſo, that he withouten mo
Executour is. And what is he the wurſe?
But if ſo chance, thou get nought of the man:
The wydow may for all thy paine diſburſe.
A riueld ſkynne, a ſtinkyng breath, what than?
A tothleſſe mouth ſhall do thy lippes no harme.
The golde is good, and though ſhe curſe or banne:
Yet where thee liſt, thou mayeſt lye good and warme.
Let the olde mule bite vpon the bridle:
Whilſt there do lye a ſweter in thy arme.
In this alſo ſe that thou be not idle:
Thy nece, thy coſyn, ſuſter, or thy daughter,
If ſhe bee faire: if handſome be her middle:
If thy better hath her loue beſought her:
Auaunce his cauſe, and he ſhall helpe thy nede.
It is but loue, turne thou it to a laughter.
But ware I ſay, ſo gold thee helpe and ſpede:
That in this caſe thou be not ſo vnwiſe,
As Pandar was in ſuch a like dede.
For he the ſole of conſcience was ſo nice:
That he no gaine would haue for all his paine.
Be next thy ſelfe for frendſhyp beares no price.
Laugheſt thou at me, why? do I ſpeake in vaine?
No not at thee, but at thy thrifty ieſt.
Wouldeſt thou, I ſhould for any loſſe or gayne,
Change that for golde, that I haue tane for beſt.
Next godly thinges: to haue an honeſt name?
Should I leaue that? then take me for a beaſt.
Nay then farewell, and if thou care for ſhame:
Content thee then with honeſt pouertie:
Wyth free tong, what thee miſlikes, to blame,
And for thy trouth ſometime aduerſitie.

And therwithall this guift I ſhall thee giue,
In this world now litle proſperitie:
And coyne to kepe: as water in a ſiue.

The ſong of Iopas vnfiniſhed.

VV Hen Dido feaſted firſt the wandring Troian knight:
whō Iunos wrath & ſtorms did force in Libik ſãds to light
That mighty Atlas taught, the ſupper laſting long,
With criſped lockes on golden harpe, Iopas ſang in ſong.
That ſame (quod he) that we the world do call and name:
Of heauen and earth with all contents, it is the very frame.
Or thus, of heauenly powers by more power kept in one
Repugnant kindes, in mids of whom the earth hath place alone:
Firme, round, of liuing thinges, the mother, place and nourſe:
Without the which in egal weight, this heuen doth hold his courſe
And it is cald by name, the firſt and mouing heauen,
The firmament is placed next, conteining other ſeuen,
Of heauenly powers that ſame is planted full and thicke:
As ſhining lightes which we call ſtars, that therin cleue & ſticke.
With great ſwift ſway, the firſt, and with his reſtleſſe ſours,
Carieth it ſelf, and all thoſe eyght, in euen continuall cours.
And of this world ſo round within that rolling caſe,
Two points there be that neuer moue, but firmly kepe their place.
The tone we ſee alway, the tother ſtandes obiect
Againſt the ſame, deuiding iuſt the ground by line direct.
Which by imaginacion, drawen from the one to thother
Toucheth the centre of the earth, for way there is none other.
And theſe be calde the Poles, deſcrypde by ſtarres not bright.
Artike the one northward we ſee: Antartike thother hight,
The line, that we deuiſe from thone to thother ſo:
As axel is, vpon the which the heauens about do go
Which of water nor earth, of ayre nor fire haue kinde,
Therefore the ſubſtance of thoſe ſame were hard for man to finde.
But they bene vncorrupt, ſimple and pure vnmixt:
And ſo we ſay been all thoſe ſtarres, that in thoſe ſame be fixt.
And eke thoſe erring ſeuen, in circle as they ſtray:
So calde, becauſe againſt that firſt they haue repugnant way:
And ſmaller bywayes to, ſkant ſenſible to man:
To buſy worke for my poore harpe: let ſing them he that can.
The wydeſt ſaue the firſt, of all theſe nine aboue
One hundred yere doth aſke of ſpace, for one degree to moue.

Of which degrees we make, in the firſt moouing heauen,
Three hundred and threſcore in partes iuſtly deuided euen.
And yet there is another betwene thoſe heauens two:
Whoſe mouing is ſo ſly ſo ſlack: I name it not for now.
The ſeuenth heauen or the ſhell next to the ſtarry ſky,
All thoſe degrees that gathereth vp, with aged paſe ſo ſly:
And doth performe the ſame, as elders count hath bene,
In nine and twenty yeres complete, and daies almoſt ſixtene:
Doth carry in his bowt the ſtarre of Saturne old:
A threatner of all liuing things, with drought and with his cold.
The ſixt whom this conteins doth ſtalke with yonger paſe:
And in twelue yere doth ſomwhat more then thothers viage was.
And this in it doth beare the ſtarre of Ioue benigne,
Twene Saturns malice and vs men, frendly defending ſigne.
The fift bears bloody Mars, that in three hundred daies,
And twiſe eleuen with one full yere, hath finiſht all thoſe waies.
A yere doth aſke the fourth, and howers therto ſixe,
And in the ſame the daies eye the ſunne, therin he ſtickes.
The third that gouernd is by that, that gouerns mee:
And loue for loue, and for no loue prouokes: as oft we ſee:
In like ſpace doth performe that courſe, that did the tother.
So doth the next vnto the ſame, that ſecond is in order.
But it doth beare the ſtarre, that cald is Mercury:
That many a crafty ſecrete ſteppe doth tread, as Calcars try.
That ſky is laſt, and fixt next vs, thoſe waies hath gone,
In ſeuen and twenty common daies, and eke the third of one:
And beareth with his ſway, the diuers Moone about:
Now bright, now brown, now bẽt, now ful, & now her light is out.
Thus haue they of their own two mouinges all theſe ſeuen
One, wherein they be caried ſtill, eche in his ſeuerall heauen.
An other of them ſelues, where their bodies be layd
In bywaies, and in leſſer rowndes, as I afore haue ſayd.
Saue of them all the Sunne doth ſtray leſt from the ſtreight,
The ſtarry ſky hath but one courſe, that we haue cald the eight.
And all theſe moouinges eight are ment from Weſt to Eaſt:
Although they ſeme to clime aloft, I ſay from Eaſt to weſt.
But that is but by force of the firſt mouing ſky:
In twiſe twelue houres from eaſt to eaſt that carieth them by & by.
But marke we well alſo, theſe mouinges of theſe ſeuen,
Be not about the axell tree of the firſt mouing heuen.
For they haue their two poles directly tone to the tother. &c.

T. VVYATE the elder.

The complaint of a louer with ſute to his loue for pitie.

IF euer wofull man might moue your hartes to ruthe,
Good ladies here his woful plaint, whoſe deth ſhal try his truth
And rightfull iudges be on this his true report:
If he deſerue a louers name among the faithfull ſort.
Fiue hundred times the Sunne hath lodged him in the weſt:
Since in my hart I harbred firſt of all the goodlyeſt geſt.
Whoſe worthyneſſe to ſhew, my wits are all to faynt.
And I lack cunning of the ſcooles, in colours her to paynt.
But this I briefly ſay in wordes of egall weight.
So voyd of vice was neuer none, nor with ſuch vertues freight.
And for her beauties prayſe, no wight, that with her warres.
For, where ſhe comes, ſhe ſhewes her ſelf as ſun among the ſtarres
But Lord, thou waſt to blame, to frame ſuch parfiteneſſe:
And puttes no pitie in her hart, my ſorowes to redreſſe.
For if ye knew the paines, and panges, that I haue paſt:
A wonder would it be to you, how that my life hath laſt.
When all the Gods agreed, that Cupide with his bow
Should ſhote his arrowes from her eies, on me his might to ſhow
I knew it was in vain my force to truſt vpon:
And well I wiſt, it was no ſhame, to yelde to ſuch a one.
Then did I me ſubmit with humble hart and mynde,
To be her man for euermore: as by the Gods aſſinde.
And ſince that day, no wo, wherwith loue might torment,
Could moue me from this faithfull band: or make me once repent.
Yet haue I felt full oft the hotteſt of his fire:
The bitter teares, the ſcalding ſighes, the burning hote deſire,
And with a ſodain ſight the trembling of the hart:
And how the blood doth come, and go, to ſuccour euery part.
When that a pleaſant looke hath lift me in the ayer:
A frowne hath made me fall as faſt into a depe deſpayer.
And when that I ere this, my tale could well by hart:
And that my tong had learned it, ſo that no word might ſtart:
The ſight of her hath ſet my wittes in ſuch a ſtay:
That to be lord of all the world, one word I could not ſay.

And many a ſodayn cramp my hart hath pinched ſo:
That for the time, my ſenſes all felt neither weale, nor wo.
Yet ſaw I neuer thing, that might my minde content:
But wiſht it hers, and at her will, if ſhe could ſo conſent.
Nor neuer heard of wo: that did her will diſpleaſe:
But wiſht the ſame vnto my ſelf, ſo it might do her eaſe.
Nor neuer thought that fayre, nor neuer liked face:
Unleſſe it did reſemble her, or ſome part of her grace.
No diſtance yet of place could vs ſo farre deuide,
But that my hart, and my good will did ſtill with her abide.
Nor yet it neuer lay in any fortunes powre,
To put that ſwete out of my thought, one minute of an howre.
No rage of drenching ſea, nor woodneſſe of the winde,
Nor cannõs wᵗ their thundring cracks could put her frõ my minde
For when both ſea and land aſunder had vs ſet:
My hole delite was onely then, my ſelf alone to get.
And thitherward to looke, as nere as I could geſſe:
Where as I thought, that ſhe was thẽ, that might my wo redreſſe.
Full oft it did me good, that waies to take my winde:
So pleaſant ayre in no place els, me thought I could not finde.
I ſaying to my ſelf, my life is yonder way:
And by the winde I haue her ſent, a thouſand ſighes a day.
And ſayd vnto the ſunne, great giftes are geuen thee:
For thou mayſt ſee mine earthly bliſſe, where euer that ſhe be.
Thou ſeeſt in euery place, would God I had thy might:
And I the ruler of my ſelf, then ſhould ſhe know no night.
And thus from wiſh to wiſh, my wits haue been at ſtrife:
And wanting all that I haue wiſht, thus haue I led my life.
But long it can not laſt, that in ſuch wo remaines.
No force for that: for death is ſwete to him, that feles ſuch paines.
Yet moſt of all me greues: when I am in my graue,
That ſhe ſhall purchaſe by my death a cruel name to haue.
Wherfore all you that heare this plaint, or ſhall it ſee:
Wiſh, that it may ſo perce her hart, that ſhe may pitie mee.
For and it were her will: for both it were the beſt,
To ſaue my life, to kepe her name, and ſet my hart at reſt.

Of the death of maſter Deuorox the lord Ferres ſonne.

WHo iuſtly may reioyce in ought vnder the ſkye?
As life, or lands: as frends, or frutes: which only liue to dye.
Or who doth not well know all worldly works are vaine?
And geueth nought but to the lenders, to take the ſame again.
For though it lift ſome vp: as we long vpward all:
Such is the ſort of ſlipper welth: all thinges do riſe to fall.
Thuncerteintie is ſuch: experience teacheth ſo:
That what things men do couet moſt them ſoneſt they forgo.
Lo Deuorox where he lieth: whoſe life men held ſo deare
That now his death is ſorowed ſo, that pitie it is to heare.
His birth of auncient blood: his parents of great fame:
And yet in vertue farre before the formoſt of the ſame,
His king, and countrye both he ſerued to ſo great gaine:
That with the Brutes record doth reſt, and euer ſhall remaine.
No man in warre ſo mete, an enterpriſe to take:
No man in peace that pleaſurde more of enmies frends to make.
A Cato for his counſell: his hed was ſurely ſuch.
Ne Theſeus frendſhip was ſo great, but Deuorox was as much.
A graffe of ſo ſmall grothe, ſo much good frute to bring:
Is ſeldome heard, or neuer ſene: it is ſo rare a thing.
A man ſent vs from God, his life did well declare,
And now ſent for by God again, to teach vs what we are.
Death, and the graue, that ſhall accompany all that liue,
Hath brought him heuē, though ſomwhat ſone, which life could neuer
God graunt well all, that ſhall profeſſe as he profeſt: (giue
To liue ſo well, to dye no worſe: and ſend his ſoule good reſt.

They of the meane eſtate are happieſt.

IF right be rackt, and ouerronne:
And power take part with open wrong:
If feare my force do yelde to ſoone,
The lack is like to laſt to long.
If God for goodes ſhalbe vnplaced:
If right for riches loſe his ſhape:
If world for wiſdome be embraced:
The geſſe is great, much hurt may hap.
Among good thinges, I proue and finde,
The quiet life doth moſt abound:

And ſure to the contented minde
There is no riches may be found.
For riches hates to be content:
Rule is enmy to quietneſſe.
Power is moſt part impacient:
And ſeldom likes to liue in peaſe.
I heard a herdman once compare:
That quiet nightes he had mo ſlept:
And had mo mery dayes to ſpare:
Then he, which ought the beaſtes, he kept.
I would not haue it thought hereby
The Dolphin ſwimme I meane to teache:
Nor yet to learne the Fawcon fly:
I row not ſo farre paſt my reache.
But as my part aboue the reſt,
Is well to wiſh and well to will:
So till my breath ſhall fail my breſt,
I will not ceaſſe to wiſh you ſtill.

Compariſon of life and death.

The life is long, that lothſomly doth laſt:
The dolefull dayes draw ſlowly to their date:
The preſent panges, and painfull plages forepaſt
Yelde griefe aye grene to ſtabliſh this eſtate.
So that I feele, in this great ſtorme, and ſtrife,
The death is ſwete that endeth ſuch a life.
Yet by the ſtroke of this ſtrange ouerthrow,
At which conflict in thraldom I was thruſt:
The Lord be praiſed: I am well taught to know
From whence man came, and eke whereto he muſt:
And by the way vpon how feble force
His terme doth ſtand, till death doth end his courſe.
The pleaſant yeres that ſeme, ſo ſwift that runne
The mery dayes to end, ſo faſt that flete:
The ioyfull nightes, of which day daweth ſo ſoone,
The happy howers, which mo do miſſe then mete,
Do all conſume: as ſnow againſt the ſunne:
And death makes end of all, that life begunne.

Since death ſhall dure, till all the world be waſt.
What meaneth man to drede death then ſo ſore?
As man might make, that life ſhould alway laſt.
Without regard, the lord hath led before
The daunce of death, which all muſt runne on row:
Though how or when: the Lord alone doth know.
If man would minde, what burdens life doth bring:
What greuous crimes to God he doth commit:
What plages, what panges, what perilles thereby ſpring:
With no ſure hower in all his daies to ſit:
He would ſure think, as with great cauſe I do:
The day of death were better of the two.
Death is a port, wherby we paſſe to ioy.
Life is a lake, that drowneth all in payn.
Death is ſo dere, it ceaſeth all annoy.
Life is ſo leude, that all it yeldes is vayn.
And as by life to bondage man is braught:
Euen ſo likewiſe by death was fredome wraught.
Wherfore with Paul, let all men wiſh and pray
To be diſſolude of this foule fleſhly maſſe:
Or at the leaſt be armde againſt the day:
That they be found good ſouldiers, preſt to paſſe
From life to death: from death to life again
To ſuch a life, as euer ſhall remain.

The tale of Pigmalion with conclusion vpon the beautie of his loue.

In Grece ſomtime there dwelt a man of worthy fame:
To graue in ſtone his cunning was: Pygmaliō was his name.
To make his fame endure, when death had him bereft:
He thought it good, of his own hand ſome filed worke were left.
In ſecrete ſtudie then ſuch worke he gan deuiſe,
As might his cunning beſt commend, and pleaſe the lookers eyes.
A courſer faire he thought to graue, barbd for the field:
And on his back a ſemely knight, well armd with ſpeare & ſhield:
Or els ſome foule, or fiſh to graue he did deuiſe:
And ſtill, within his wandering thoughtes, new fanſies did ariſe.

Thus varied he in minde, what enterpriſe to take:
Till fanſy moued his learned hand a woman fayre to make.
Whereon he ſtayde, and thought ſuch parfite fourme to frame:
Whereby he might amaze all Grece, and winne immortall name.
Of yuorie white he made ſo faire a woman than:
That nature ſcornd her perfitneſſe ſo taught by craft of man.
Wel ſhaped were her lims, ful comly was her face:
Ech litle vain moſt liuely coucht, eche part had ſemely grace.
Twixt nature & Pigmalion, there might appere great ſtrife,
So ſemely was this ymage wrought, it lackt nothing but life.
His curious eye beheld his own deuiſed work:
And, gaſing oft thereon, he found much venome there to lurk.
For all the featurde ſhape ſo did his fanſie moue:
That, with his idoll, whom he made, Pygmalion fell in loue.
To whom he honour gaue, and deckt with garlandes ſwete.
And did adourn with iewels rich, as is for louers mete.
Somtimes on it he fawnd: ſomtime in rage would cry:
It was a wonder to behold, how fanſy bleard his eye.
Since that this ymage dum enflamde ſo wiſe a man:
My dere alas, ſince I you loue, what wonder is it than?
In whom hath nature ſet the glory of her name:
And brake her moulde, in great diſpaire, your like ſhe coulde not
(frame.

The louer ſheweth his wofull ſtate, and prayeth pitie.

Lyke as the Larke within the Marlians foote
With piteous tunes doth chirp her yelden lay:
So ſing I now, ſeyng none other boote,
My rendering ſong, and to your will obey.
Your vertue mountes aboue my force ſo hye.
And with your beautie ſeaſed I am ſo ſure:
That there auails reſiſtance none in me,
But paciently your pleaſure to endure.
For on your will my fanſy ſhall attend:
My life, my death, I put both in your choyce:
And rather had this life by you to end,
Than liue, by other alwayes to reioyce.
And if your crueltie do thirſt my blood:
Then let it forth if it may do you good.

Vpon conſideration of the ſtate of this life he wiſheth death.

The lenger life, the more offence:
The more offence the greater pains,
The greater paine, the leſſe defence:
The leſſe defence, the leſſer gaine
The loſſe of gaine long yll doth trye:
Wherfore come death, and let me dye.
The ſhorter life, leſſe count I fynde,
The leſſe account, the ſoner made:
The count ſoone made, the merier mind:
The merier minde doth thought euade,
Short life in truth this thing doth trie.
Wherefore come death, and let me dye.
Come gentle death, the ebbe of care,
The ebbe of care the flood of lyfe,
The flood of life, the ioifull fare,
The ioyfull fare, the end of ſtrife,
The ende of ſtrife, that thing wiſhe I: 2
wherefore come death, and let me dye.

The louer that once diſdained loue is now become ſubiect being caught in his ſnare.

To this my ſonge geue eare who liſt
And mine entent iudge as ye will,
The time is come, that I haue myſte,
The thing wheron I hoped ſtyll,
And from the toppe of all my truſt,
Miſhap hath throwen me in the duſt.
The time hath bene and that of late:
My hart and I might leape at large,
And was not ſhut within the gate
Of looues deſire: nor toke no charge
Of any thing, that did pertaine

As touching loue in any payn
 My thought was free, my hart was lyght,
I marked not, who loſt, who ſaught,
I playd by day, I ſlept by night
I forced not, who wept, who laught.
My thought from al ſuch thinges was free.
And I my ſelf at libertie.
 I toke no hede to tauntes nor toys,
As leef to ſee them frowne as ſmyle:
where fortune laught I ſcornde their ioyes
I founde their fraudes and euery wyle.
And to my ſelfe oft tymes I ſmiled.
To ſee howe loue had them begiled
 Thus in the net of my concept
I maſked ſtill among the ſort
Of ſuch as fed vpon the bayte,
That Cupide laide for his diſport,
And euer as I ſaw them caught:
I them beheld, and there at laught.
 Tyll at the length when Cupide ſpied
My ſcornefull wyll and ſpitefull vſe
And how I paſt not who was tyed,
So that my ſelfe myght ſtill liue loſe:
He ſet him ſelf to lye in waite,
And in my way he threw a baite
 Such one as nature neuer made,
I dare well ſay ſaue ſhe alone,
Such one ſhe was as would inuade
A hart, more hard then marble ſtone,
Such one ſhe is, I know it right,
Her nature made to ſhew her might
 Then as a man in a maſe,
when vſe of reaſon is away:
So I began to ſtare and gaſe,
And ſodenly, without delay,
Or euer I had the wit to loke:
I ſwalowed vp both bait and hoke.
 Which dayly greues me more and more,
By ſundry ſortes of carefull wo:
And none aliue may ſalue the ſore,
But onely ſhe that hurt me ſo.
In whom my lyfe doth now conſiſt

To ſaue or ſlay me as ſhe liſt,
But ſeing now that I am caught,
And bounde ſo faſt, I cannot flee:
Be ye by myne enſample taught,
That in your fanſies fele you free,
Deſpiſe not them, that louers are:
Leſt you be caught within his ſnare,

Of Fortune, and fame.

The plage is great, where fortune fromes:
One miſchiefe bringes a thouſand woes
Where trumpets geue their warlike ſownes:
The weke ſuſteyne, ſharp ouerthrowes,
No better life they take and fele,
That ſubiect are to fortunes whele.
Her happy chaunce may laſt no time:
Her pleaſure threatneth paines to come,
She is the fall of thoſe that clime:
And yet her whele auanceth ſome
No force where that ſhe hates, or loues:
Her fickle minde ſo oft remoues
She geues uo gift, but craues as faſt.
She ſone repentes a thankfull dede,
She turneth after euery blaſt.
She helpes them oft, that haue no nede.
Where power dwelles, and riches reſt:
False Fortune is a common geſt.
Yet ſome affirme and proue by ſkyll:
Fortune is not a fleing fame,
She neyther can do good, nor yll,
She hath no fourme, yet beares a name,
Then we but ſtriue againſt the ſtremes,
To frame ſuch toyes on fanſies dreames.
If ſhe haue ſhape, or name alone:
If ſhe do rule or beare no ſway:
If ſhe haue bodie, life or none:
Be ſhe a ſprite: I can not ſay.
But well I wot, ſome cauſe there is:
That cauſeth wo, and ſendeth bliſſe.
The cauſes of thinges I will not blame:

Leſt I offende the prince of peace,
But I may chide, and braule with fame:
To make her crie, and neuer ceaſe
To blow the trumpe within her eares:
That may appeaſe my wofull teares.

Againſt wicked tonges.

O Euill tonges, which clap at euery winde:
Ye ſlea the quicke, and eke the dead defame:
Thoſe that liue well, ſome faute in them ye finde,
Ye take no thought in ſclaundring their good name,
Ye put iuſt men oft times to open ſhame,
Ye ryng ſo loude, ye ſounde vnto the ſkyes:
And yet in proofe, ye ſow nothing but lyes.
Ye make great warre, where peace hath ben of long
Ye bring rich realmes to ruine and decay,
Ye pluck downe right: ye enhaunce the wrong.
Ye turne ſwete mirth to wo, and well away
Of miſchiefes all ye are the grounde I ſay,
Happy is he, that liues on ſuch a ſort:
That nedes not feare ſuch tonges of falſe report.

Hell tormenteth not the damned goſtes ſo ſore, as vnkindneſſe the louer.

The reſtleſſe rage of depe deuouring hell,
The blaſing brandes, that neuer do conſume:
The roring route, in Plutoes den that dwell,
The fiery breath, that from thoſe ympes doth fume:
The dropſy dryeth, that Tantale in the flood
Endureth ay, all hopeleſſe of reliefe:
He hongerſteruen, where fruite is ready food
So wretchedly his ſoule doth ſuffer griefe:
The liuer gnawne of gylefull Prometheus.
Which Vultures fell with ſtrained talant tere:
The labour loſt of weried Siſiphus:

These helliſh houndes, with paines of quenchleſſe fire,
Can not ſo ſore the ſilly ſoules torment,
As her vntruth my hart hath all torent.

Of the mutabilitie of the worlde.

By fortune as I lay in bed, my fortune was to finde
Such fāſies, as my careful thought had brought into my minde
And when eche one was gone to reſt ful ſoft in bed to lye:
I would haue ſlept, but than the watche did folow ſtil mine eye,
And ſodenly I ſaw a ſea of woful ſorowes preſt:
whoſe wicked wayes of ſharpe repulſe bred mine vnquiet reſt,
I ſaw this worlde and how it went, eche ſtate in his degree,
And that from wealth I graunted is, both life and libertie.
I ſaw, how enuy it did raine, and beare the greateſt price,
Yet greater poyſon is not founde within the Cockatrice.
I ſaw alſo, how that diſdaine oft times to forge my wo,
Gaue me the cup of bitter ſwette to pledge my mortall foo,
I ſaw alſo, how that deſire, to reſt no place coulde finde
But ſtill conſtrainde in endleſſe payne to folow natures kinde
I ſaw, alſo moſt ſtraunge of all, how nature did forſake
The blood, ꝥ in her wombe, was wrought, as doth ẏ lothed ſnake.
I ſawe, how fanſie would retayne no lenger then her luſt,
And as the winde how ſhe doth chaunge, and is not for to truſt.
I ſaw, how, ſtedfaſtnes did flie with winges of often change,
A flying bird, but ſeldome ſeen, her nature is ſo ſtrange,
I ſawe, how pleaſant times did paſſe, as flowres do in the mede
To daye that riſeth red as roſe, to morowe falleth ded.
I ſaw, my time how it did runne, as ſand out of the glaſſe.
Euen as eche hower appointed is, from time and tide to paſſe,
I ſaw, the yeres that I had ſpent, and loſſe of all my gaine
And how the ſport of youthfull playes my foly did retaine,
I ſaw, how that the little Ant in ſomer ſtil doth runne
To ſeke her foode, wherby to liue in winter for to come,
I ſaw, eke vertue, how ſhe ſat the threde of life to ſpinne,
which ſheweth the ende of euery worke, before it doth beginne.
And when all theſe I thus behelde with many mo pardy,
In me, me thought, eche one had wrought a perfie propertie.
And then I ſayde vnto my ſelfe, a leſſon this ſhalbe
For other, that ſhall after come, for to beware by me

Thus all the night I did deuiſe, which way I might conſtraine
To forme a plot, that wit might worke theſe branches in my brain

Harpalus complaint of Phillidaies loue beſtowed on Corin, who loued her not: and denied him that loued her.

Phyllida was a faire mayde,
As freſh as any flowre,
Whom Harpalus the herdman prayde
To be his paramour.
Harpalus and eke Corin
were herdmen both yfere:
and Phyllida could twiſt and ſpinne
And therto ſing full clere
Bnt Phyllida was all to coy,
For harpalus to winne
For Corin was her onely ioy,
who forſt her not a pinne,
How often wold ſhe flowres twine
How often garlandes make:
Of Couſlips and of Columbine.
And all for Corins ſake:
But Corin he had haukes to lure
And forced more the field:
Of louers lawe he toke no cure
For once he was begilde.
Harpalus preuailed nought
His labour all was loſt:
For he was fardeſt from her thought
And yet he loued her moſt.
Therefore ware he both pale and leane
And drye as clod of clay:
His fleſhe it was conſumed cleene
His colour gone away,
His beard it had not long be ſhaue,
His here hong all vnkempt:
A man moſt fit euen for the graue
Whom ſpitefull loue had ſpent.

His eyes were red and all forewatched
His face beſprent with teares:
It ſemed vnhap had him long hatched,
In mids of his deſpaires.
His clothes were blacke and alſo bare
As one forlorne was he,
Vpon his head alwaies he ware,
A wreath of willow tree
His beaſtes he kept vpon the hyll,
And he ſate in the dale:
And thus with ſighes and ſorowes ſhrill,
He gan to tell his tale.
O Harpalus (thus would he ſay)
Vnhappieſt vnder ſunne
The cauſe of thine vnhappy day
By loue was firſt begunne.
For thou wentſt firſt by ſute to ſeeke
A Tigre to make tame:
That ſettes not by thy loue a leeke
But makes thy griefe her game.
As eaſy it were for to conuert
The froſt into the flame:
As for to turne a froward hart
Whom thou ſo faine wouldeſt frame,
Corin he liueth careleſſe
He leapes among the leaues
He eates the frutes of thy redreſſe
Thou reapes: he takes the ſheaues.
My beaſtes a whyle your foode refraine
And harke your heardmans ſounde,
Whom ſpitefull loue alas hath ſlaine
Through girt with many a wounde,
O happy be ye beaſtes wilde
That here your paſtures takes,
I ſee that ye be not begilde
Of theſe your faithfull makes.
The hart he feedeth by the Hinde
The Buck harde by the Do
The turtle Doue is not vnkinde
To him that loues her ſo,
The Ewe ſhe hath by her the Ramme
The yong Cow hath the Bull,

The Calſe with many a luſty Lambe
To fede their hunger full.
But welaway that nature wrought
Thee Phylida ſo faire,
For I may ſay that I haue bought
Thy beauty all to deare.
What reaſon is it that crueltie
With beautie ſhoulde haue parte.
Or els that ſuch great tirany
Should dwell in womans hart.
I ſee therefore to ſhappe my death
She cruelly is preſt,
To thende that I may wāt my breath
My dayes been at the beſt.
O Cupide graunt this my requeſt
And do not ſtoppe thine eares,
That ſhe may feele within her breſt,
The paynes of my diſpayres.
Of Corin that is careleſſe,
That ſhe may craue her fee,
As I haue done in great diſtreſſe
That loued her faithfully.
But ſins that I ſhall die her ſlaue
Her ſlaue and eke her thrall,
Write you my frendes, vpon my graue
This chaunce that is befall.
Here lieth vnhappy Harpelus
By cruel loue now ſlaine,
Whom Phylida vniuſtly thus
Hath murdred with diſdayne.

Vpon ſir Iames wilfordes death.

LO here the end of man the cruell ſiſters three
The web of wilfordes life vneth had halfe eſponne,
When raſh vppon miſdede they all accorded bee
To breake of vertues courſe ere halfe the race were ronne
And trip him on his way that els had wonne the game
And holden higheſt place within the houſe of fame,
But yet though he be gone, though ſence with him be paſt,

Which trode the euen ſteppes that leaden to renowme,
We that remayn aliue, ne ſuffer ſhall to waſte
The fame of his deſertes, ſo ſhall he loſe but ſowne,
The thing ſhall aye remayne, aye kept as freſhe in ſtore
As if his eares ſhould ring of that he wrought before.
 Wayle not therfore his want, ſith he ſo left the ſtage
Of care and wretched life, with ioy and clappe of handes
Who playeth lenger partes, may well haue greater age,
But few ſo well may paſſe the gulfe of fortunes ſandes
So tryedly did he treade ay preſt at vertues becke
That fortune found no place to giue him once a checke.
 The fates haue tyd him hence, who ſhall not after go,
Though earthed be his corps yet floriſh ſhall his fame,
A gladſome thing it is, that ere he ſtept vs fro,
Such mirrours he vs left our life therby to frame,
Wherfore his praiſe ſhall laſt aye freſhe in britons ſight,
Tyll ſunne ſhall ceaſe to ſhine, and lend the earth his light.

Of the wretchednes in this world.

VVho liſt to liue vpright, and hold himſelf content,
 Shal ſee ſuch wonders in this world, as neuer erſt was ſene,
Such groping for the ſwete, ſuch taſting of the ſower,
Such wandring here for worldly welth that loſt is in one howre.
And as the good or badde, get vp in hye degree,
So wades the world in right or wrong, it may none other bee.
And looke what lawes they make, eche man muſt them obay,
And yoke hymſelf with pacient heart, to dryue and draw that way
Yet ſuch as long ago, great rulers wer aſſynde,
Both liues and lawes are now forgot & worne clene out of mynd.
So that by this I ſee, no ſtate on earth may laſt
But as their times appointed be, to riſe and fall as faſt,
The goodes that gotten be, by good and iuſt deſart,
Yet vſe them that ſo neady handes may help to ſpend the part,
For looke what heape thou hordſt of ruſty gold in ſtore,
Thine enemies ſhall waſte the ſame, that neuer ſwat therfore.

The repentant ſinner in durance and aduerſitie.

Vnto the liuing Lord for pardon do I pray.
    From whom I graunt, euen frõ the wõb, I haue run ſtil aſtray.
And other liues there none (my death ſhall well declare)
On whom I ought to grate for grace, as faulty folkes do fare.
But thee, O Lord alone, I haue offended ſo,
That this ſmall ſcourge is much to ſcant for mine offence I know.
I ranne without returne, the way the world liked beſt,
And what I ought moſt to regard, that I reſpected leſt.
The through wherin I thruſt, hath throwen me in ſuch caſe
That lord my ſoule is ſore beſet without thy greater grace.
My gyltes are growen ſo great, my power doth ſo appayre,
That with great force they argue oft, and mercy much diſpayre.
But then with faith I flee to thy prepared ſtore,
Where there lyeth helpe for euery hurt, and ſalue for euery ſore.
My loſt time to lament, my vayne wayes to bewaile,
No day, no night, no place no hower, no moment I ſhall fayle.
My ſoule ſhall neuer ceaſe with an aſſured fayth
To knocke, to craue, to call, to crye, to thee for helpe, which ſayth:
Knock and it ſhalbe heard, but aſke, and geuen it is,
And all that lyke to kepe this courſe: of mercy ſhall not miſſe.
For when I call to minde how the one wandring ſhepe,
Did bring more ioy with his returne, then al the flocke did kepe.
It yeldes ful hope and truſt, my ſtrayed and wandring ghoſt
Shalbe receiued and held more dere, then thoſe wer neuer loſt.
O Lord my hope behold, and for my helpe make haſte,
To pardon the forepaſſed race that careleſſe I haue paſt.
And but the day draw neare that death muſt pay the det,
For loue of life which thou haſt lent and time of payment ſet.
From this ſharpe ſhowre me ſhielde which threatned is at hande,
Wherby thou ſhalt great power declare, & I the ſtorme withſtande
Not my will Lord, but thine, fulfilde be in eche caſe,
To whoſe gret wil & mighty power, al powers ſhal once geue place
My faith, my hope, truſt, my God and eke my guide,
Stretch forth thy hande to ſaue the ſoule, what ſo the body bide.
Refuſe not to receiue that thou ſo deare haſt bought,
For but by thee alone I know, all ſafetie in vaine is ſought.
I know and knowledge eke, albeit very late,
That thou it is I ought to loue and dreade in eche eſtate.
And with repentant heart, doe laude the Lord on hye,
That hath ſo gently ſet me ſtraight, that erſt walkte ſo awry.
Now graunt me grace my God to ſtande thine ſtrong in ſprite,
And let ỹ world the worke ſuch wayes, as to the world ſemes mete.

The

The louer here telleth of his diuers ioyes and aduerſities in loue and laſtly of his ladies death.

Syth ſingyng gladdeth oft the harts
Of them that fele the panges of loue:
And for the while doth eaſe their ſmarts:
My ſelf I ſhall the ſame way proue.
And though that loue hath ſmit the ſtroke,
wherby is loſt my libertie:
Which by no meanes I may reuoke:
Yet ſhall I ſing, how pleaſantly.
My twenty yeres of youth I paſt:
Which al in libertie I ſpent:
And ſo from firſt vnto the laſt,
Ere aught I knewe, what louing ment.
And after ſhal I ſyng the wo,
The paine, the greefe, the deadly ſmart:
When loue this lyfe did ouerthrowe,
That hydden lyes within my hart.
And then, the ioyes, that I dyd feele.
When fortune lifted after this,
And ſet me hye vpon her whele:
And changde my wo to pleaſant bliſſe,
And ſo the ſodeyn fall agayne
From all the ioyes, that I was in.
All you, that liſt to heare of payne,
Geue eare, for now I doe beginne.
Lo, firſt of all, when loue began
With hote deſires my heart to burne:
Me thought, his might auailde not than
From libertie my heart to turne.
For I was free: and dyd not knowe,
How much his might mannes hert may greue.
I had profeſt to be his fo:
His law, I thought not to beleue.
I went vntied in luſty leas,
I had my wiſh alwaies at will:

Ther was no wo, might me diſpleaſe:
Of pleaſant ioyes I had my fill.
No paynfull thought dyd paſſe my hart:
I ſpilt no teare to wet my breſt:
I knew no ſorow, ſigh, nor ſmart,
My greateſt griefe was quiet reſt.
I brake no ſlepe, I toſſed not:
Nor dyd delite to ſyt alone.
I felt no change of colde and hote:
Nor nought a nightes could make me mone.
For al was ioy that I did fele:
And of voide wandering I was free.
I had no clogge tied at my hele:
This was my life at libertie.
That yet me thinkes it is a bliſſe,
To thinke vpon that pleaſure paſt.
But forthwithall I finde the miſſe,
For that it might no lenger laſt.
Thoſe daies I ſpent at my deſire,
Without wo or aduerſitie:
Till that my hart was ſet a fire,
With loue, with wrath, and ielouſie.
For on a day(alas the while)
Lo, heare my harme how it began:
The blinded Lord, the God of guile
Had liſt to end my fredome than.
And through mine eye into my hart
All ſodenly I felt it glide.
He ſhot his ſharped fiery dart,
So hard, that yet vnder my ſide
The head(alas)doth ſtill remaine,
And yet ſince could I neuer know,
The way to wring it out againe:
Yet was it nye three yere ago.
This ſoden ſtroke made me agaſt:
And it began to vexe me ſore.
But yet I thought it would haue paſt,
As other ſuch had done before.
But it did not that(wo is me)
So depe imprinted in my thought,
The ſtroke abode: that yet I ſee,
Me thinkes my harme how it was wrought.

Kinde taught me ſtreight that this was loue
And I perceiued it perfectly.
yet thought I thus: Nought ſhall me moue:
I will not thrall my libertie.
And diuers waies I did aſſay,
By flight, by force, by frend, by fo,
This firie thought to put away.
I was ſo lothe for to forgo
My libertie: that me was leuer,
Then bondage was, where I hard ſay:
Who once was bounde, was ſure neuer
Without great paine to ſcape away.
But what for that, there is no choice,
For my miſhap was ſhapen ſo:
That thoſe my dayes that did reioyce,
Should turne my bliſſe to bitter wo.
For with that ſtroke my bliſſe toke ende.
In ſtede wherof forthwith I caught,
Hotte burnyng ſighes, that ſins haue brend,
My wretched hart almoſt to naught.
And ſins that day, O Lord my life,
The miſery that it hath felt.
That nought hath had, but wo and ſtrife,
And hotte deſires my hart to melt.
O Lord how ſodaine was the change
From ſuch a pleaſant liberty?
The very thraldome ſemed ſtraunge
But yet there was no remedy.
But I muſt yeld, and geue vp all,
And make my guide my chefiſt fo.
And in this wiſe became I thrall,
Lo, loue and happe would haue it ſo.
I ſuffred wrong and held my peace,
I gaue my teares good leaue to ronne:
And neuer would ſeke for redreſſe,
But kept to liue as I begonne.
For what it was that might me eaſe,
He liued not that might it know.
Thus dranke I all mine owne diſeaſe:
And all alone bewailde my wo.
There was no ſight that might me pleaſe,
I fled from them that did reioyce,

And oft alone my hart to eaſe,
I would bewaile with wofull voyce
My life, my ſtate, my miſery,
And curſe my ſelfe & al my daies.
Thus wrought I with my fantaſie,
And ſought my helpe none other waies.
Saue ſometime to my ſelfe alone,
When farre of was my helpe God wot:
Lowde would I crye: My life is gone,
My dere, if that ye helpe me not.
Then wiſht I ſtreight, that death might end
Theſe bitter panges, and al this grief
For nought, methought, might it amend.
Thus in diſpaire to haue relief,
I lingred forth: tyl I was brought
With pining in ſo piteous caſe:
That al, that ſawe me, ſayd, methought:
Lo, death is painted in his face.
I went no where: but by the way
I ſaw ſome ſight before mine eyes:
That made me ſigh, and oft times ſaye
My life, alas I thee deſpyſe.
This laſted well a yere, and more:
Which no wight knew, but onely I:
So that my life was nere for lore:
And I diſpaired vtterly.
Til on a day, as fortune would:
(For that, that ſhalbe, nedes muſt fal)
I ſat me down, as though I ſhould
Haue ended then my lyfe, and al.
And as I ſat to write my playnt,
Meanyng to ſhew my great vnreſt:
With quaking hand, and hart full faint,
Amid my plaintes, among the reſt,
I wrote with ynk, and bitter teares:
I am not myne, I am not mine:
Behold my life, away that weares:
And if I dye the loſſe is thine.
Herewith a little hope I caught:
That for a whyle my life did ſtay.
But in effect, all was for naught.
Thus liued I ſtyl: tyl on a day

As I ſat ſtaring on thoſe eyes:
Thoſe ſhining eyes, that firſt me bound:
My inward thought tho cryed: Aryſe:
Lo, mercy where it may be found.
  And therewithall I drew me nere:
With feble hart, and at a braide,
(But it was ſoftly in her eare)
Mercy, Madame, was all, I ſayd.
  But wo was me, when it was told,
For therwithall fainted my breath:
And I ſate ſtill for to beholde,
And heare the iudgement of my death.
  But Loue nor Hap would not conſent,
To end me then, but welaway:
There gaue me bliſſe: that I repent
To thinke I liue to ſe this day.
  For after this I plained ſtyll
So long, and in ſo piteous wiſe:
That I my wiſh had at my will
Graunted, as I would it deuiſe.
  But Lord who euer hard, or knew,
Of halfe the ioye that I felt than:
Or who can thinke it may be true,
That ſo much bliſſe had euer man?
  Lo, fortnne thus ſet me aloft:
And more my ſorowes to releue,
Of pleaſant ioyes I taſted oft:
As much as loue or happe might geue.
  The ſorowes old, I felt before
About my hart, were driuen thence:
And for ech griefe, I felt afore,
I had a bliſſe in recompence.
  Then thought I all the time well ſpent:
That I in plaint had ſpent ſo long.
So was I with my life content:
That to my ſelf I ſayd among.
  Sins thou art ridde of al thine yll:
To ſhewe thy ioyes ſet forth thy voyce.
And ſins thou haſte thy wiſh at will:
My happy hart, reioyce, reioyce.
  Thus felt I ioyes a great deale mo,
Then by my ſong may well be tolde:

And thinking on my paſſed wo,
My bliſſe did double many folde.
Aud thus I thought with mannes blood,
Such bliſſe might not be bought to deare.
In ſuch eſtate my ioyes then ſtode:
That of a change I had no feare.
But why ſing I ſo long of bliſſe?
It laſteth not, that will away,
Let me therfore bewaile the miſſe:
And ſing the cauſe of my decay.
Yet all this while there liued none,
That led his life more pleaſantly:
Nor vnder hap there was not one,
Me thought, ſo well at eaſe, as I.
But O blinde ioye, who may thee truſt?
For no eſtate thou canſt aſſure:
Thy faithfull vowes proue al vntuſt:
Thy faire beheſtes be full vnſure.
Good proofe by me: that but of late
Not fully twenty daies ago:
Which thought my life was in ſuch ſtate:
That nought might worke my hart this wo.
Yet hath the enemy of myne eaſe,
Cruell miſhappe, that wretched wight:
Now when my life did moſt me pleaſe!
Deuiſed me ſuch cruel ſpight.
That from the hieſt place of all,
As to the pleaſing of my thought,
Downe to the deepeſt am I fall,
And to my helpe auaileth nought;
Lo, thus are all my ioyes quite gone.
And I am brought from happineſſe,
Continually to wayle, and mone:
Lo, ſuch is fortunes ſtableneſſe.
In welth I thought ſuch ſuertie,
That pleaſure ſhould haue ended neuer.
But now (alas) aduerſitie,
Doth make my ſingyng ceaſe for euer.
O brittle ioye, O welth vnſtable:
O fraile pleaſure, O ſlidyng bliſſe,
Who feles thee moſt, he ſhall not miſſe,
At length to be made miſerable.

For all muſt end as doth my bliſſe:
There is none other certeintie.
And at the end the worſt is his,
That moſt hath knowen proſperitie.
For he that neuer bliſſe aſſaied,
May well away with wretchedneſſe:
But he ſhall finde that hath it ſayd,
A pain to part from pleaſantneſſe:
As I do now, for ere I knew
What pleaſure was, I felt no griefe,
Like vnto this, and it is true,
That bliſſe hath brought me all this miſchiefe.
But yet I haue not ſongen, how
This miſchiefe came: but I intend
With wofull voyce to ſing it now:
And therwithall I make an end.
But Lord, now that it is begoon,
I fele, my ſprites are vexed ſore.
Oh, geue me breath till this be done:
And after let me liue no more.
Alas, the enmy of this life,
The ender of all pleaſantneſſe:
Alas, he bringeth all this ſtrife,
And cauſeth all this wretchedneſſe.
For in the middes of all the welth,
That brought my hart to happineſſe:
This wicked death he came by ſtelth,
And robde me of my ioyfulneſſe.
He came, when that I litle thought
Of ought, that might me vexe ſo ſore:
And ſodenly he brought to nought
My pleaſantneſſe for euermore.
He ſlew my ioy (alas, the wretch)
He ſlew my ioy, or I was ware:
And now (alas) no might may ſtretch
To ſet an end to my great care.
For by this curſed deadly ſtroke,
My bliſſe is loſt, and I forlore:
And no helpe may the loſſe reuoke:
For loſt it is for euermore.
And cloſed vp are thoſe faire eyes,
That gaue me firſt the ſigne of grace:

My faire ſwete foes, mine enemies,
And earth doth hide her pleaſant face.
The loke which did my life vphold:
And all my ſorowes did confound:
With which more bliſſe then may be told:
Alas, now lieth it vnder ground
But ceaſe, for I will ſing no more:
Since that my harme hath no redreſſe:
But as a wretche for euermore,
My life will waſte with wretchedneſſe.
And ending this my wofull ſong,
Now that it ended is and paſt:
I would my life were but as long:
And that this word might be my laſt.
For lothſome is that life (men ſay)
That liketh not the liuers minde:
Lo, thus I ſeke mine own decay,
And will, till that I may it finde.

Of his loue named white.

Full faire and white ſhe is, and White by name:
Whoſe white doth ſtriue, the lillies white to ſtaine:
Who may contemne the blaſt of blacke defame:
Who in darke night, can bring day bright againe.
The ruddy roſe impreaſeth with cleare heew,
In lips and chekes, right orient to behold:
That the nerer gaſer may that bewty reew,
And fele diſparſt in limmes the chilling cold:
For White, all white his bloodleſſe face will be:
The aſſhy pale ſo alter will his cheare.
But I that do poſſeſſe in full degree
The harty loue of this my hart ſo deare:
So oft to me as ſhe preſents her face,
For ioy do feele my hart ſpring from his place.

Of the louers vnquiet ſtate.

WHat thing is that which I both haue and lacke,
With good will graunted, yet it is denyed
How may I be receiued and put abacke
Alway doing and yet vnoccupied,
Moſt ſlow in that which I haue moſt applied,
Still thus to ſeke, and leſe all that I win,
And that was doon is neweſt to begin.
In riches finde I wilfull pouertie,
In great pleaſure, liue I in heauineſſe,
In much freedome I lacke my libertie,
Thus am I both in ioy and in diſtreſſe.
And in few wordes if that I ſhall be plaine,
In Paradiſe I ſuffer all this paine.

where good will is, ſome proofe will appere.

IT is no fire that geues no heate,
Though it appeare neuer ſo hot:
And they that runne and can not ſweate,
Are very leane and dry God wot.
A perfect leche applieth his wittes,
To gather herbes of all degrees:
And feuers with their feruent fittes,
Be cured with their contraries.
New wine will ſerch to finde a vent,
Although the caſke be ſet ſo ſtrong:
And wit will walke when will is bent,
Although the way be neuer ſo long.
The Rabbets runne vnder the rockes:
The Snailes do clime the higheſt towers:
Gunpowder cleaues the ſturdy blockes.
A feruent will all thing deuowers.
When wit with will and diligent
Apply them ſelues, and match as mates,
There can no want of reſident,
From force defend the caſtell gates.
Forgetfulneſſe make litle haſte,
And ſlouth delites to lye full ſoft:
That telleth the deaf, his tale doth waſte,
And is full dry that craues full oft.

Verſes written on the picture of ſir James wilford knight.

ALas that euer death ſuch vertues ſhould forlet,
As compaſt was within his corps, whoſe picture is here ſet.
Or that it euer lay in any fortunes might,
Through depe diſdain to end his life that was ſo worthy a wight.
For ſithe he firſt began in armour to be clad,
A worthier champion then he was, yet England neuer had.
And though recure be paſt, his life to haue againe,
Yet would I wiſh his worthineſſe in writing to remaine.
That men to minde might call how farre he did excell,
At all aſſayes to wynne the fame, which were to long to tell.
And eke the reſtleſſe race that he full oft hath runne,
In painfull plight from place to place, where ſeruice was to don.
Then ſhould men well perceiue, my tale to be of trouth,
And he to be the worthieſt wight that euer nature wrought,

The ladie praieth the returne of her louer abiding on the ſeas.

SHall I thus euer long, and be no whit the neare,
And ſhall I ſtill complain to thee, the which me will not heare?
Alas ſay nay, ſay nay, and be no more ſo dome,
But open thou thy manly mouth, and ſay that thou wilt come.
Wherby my hart may thinke, although I ſee not thee,
That thou wilt come thy word ſo ſware, if thou a liues man be.
The roaring hugy waues, they threaten my poore ghoſt,
And toſſe thee vp and downe the ſeas, in daunger to be loſt.
Shall they not make me feare that they haue ſwalowed thee,
But as thou art moſt ſure aliue, ſo wilt thou come to me.
Wherby I ſhall go ſee thy ſhip ride on the ſtrand,
And think and ſay lo where he comes, and ſure here will he land,
And then I ſhall lift vp to thee my litle hand,
And thou ſhalt think thine hart in eaſe, in helth to ſee me ſtand.
And if thou come in dede (as Chriſt thee ſend to do,)
Thoſe armes which miſſe thee yet, ſhall then imbrace thee to.
Ech vain to euery ioynt, the liuely blood ſhall ſpred,

Which now for want of thy glad ſight, doth ſhow full pale & dead.
But if thou ſlip thy trouth and do not come at all,
As minutes in the clocke do ſtrike ſo call for death I ſhall.
To pleaſe both thy falſe hart, and rid my ſelf from wo,
That rather had to dye in trouth then liue forſaken ſo.

The meane eſtate is beſt.

THe doutfull man hath feuers ſtrange
And conſtant hope is oft diſeaſde,
Diſpaire cannot but brede a change,
Nor fleting hartes cannot be pleaſde.
Of all theſe bad, the beſt I thinck,
Is well to hope, though fortune ſhrinck.
Deſired thinges are not ay preſt,
Nor thinges denide left all vnſought,
Nor new things to be loued beſt,
Nor all offers to be ſet at nought,
Where faithfull hart hath bene refuſde,
The choſers wit was there abuſde.
The wofull ſhip of carefull ſprite,
Fleting on ſeas of wailing teares,
With ſailes of wiſhes broken quite,
Hanging on waues of dolefull feares,
By ſurge of ſighes at wrecke nere hand,
May faſt no anker hold on land.
What helps the dyall to the blinde,
Or els the clock without it ſound.
Or who by dreames doth hope to finde,
The hidden gold within the ground:
Shalbe as free from cares and feares,
As he that holds a Wolfe by the eares.
And how much mad is he that thinks
To clime to heauen by the beames,
What ioy alas, hath he that winks,
At Titan or his golden ſtreames,
His ioyes not ſubiect to reaſons lawes,
That ioyeth more then he hath cauſe.
For as the Phenix that climeth hye,
The ſunne lightly in aſhes burneth,
Againe, the Faulcon ſo quick of eye,

Sone on the ground the net maſheth.
Experience therfore the meane aſſurance,
Prefers before the doutfull pleaſance.

The louer thinkes no paine to great, wherby he may obtain his ladie.

SIth that the way to wealth is wo,
And after paine is pleaſure preſt,
Why ſhould I than diſpaire ſo,
Ay bewailing mine vnreſt:
Or let to leade my life in paine,
So worthy a lady to obtaine.
The fiſher man doth count no care,
To caſt his nets to wrack or waſt,
And in reward of eche mans ſhare.
A gogen gift is much imbraſt,
Should I than grudge it grief or gall,
That loke at length to whelm a Whall.
The poore man ploweth his ground for grain,
And ſoweth his ſeede increaſe to craue,
And for therpence of all his pain,
Oft holdes it hap his ſeede to ſaue,
Theſe pacient paines my part doth ſhow,
To long for loue ere that I know.
And take no ſcorne to ſcape from ſkill,
To ſpend my ſprites to ſpare my ſpeche,
To win for welth the want of will.
And thus for reſt to rage I reche,
Running my race as rect vpright:
Till teares of truth appeaſe my plight.
And plant my plaint within her breſt,
Who doutles may reſtore againe,
My harmes to helth, my ruthe to reſt.
That laced is within her chaine,
For earſt ne are the griefes ſo gret:
As is the ioy when loue is met.
For who couets ſo high to clim,
As doth the bird that pitfoll toke,

Or who delightes ſo ſwift to ſwim,
As doth the fiſh that ſcapes the hoke,
If theſe had neuer entred wo:
How mought they haue reioyſed ſo.
But yet alas ye louers all,
That here me ioy thus leſſe reioyce,
Judge not amis what ſo befall.
In me there lieth no power of choyſe,
It is but hope that doth me moue:
Who ſtanderd bearer is to loue.
On whoſe enſigne when I behold,
I ſee the ſhadow of her ſhape,
Within my faith ſo faſt I fold:
Through drede I die, through hope I ſcape,
Thus eaſe and wo full oft I finde,
What will you more ſhe knoweth my minde.

Of a new maried ſtudient that plaied faſt or loſe.

A Studient at his boke ſo plaſt:
That welth he might haue wonne,
From boke to wife did flete in haſt,
From wealth to wo to runne.
Now, who hath plaied a feater caſt,
Since iugling firſt begonne?
In knitting of him ſelf ſo faſt,
Him ſelfe he hath vndonne.

The meane eſtate is to be accompted the beſt.

WHo craftly caſtes to ſtere his boate
and ſafely ſkoures the flattering flood:
He cutteth not the greateſt waues,
for why that way were nothing good.
Ne fleteth on the crocked ſhore
leſt harme him happe awayting leſt.
But wines away betwene them both,
as who would ſay the meane is beſt.

Who walteth on the golden meane,
he put in point of ſickernes:
Hides not his head in ſluttiſh coates,
ne ſhroudes himſelf in filthines.
Ne ſittes aloft in hye eſtate,
Where hatefull hartes enuie his chance:
But wiſely walkes betwixt them twaine,
ne proudly doth himſelf auance
The higheſt tree in all the wood
is rifeſt rent with bluſtring windes:
The higher hall the greater fall
ſuch chance haue proude and lofty mindes.
When Iupiter from hye doth threat
with mortall mace and dint of thunder
The hyeſt hilles bene batrid eft
when they ſtand ſtill that ſtoden vnder.
The man whoſe hed with wit is fraught
in welth will feare a worſer tide
When fortune failes diſpaireth nought
but conſtantly doth ſtill abide.
For he that ſendeth griſely ſtormes
with whiſking windes and bitter blaſtes
And fowlth with hayle the winters face,
and frotes the ſoile with hory froſtes:
Euen he adawth the force of cold
the ſpring in ſendes with ſomer hote:
The ſame full oft to ſtormy hartes
is cauſe of bale: of ioy the roote.
Not alwaies yll though ſo be now
when cloudes ben driuen, then rides the racke.
Phebus the freſh ne ſhooteth ſtill,
ſomtime he harpes his muſe to wake.
Stand ſtif therfore, pluck vp thy hart,
loſe not thy port though fortune faile.
Againe whan winde doth ſerue at will,
take hede to hye to hoyſe thy ſaile.

The louer refuſed, lamenteth his eſtate.

I Lent my loue to loſſe and gaged my life in vaine,
If hate for loue and death for life of louers be the gaine.

And curſe I may by courſe the place eke time and howre
That nature firſt in me did forme to be a liues creature.
Sithe that I muſt abſent my ſelfe ſo ſecretly
In place deſert where neuer man my ſecretes ſhall diſcry:
In doling of my dayes among the beaſtes ſo brute,
Who with their tonges may not bewray the ſecretes of my ſute.
Nor I in like to them may once to moue my minde
But gaſe on them and they on me, as beaſtes are wont of kinde.
Thus ranging as refuſde, to reache ſome place of reſt,
All ruff of heare, my nayles vnnocht, as to ſuch ſemeth beſt.
That wander by their wittes, deformed ſo to be,
That men may ſay, ſuch one may curſe the time he firſt gan ſee
The beauty of her face, her ſhape in ſuch degree,
As God himſelf may not diſcerne, one place mended to be.
Nor place it in like place, my fanſy for to pleaſe,
Who would become a heardmans hyre, one howre to haue of eaſe.
Whereby I might reſtore, to me ſome ſtedfaſtnes,
That haue mo thoughtes heapt in my hed thē life may long diſges
As oft to throw me downe vpon the earth ſo cold,
Wheras with teares moſt rufully, my ſorowes do vnfold.
And in beholding them, I chiefly call to minde,
What woman could finde in her hart, ſuch bondage for to binde.
Then raſhly forth I yede, to caſt me from that care,
Like as the bird for foode doth flye, and lighteth in the ſnare.
From whence I may not meue, vntill my race be roon,
So trained is my truth through her, ỷ thinkes my life well woon.
Thus toſſe I to and fro, in hope to haue reliefe,
But in the fine I finde not ſo, it doubleth but my griefe.
Wherfore I will my want, a warning for to be,
Vnto all men, wiſhing that they, a myrrour make of me.

The felicitie of a minde imbracing vertue, that beholdeth the wretched deſires of the worlde.

VVhe dredful ſwelling ſeas, through boiſterous windy blaſtes,
So toſſe the ſhips, that all for nought, ſerues ancor, ſail, and (maſtes.
Who takes not pleaſure then, ſafely on ſhore to reſt,
And ſee with drede and depe diſpaire, how ſhipmen are diſtreſt.
Not that we pleaſure take, when others felen ſmart,
Our gladnes groweth to ſee their harmes, and yet to fele no part.

Delight we take alſo, well ranged in aray,
When armies meete to ſee the fight, yet free be from the fray.
But yet among the reſt, no ioy may match with this,
T'aſpyre vnto the temple hye, where wiſdome troned is.
Defended with the ſawes of hory heades expert,
Which clere it kepe from errours miſt, that might the truth peruert
From whence thou mayſt loke down, and ſee as vnder foote,
Mans wãdring wil & doutful life, frō whẽce they take their roote.
How ſome by wit contend, by prowes ſome to riſe,
Riches and rule to gaine and hold, is all that men deuiſe.
O miſerable mindes, O hartes in folly drent,
Why ſee you not what blindneſſe in this wretched life is ſpent?
Body deuoyde of griefe, minde free from care and drede,
Is all and ſome that nature craues, wherwith our life to feede.
So that for natures turne few thinges may well ſuffice,
Dolour and grief clene to expell, and ſome delight ſurprice.
Yea and it falleth oft, that nature more content
Is with the leſſe, then when the more to cauſe delight is ſpent.

All worldly pleaſures vade.

The winter with his grieſly ſtormes ne lenger dare abide,
The pleſant graſſe, with luſty grene, the earth hath newly dide
The trees haue leues, the bowes don ſpred, new chãged is the yere
The water brokes are cleane ſonk down, the pleſant banks apere.
The ſpring is come, the goodly nimphes now dãce in euery place
Thus hath the yere moſt pleaſantly of late ychangde his face.
Hope for no immortalitie, for welth will weare away,
As we may learne by euery yere, yea howers of euery day.
For Zepharus doth molifie the cold and bluſtering windes:
The ſomers drought doth take away the ſpring out of our mindes
And yet the ſomer cannot laſt, but once muſt ſtep aſide,
Then Autumn thinks to kepe his place, but Autumn cannot bide.
For when he hath brought forth his fruits & ſtuft the barns wt corn
Then winter eates and empties all, and thus is Autumn worn.
Then hory froſts poſſeſſe the place, then tẽpeſts work much harm,
Then rage of ſtormes done make all cold, which ſomer had made ſo
Wherfore let no man put his truſt in that, that will decay, (warm
For ſlipper wealth will not continue, pleaſure will weare away.
For when that we haue loſt our life, and lye vnder a ſtone,
What are we then? we are but earth, then is our pleaſure gone.

No man can tell what God almight of euery wight doth caſt,
No man can ſay to day I liue, till morne my life ſhall laſt.
For when thou ſhalt before thy iudge ſtand to receiue thy dome,
What ſentence Minos doth pronounce that muſt of thee become.
Then ſhall not noble ſtocke and bloud redeme the from his hands
Nor ſugred talke with eloquence ſhall loſe thee from his bandes.
Nor yet thy life vprightly lead, can help thee out of hell,
For who deſcendeth down ſo depe, muſt there abide and dwell.
Diana could not thence deliuer chaſte Hypolitus,
Nor Theſeus could not call to life his frende Perithous.

A complaint of the loſſe of libertie by *loue*.

IN ſeking reſt, vnreſt I finde,
I finde that welth is cauſe of wo:
Wo worth the time that I inclinde,
To fixe in minde her beauty ſo.
That day be darkned as the night,
Let furious rage it cleane deuour:
Ne Sunne nor Moone therin giue light,
But it conſume with ſtreame and ſhower.
Let no ſmall birds ſtraine forth their voyce,
with pleaſant tunes, ne yet no beaſt:
Finde cauſe wherat he may reioyce,
That day when chaunced mine vnreſt.
Wherin alas from me was raught,
Mine own free choyce and quiet minde,
My life me death in balance braught
And reaſon raſde through barke and rinde.
And I as yet in flower of age,
Both wit and will did ſtill aduance:
Ay to reſiſt that burning rage:
But when I darte then did I glaunce.
Nothing to me did ſeme ſo hye,
In minde I could it ſtraight attaine:
Fanſy perſwaded me therby,
Loue to eſteme a thing moſt vaine.
But as the bird vpon the brier,
Doth pricke and proyne her without care:

Not knowing alas (poore foole) how nere
She is vnto the fowlers ſnare.
So I amid diſceitfull truſt,
Did not miſtruſt ſuch wofull happe:
Till cruell loue ere that I wiſt
Had caught me in his carefull trappe.
Then did I fele, and partly know,
How litle force in me did raigne:
So ſoone to yelde to ouerthrow,
So fraile to flit from ioy to paine.
For when in welth will did me leade
Of libertie to hoyſe my ſaile:
To hale at ſhete and caſt my leade,
I thought free choyce would ſtill preuaile.
In whoſe calme ſtreames I ſayld ſo farre,
No raging ſtorme had in reſpect:
Untill I rayſde a goodly ſtarre,
Wherto my courſe I did direct.
In whoſe proſpect in doolfull wiſe,
My tackle failde, my compaſſe brake:
Through hote deſires ſuch ſtormes did riſe,
That ſterne and top went all to wrake.
Oh cruell hap, oh fatall chaunce,
O Fortune why were thou vnkinde:
Without regarde thus in a traunce,
To reue from me my ioyfull minde.
Where I was free now muſt I ſerue,
Where I was loſe now am I bound:
In death my life I do preſerue,
As one through girt with many a wound.

A praiſe of his Ladye.

GEue place you Ladies and be gone,
Boaſt not your ſelues at all:
For here at hand approcheth one:
Whoſe face will ſtaine you all.
The vertue of her liuely lokes,
Excels the precious ſtone:
I wiſh to haue none other bokes
To read or loke vpon.

In eche of her two criſtall eyes,
Smileth a naked boye:
It would you all in hart ſuffice
To ſee that lampe of ioye.
I thinke nature hath loſt the moulde,
Where ſhe her ſhape did take:
Or els I doubt if nature could,
So faire a creature make.
She may be well comparde
Unto the Phenix kinde:
Whoſe like was neuer ſene nor heard,
That any man can finde.
In life ſhe is Diana chaſt,
In trouth Penelopey:
In word and eke in dede ſtedfaſt,
What wil you more we ſey.
If all the world were ſought ſo farre,
Who could finde ſuch a wight:
Her beuty twinkleth like a ſtarre,
Within the froſty night.
Her roſiall colour comes and goes,
With ſuch a comely grace:
More redier to then doth the roſe,
Within her liuely face.
At Bacchus feaſt none ſhall her mete,
Ne at no wanton play:
Nor gaſyng in an open ſtrete,
Nor gadding as a ſtray.
The modeſt mirth that ſhe doth vſe,
Is mixt with ſhamefaſtneſſe:
All vice ſhe doth wholy refuſe,
And hateth ydleneſſe.
O lord it is a world to ſee,
How vertue can repaire:
And decke in her ſuch honeſtie,
Whom nature made ſo faire.
Truely ſhe doth as farre excede,
Our women now adayes:
As doth the Ieliflowre, a wede,
And more a thouſand waies.
How might I do to get a graffe:
Of this vnſpotted tree.

For al the reſt are plaine but chaffe,
Which ſeme good corne to be.
This gift alone I ſhal her geue,
When death doth what he can:
Her honeſt fame ſhall euer liue,
Within the mouth of man.

The pore eſtate to be holden for beſt.

Experience now doth ſhew what God vs taught before,
Deſired pompe is vaine, and ſeldome doth it laſt:
Who climbes to raigne with kinges, may rue his fate full ſore.
Alas the woful ende that comes with care full faſt,
Reiect him doth renowne his pompe full low is caſte.
Deceiued is the birde by ſweteneſſe of the call
Expell that pleaſant taſte, wherein is bitter gall.
Such as with oten cakes in poore eſtate abides,
Of care haue they no cure, the crab with mirth they roſt,
More eaſe fele they then thoſe, that from their height down ſlides
Exceſſe doth brede their wo, they faile in Scillas coſt,
Remainyng in the ſtormes tyll ſhyp and al be loſt.
Serue God therefore thou pore, for lo, thou liues in reſt,
Eſchue the golden hall, thy thatched houſe is beſT.

The complaint of Theſtilis amid the deſert wodde.

Theſtilis a ſely man, when loue did him forſake,
In mourning wiſe, amid the wods thus gan his plaint to mak
Ah woful man (quod he) fallen is thy lot to mone
And pyne away with careful thoughtes, vnto thy loue vnknowe
Thy lady thee forſakes whom thou didſt honor ſo
That ay to her thou were a frend, and to thy ſelfe a foe.

Ye louers that haue loſt your heartes deſired choyſe,
Lament with me my cruell happe, & helpe my trembling voice.
Was neuer man that ſtode ſo great in fortunes grace:
Nor with his ſwete alas to deare poſſeſt ſo high a place.
As I whoſe ſimple hart aye thought him ſelfe full ſure,
But now I ſe hie ſpringing tides they may not aye endure.
She knowes my giltleſſe hart, and yet ſhe lets it pine,
Of her vntrue profeſſed loue ſo feble is the twine.
What wonder is it than, if I berent my heares,
And caruing death continually do bathe my ſelfe in teares,
When Creſus king of Lide was caſt in cruell bandes,
And yelded goodes and life alſo into his enemies handes.
What tong could tell his wo, yet was his griefe much leſſe
Then mine: for I haue loſt my loue whych might my woe redreſſe,
Ye woodes that ſhroud my limes giue now your holow ſound,
That ye may helpe me to bewaile the cares that me confound.
Ye riuers reſt a while and ſtay the ſtreames that runne,
Rew Theſtilis moſt woful man that liues vnder the ſunne.
Tranſport my ſighes ye windes vnto my pleſant foe,
My tricklyng teares ſhal witneſſe beare of this my cruel woe.
O happy man wer I if all the goddes agreed:
That now the ſiſters three ſhould cut in twaine my fatall threde.
Till life with loue ſhall ende I here reſigne al ioy:
Thy pleaſant ſwete I now lament whoſe lacke bredes myne anoy
Farewell my deare therfore farewell to me well knowne:
If that I die it ſhalbe ſaid that thou haſt ſlaine thine owne.

An anſwere of comfort.

THeſtilis thou ſely man, why doſt thou ſo complayne,
If nedes thy loue wyll thee forſake, thy mourning is in vaine.
For none can force the ſtreames againſt their courſe to ronne,
Nor yet vnwilling loue with teares or wailyng can be wonne.
Ceaſe thou therefore thy plaintes, let hope thy ſorowes eaſe,
The ſhipmen though their ſailes be rent yet hope to ſcape the ſeas
Though ſtraunge ſhe ſeme a while, yet thinke ſhe wil not chaunge
Good cauſes driue a ladies loue, ſometime to ſeme full ſtraunge.

No louer that hath wit, but can forſee ſuch happe,
That no wight can at wiſh or will ſlepe in his ladies lappe.
Achilles for a time faire Briſes did forgo,
Yet did they mete with ioye againe, then thinke thou maiſt do ſo.
Though he and louers al in loue ſharpe ſtormes do finde,
Diſpaire not thou pore Theſtilis though thy loue ſeme vnkinde.
Ah thinke her graffed loue cannot ſo ſone decay,
Hie ſpringes may ceaſe from ſwelling ſtyll, but neuer dry away.
Oft ſtormes of louers yre, do more their loue encreaſe:
As ſhinyng ſunne refreſhe the fruites whē raining gins to ceaſe.
When ſpringes are waxen lowe, then muſt they flow againe,
So ſhall thy hart aduaunced be, to pleaſure out of paine.
When lacke of thy delight moſt bitter griefe apperes,
Thinke on Etraſcus worthy loue that laſted thirty yeres,
Which could not long atcheue his hartes deſired choice,
Yet at the ende he founde rewarde that made him to reioyce.
Since he ſo long in hope with pacience did remaine,
Can not thy feruent loue forbeare thy loue a moneth or twaine?
Admit ſhe minde to chaunge and nedes will thee forgo,
Is there no mo may thee delyght but ſhe that paynes thee ſo?
Theſtilis draw to the towne and loue as thou haſt done,
In tune thou knoweſt by faythful loue as good as ſhe is wonne.
And leaue the deſert woodes and waylyng thus alone,
And ſeke to ſalue thy ſore els were, if all her loue be gone.

The louer praieth pity ſhowing that nature hath taught his dog as it were to ſue for the ſame by kiſſing his ladies handes.

NAture that taught my ſilly dog god wat:
Euen for my ſake to like where I do loue,
Inforced him whereas my lady ſat
With humble ſute before her fallyng flat.
As in his ſorte he might her pray and moue
To rue vpon his lord and not forgete
The ſtedfaſt faith he beareth her and loue,
Kiſſing her hand whom ſhe could not remoue.

A way that would for frowning nor for threte
As though he would haue ſayd in my behoue.
Pity my lord your ſlaue that doth remaine,
Leſt by his death, you giltles ſlay vs twaine.

Of his ring ſent to his ladie.

SInce thou my ring mayſt go where I ne may.
Since thou mayſt ſpeake, where I muſt hold my peace.
Say vnto her that is my liues ſtay,
Grauen within which I do here expreſſe:
That ſooner ſhall the ſunne not ſhyne by day,
And with the raine the floods ſhall waxen leſſe.
Sooner the tree the hunter ſhall bewray.
Then I for change, or choyce of other loue,
Do euer ſeke my fanſy to remoue.

The changeable ſtate of louers.

FOr that a reſtles hed muſt ſomwhat haue in vre
Wherwith it may acquainted be, as falcon is with lure.
Fanſy doth me awake out of my drowſy ſlepe,
In ſeing how the litle Mouſe, at night begins to crepe.
So the deſirous man, that longes to catch his pray,
In ſpying how to watch his time, lyeth lurking ſtill by day.
In hoping for to haue, and fearing for to finde
The ſalue that ſhould recure his ſore, & ſoroweth but the minde.
Such is the guiſe of loue, and the vncertain ſtate,
That ſome ſhould haue their hoped hap, and other hard eſtate.
That ſome ſhould ſeme to ioy in that they neuer had,
And ſome againe ſhall frown as faſt, where cauſeles they be ſad.
Such trades do louers vſe when they be moſt at large,
That gide the ſtere when they thẽſelues lye fettred in the barge.
The greneſſe of my youth cannot therof expreſſe
The proceſſe, for by proofe vnknowen, all this is but by geſſe.
Wherfore I hold it beſt, in time to hold my peace,
But wanton will it cannot hold, or make my pen to ceaſe.

A pen of no auaile, a fruitles labour eke,
My troubled hed with fancies fraught, doth pain it ſelfe to ſeke.
And if perhaps my wordes of none auaile do pricke,
Such as do feele the hidden harmes, I wold not they ſhold kicke.
As cauſeles me to blame which thinketh them no harme,
Although I ſeme by others fire, ſontime my ſelfe to warme.
Which clerely I deny, as giltles of that crime,
And though wrong demde I be therin, truth it will try in time.

A praiſe of Audley.

WHen Audley had run out his race, and ended wer his daies
His fame ſtept forth & bad me write of him ſom worthi praiſe
What life he lad, what actes he did: his vertues and good name,
Wherto I calde for true report, as witnes of the ſame.
Wel born he was, wel bet by kinde, whoſe minde did neuer ſwerue
A ſkilfull head, a valiant hart, a ready hand to ſerue.
Brought vp & trained in feates of war long time beyond the ſeas
Cald home again to ſerue his prince, whō ſtill he ſought to pleaſe
What tornay was there he refulde, what ſeruice did he ſhoon,
Where he was not nor his aduice, what great exploit was doon?
In town a Lambe, in fielde full fierce, a Lion at the nede,
In ſober wit a Salomon, yet one of Hectors ſeede.
Then ſhame it were that any tong ſhold now defame his dedes,
That in his life a mirrour was to all that him ſuccedes.
No poore eſtate nor hie renowne his nature could peruart,
No hard miſchance that him befell could moue his conſtant hart.
Thus long he liued, loued of all, as one miſlickt of none.
And where he went who cald him not the gentle Paragon.
But courſe of kinde doth cauſe eche fruite to fall when it is ripe,
And ſpitefull death will ſuffer none to ſcape his greuous gripe.
Yet though the ground receiued haue his corps into her wombe,
This Epitaphe ygraue in braſſe, ſhall ſtand vpon his tombe.
Lo here he lies that hateth vice, and vertues life unbraſt,
His name in earth, his ſprite aboue, deſerues to be well plaſt.

Time trieth truth.

EChe thing I ſee hath time, which time muſt try my truth,
Which truth deſerues a ſpecial truſt, on truſt gret frēdſhip gro
And frendſhip may not faile where faithfulneſſe is ſound, (weth.

And faithfulneſſe is full of fruit, and frutefull thinges be ſound.
And ſound is good at proofe, and proofe is prince of praiſe,
And precious praiſe is ſuch a pearle, as ſeldome ner decaies.
All theſe thinges time tries forth, which time I muſt abide,
How ſhould I boldly credite craue till time my truth haue tride.
For as I found a time to fall in fanſies frame,
So I do wiſh a lucky time for to declare the ſame.
If hap may anſwere hope, and hope may haue his hire,
Then ſhall my hart poſſeſſe in peace the time that I deſire.

The louer refuſed of his loue imbraceth death.

My youthfull yeres are paſt,
My ioyfull dayes are gone:
My life it may not laſt,
My graue and I am one.
My mirth and ioyes are fled,
And I a man in wo:
Deſirous to be ded,
My miſchiefe to forgo.
I burne and am a colde,
I freze amids the fire:
I ſee ſhe doth withold
That is my moſt deſire.
I ſee my help at hand,
I ſee my life alſo:
I ſee where ſhe doth ſtand
That is my deadly fo.
I ſee how ſhe doth ſee,
And yet ſhe will be blinde:
I ſee in helping me,
She ſekes and will not finde.
I ſee how ſhe doth wry,
When I begin to mone:
I ſee when I come nye,
How faine ſhe would be gone.
I ſee what will ye more
She will me gladly kill:
And you ſhall ſee therfore
That ſhe ſhall haue her will.

I can not liue with ſtones
It is to hard a foode:
I will be dead at ones
To do my lady good.

The picture of a louer.

Behold my picture here well portrayed for the nones.
With hart conſumed and falling fleſh, behold the very bones.
Whoſe cruell chance alas and deſteny is ſuch,
Onely becauſe I put my truſt in ſome folke all to much.
For ſins the time that I did enter in this pine,
I neuer ſaw the riſing ſunne but with my weping eyen.
Nor yet I neuer heard ſo ſwete a voice or ſound,
But that to me it did encreaſe the dolour of my wound.
Nor in ſo ſoft a bedde, alas I neuer lay,
But that it ſemed hard to me or euer it was day,
Yet in this body bare, that nought but life retaines,
The ſtrength wherof clene paſt away the care yet ſtill remaine.
Like as the cole in flame doth ſpend it ſelf you ſe,
To vaine and wretched cinder duſt till it conſumed be.
So doth this hope of mine inforce my feruent ſute,
To make me for to gape in vaine, whilſt other eate the frute.
And ſhall do till the death doth geue me ſuch a grace,
To rid this ſilly wofull ſprite out of this dolefull caſe.
And then would God wer writ in ſtone or els in leade,
This Epitaphe vpon my graue, to ſhew why I am dead.
Here lyeth the louer lo, who for the loue he aught,
Aliue vnto his lady dere, his death therby he caught.
And in a ſhielde of blacke, loe here his armes appeares,
With weping eyes as you may ſee, well poudred all with teares.
Loe here you may behold, aloft vpon his breſt,
A womans hand ſtraining the hart of him that loued her beſt.
Wherfore all you that ſee this corps for loue that ſtarues,
Example make vnto you all, that thankleſſe louers ſarues.

Of the death of Phillips.

Bewaile with me all ye that haue profeſt,
Of muſicke tharte by touche of coarde or winde:

Lay down your lutes and let your gitterns reſt.
Phillips is dead whoſe like you can not finde.
Of muſicke much exceeding all the reſt,
Muſes therefore of force now muſt you wreſt,
Your pleaſant notes into an other ſound,
The ſtring is broke, the lute is diſpoſſeſt.
The hand is cold, the body in the ground.
The lowring lute lamenteth now therfore.
Phillips her frende that can her touche no more.

That all thing ſomtime finde eaſe of their paine, ſaue onely the louer.

I See there is no ſort,
Of thinges that liue in griefe:
Which at ſomtime may not reſort,
Wheras they haue reliefe.
The ſtriken Dere by kinde,
Of death that ſtandes in awe:
For his recure an herbe can finde,
The arrow to withdrawe.
The chaſed Dere hath ſoile,
To coole him in his heat:
The Aſſe after his wery toile,
In ſtable is vp ſet.
The Cony hath his caue,
The litle bird his neſt:
From heate and cold them ſelues to ſaue,
At all times as they liſt.
The Owle with feble ſight,
Lyes lurking in the leaues:
The Sparrow in the froſty night,
May ſhroude her in the eaues.
But wo to me alas,
In ſunne nor yet in ſhade,
I cannot finde a reſting place,
My burden to vnlade.
But day by day ſtill beares,
The burden on my backe:

With weping eyen and watry teares.
To hold my hope abacke.
  All thinges I ſee haue place,
Wherein they bow or bende:
Saue this alas my wofull caſe,
Which no where findeth ende.

Thaſſault of Cupide vpon the fort where the louers hart lay wounded and how he was taken.

WHen Cupide ſcaled firſt the fort,
  Wherin my hart lay wounded ſore:
The battry was of ſuch a ſort
That I muſt yelde or dye therfore.
  There ſaw I loue vpon the wall,
How he his banner did diſplay:
Alarme alarme he gan to call,
And bad his ſouldiours kepe aray,
  The armes the which that Cupide bare,
Were pearced hartes with teares beſprent:
In ſiluer and ſable to declare
The ſtedfaſt loue he alwaies ment.
  There might you ſee his band all dreſt,
In colours like to white and blacke:
With powder and with pellets preſt,
To bring the fort to ſpoile and ſacke.
  Good will the maſter of the ſhot,
Stode in the rampyre braue and proud:
For ſpence of powder he ſparde not,
Aſſault aſſault to cry aloud.
  There might you heare the cannons rore,
Eche pece diſcharged a louers loke:
Which had the power to rent, and tore
In any place wheras they toke.
  And euen with the trumpets ſowne,
The ſcaling ladders were vp ſet:
And beauty walked vp and downe
With bow in hand and arrowes whet,
  Then firſt deſire began to ſcale,
And ſhrowded him vnder his targe,

As on the worthieſt of them all,
And apteſt for to geue the charge.
Then puſhed ſouldiers with their pikes
And holbarders with handy ſtrokes:
The hargabuſhe in fleſh it lightes,
And dims the ayre with miſty ſmokes.
And as it is the ſouldiers vſe,
When ſhot and powder gins to want:
I hanged vp my flagge of truce
And pleaded for my liues graunt.
When fanſy thus had made her breach,
And beauty entred with her band:
With bag and baggage ſely wretch,
I yelded into beauties hand.
Then beauty bad to blow retrete,
And euery ſoldiour to retire.
And mercy wilde with ſpede to fet:
Me captiue bound as priſoner.
Madame (quoth I) ſith that this day,
Hath ſerued you at all aſſaies:
I yelde to you without delay,
Here of the fortreſſe all the kaies.
And ſith that I haue ben the marke,
At whom you ſhot at with your eye:
Nedes muſt you with your handy warke,
Or ſalue my ſore or let me dye,

The aged louer renounceth loue.

I Lothe that I did loue,
In youth that I thought ſwete:
As time requires for my behoue,
Me thinkes they are not mete.
My luſtes they do me leaue,
My fanſies all be fled:
And tract of time begins to weaue,
Gray heares vpon my hed.
For age with ſtelyng ſteps,
Hath clawed me with his crowch:

And luſty life away ſhe leapes,
As there had bene none ſuch.
My muſe doth not delight
Me as ſhe did before:
My hand and pen are not in plight,
As they haue bene of yore.
For reaſon me denies,
This youthly idle rime:
And day by day to me ſhe cries,
Leaue of theſe toyes in time.
The wrinkles in my brow,
The furrowes in my face:
Say limping age will hedge him now,
Where youth muſt geue him place.
The harbinger of death,
To me I ſee him ride:
The cough, the cold, the gaſping breath,
Doth bid me to prouide.
A pikeax and a ſpade,
And eke a ſhrowding ſhete,
A houſe of clay for to be made,
For ſuch a geſt moſt mete.
Me thinkes I heare the clarke,
That knoles the carefull knell:
And bids me leaue my wofull warke,
Ere nature me compell.
My kepers knit the knot,
That youth did laugh to ſcorne:
Of me that clene ſhalbe forgot,
As I had not bene borne.
Thus muſt I youth geue vp,
Whoſe badge I long did weare:
To them I yelde the wanton cup
That better may it beare.
Lo here the bared ſcull,
By whoſe balde ſigne I know:
That ſtouping age away ſhall pull,
Which youthfull yeres did ſow.
For beauty with her band
Theſe croked cares hath wrought:
And ſhipped me into the land,
From whence I firſt was brought.

And ye that bide behinde,
Haue ye none other truſt:
As ye of claye were caſt by kinde,
So ſhall ye waſte to duſt.

Of the ladie wentworthes death.

TO liue to dye and dye to liue againe,
With good renowne of fame well led before
Here lieth ſhe that learned had the lore,
Whom if the parfect vertues wolden daine.
To be ſet forth with foile of worldly grace,
Was noble borne and match in noble race,
Lord Wentworthes wife, nor wāted to attaine,
In natures giftes her praiſe among the reſt,
But that that gaue her praiſe aboue the beſt
Not fame, her wedlocks chaſtnes durſt diſtain,
Wherein with child deliueryng of her wombe,
Thuntimely birth hath brought thē both in tomb
So left ſhe life by death to liue againe.

The louer accuſing his loue for her vnfaithfulneſſe, purpoſeth to liue in libertie.

THe ſmoky ſighes the bitter teares,
That I in vaine haue waſted:
The broken ſlepes, the wo and feares,
That long in me haue laſted:
The loue and all I owe to thee,
Here I renounce and make me free.
Which fredome I haue by thy guilt,
And not by my deſeruing,
Since ſo vnconſtantly thou wilt
Not loue, but ſtill be ſwering.
To leaue me of which was thine owne,
Without cauſe why as ſhalbe knowen.
The frutes were faire the which did grow,

Within thy garden planted,
The leaues were grene of euery bough,
And moyſture nothing wanted,
yet or the bloſſoms gan fall,
The caterpiller waſted all.
  Thy body was the garden place,
And ſugred wordes it beareth,
The bloſſomes all thy faith it was,
which as the canker wereth.
The cater piller is the ſame,
That hath wonne thee and loſt thy name.
  I meane thy louer loued now,
By thy pretented folye,
which will proue like, thou ſhalt finde how,
Unto a tree of holly:
That barke and bery beares alwayes,
The one, birdes feedes, the other ſlayes.
  And right well mighteſt thou haue thy wiſh
Of thy loue new acquaynted:
For thou art lyke vnto the diſhe
That Adrianus paynted:
Wherin were grapes portraid ſo faire
That fowles for foode did there repaire.
  But I am lyke the beaten fowle
That from the net eſcaped,
And thou art lyke the rauening owle
That all the night hath waked.
For none intent but to betray
The ſlepyng fowle before the day.
  Thus hath thy loue been vnto me
As pleaſant and commodious,
As was the fyre made on the ſea
By Naulus hate ſo odious.
Therwith to train the grekiſh hoſt
From Troyes return where they wer loſt.

The louer for want of his deſire, ſheweth his death at hand.

AS Cypres tree that rent is by the roote,
As branch or ſlippe bereft frō whēce it growes
As wel ſowen ſeede for drought that can not ſprout
As gaping ground that raineles can not cloſe
As moules that want the earth to do them bote
As fiſhe on land to whom no water flowes,
As Chameleon that lackes the aier ſo ſote,
As flowers do fade when Phebus rareſt ſhowes.
As Salamandra repulſed from the fire:
So wanting my wiſh I dye for my deſire

A happy end excedeth all pleaſures and riches of the world.

THe ſhining ſeaſon here to ſome,
The glory in the worldes ſight,
Renowmed fame through fortune wonne
The glitteryng golde the eyes delight,
The ſenſuall life that ſemes ſo ſwete,
The hart with ioyful dayes replete,
The thyng wherto eche wight is thrall,
The happy ende exceadeth all.

Againſt an vnſtedfaſt woman.

O Temerous tauntres that delights in toyes
Tumbling cockboat totring to and fro,
Janglyng ieſtres depraucrs of ſwete ioyes,
Groud of the graffe whence al my grief doth grow,
Sullen ſerpent enuironned with diſpite,
That yll for good at all times doeſt requite.

A praiſe of Petrarke and of Laura his ladie.

O Petrarke hed and prince of poets al,
Whoſe liuely gift of flowing eloquence,
Wel may we ſeke, but finde not how or whence
So rare a gift with thee did riſe and fal,
Peace to thy bones, and glory immortall
Be to thy name, and to her excellence.
Whoſe beauty lighted in thy time and ſence:
So to be ſet forth as none other ſhall.
Why hath not our pens, rimes ſo parfit wrought
Ne why our time forth bringeth beauty ſuch
To trye our wittes as golde is by the touche,
If to the ſtile the matter aided ought.
But ther was neuer Laure more then one,
And her had Petrarke for his Paragone.

That petrark cannot be paſſed but notwithſtanding that Lawra is far ſurpaſſed

WIth Petrarke to compare ther may no wight,
Nor yet attain vnto ſo high a ſtile,
But yet I wote full well where is a file.
To frame a learned man to praiſe aright:
Of ſtature meane of ſemely forme and ſhap,
Eche line of iuſt proporſion to her height:
Her colour freſh and mingled with ſuch ſleight:
As though the roſe ſate in the lilies lap.
In wit and tong to ſhew what may be ſed,
To euery dede ſhe ioynes a parfit grace,
If Lawra liude ſhe would her clene deface.
For I dare ſay and lay my life to wed
That Momus could not if he downe diſcended,
Once iuſtly ſay, Lo this may be amended.

Againſt a cruel woman.

CRuel vnkinde whom mercy cannot moue,
Herbour of vnhappe wher rigours rage doth raigne,
Ground of my griefe where pitie cannot proue:

Trikle to truſt of all vntruth the traine,
Thou rigorous rocke that ruth cannot remoue.
Daungerous delph depe dungeon of diſdaine:
Sacke of ſelfe will the cheſt of craft and change,
What cauſeth the thus cauſels for to change?
  Ah piteles plante whom plaint cannot prouoke.
Den of diſceite that right doth ſtill refuſe,
Cauſles vnkinde that carieſt vnder cloke
Cruelty and craft me onely to abuſe,
Stately and ſtubberne withſtanding Cupides ſtroke,
Thou meruellouſe maſe that makeſt men to muſe,
Solleyn by ſelfe wil, moſt ſtony ſtiffe and ſtraunge,
What cauſeth thee thus cauſeleſſe for to change?
  Slipper and ſecrete where ſurety cannot ſowe
Net of newelty, neaſt of newfangleneſſe,
Spring of al ſpite, from whence whole fluddes do flow,
Thou caue and cage of care and craftineſſe
Wauering willow that euery blaſt doth blowe
Graffe without groth and cauſe of carefulneſſe,
Heape of miſhap of all my griefe the graunge,
What cauſeth thee thus cauſeleſſe for to chaunge.
  Haſt thou forgote that I was thine infeft,
By force of loue haddeſt thou not hart at all,
Saweſt thou not other for thy loue were left
Knoweſt thou vnkinde, that nothing mought befall
From out of my hart that could haue the bereſt.
What meaneſt thou then at ryot thus to raunge,
And leaueſt thine owne that neuer thought to chaunge.

The louer ſheweth what he would haue, if it were graunted him to haue what he would wiſhe.

IF it were ſo that God would graunt me my requeſt,
  And that I might of earthly thinges haue that I liked beſt.
I would not wiſh to clime to princely hye aſtate,
Which ſlipper is and ſlides ſo oft, and hath ſo fickle fate.
Nor yet to conquere realmes with cruel ſworde in hande,

And ſo to ſhed the giltleſſe blonde of ſuch as would withſtand.
Nor I would not deſire in worldly rule to raigne.
Whoſe frute is all vnquietneſſe, and breaking of the braine.
Nor richeſſe in exceſſe of vertue ſo abhorde,
I would not craue which bredeth care and cauſeth all diſcorde.
But my requeſt ſhould be more worth a thouſand folde:
That I might haue and her enioye that hath my hart in hold.
Oh God what luſty life ſhould we liue then for euer,
In pleaſant ioy and perfect bliſſe, to length our liues together.
With wordes of frendly chere, and lokes of liuely loue,
To vtter all our hotte deſires, which neuer ſhould remoue.
But groſe and gredie wittes which grope but on the ground.
To gather muck of worldly goodes which oft do them confounde,
Can not attaine to knowe the miſteries deuine
Of perfite loue wherto hie wittes of knowledge do incline.
A nigard of his golde ſuch ioye can neuer haue
which gettes wͭ toile and kepes with care and is his money ſlaue.
As they enioy alwayes that taſte loue in his kinde,
For they do holde continually a heauen in their minde.
No; worldly goodes could bring my hart ſo great an eaſe,
As for to finde or do the thing that might my ladie pleaſe.
For by her onely loue my hart ſhould haue al ioye,
And with the ſame put care away, and all that coulde annoy.
As if that any thing ſhould chance to make me ſadde,
The touching of her corall lippes would ſtraightewaies make me
And when that in my heart I fele that dyd me greue (gladde,
With one imbracing of her armes ſhe might me ſone releue:
And as the Angels al which ſit in heauen hye
With preſence and the ſight of god haue their felicitie,
So likewyſe I in earth, ſhould haue all earthly blis,
With preſence of that Paragon, my god in earth that is.

The lady forſaken of her louer, praieth his returne, or the end of her own life.

TO loue, alas, who would not feare
That ſeeth my wofull ſtate,
For he to whom my heart I beare
Doth me extremely hate,

And why therfore I cannot tell,
He will no lenger with me dwell.
Did you not ſewe and long me ſerue
Ere I you graunted grace?
And will you this now from me ſwarue
That neuer did treſpace?
Alas poore woman then alas,
A wery lyfe here muſt I paſſe.
And ſhal my faith haue ſuch refuſe
In dede and ſhall it ſo,
Is ther no choiſe for me to chuſe
But muſt I leue you ſo?
Alas pore woman then alas,
A werye life hence muſt I pas.
And is there now no remedy
But that you will forget her?
Ther was a time when that perdy
you would haue heard her better.
But now that time is gone and paſt,
And all your loue is but a blaſt.
And can you thus breake your beheſt
In dede and can you ſo?
Did you not ſweare you loued me beſt,
And can you now ſay no?
Remember me poore wight in paine,
And for my ſake turne once againe.
Alas poore Dido now I fele
Thy preſent painful ſtate,
When falſe Eneas did hym ſtele
From thee at Carthage gate.
And left thee ſlepyng in thy bed,
Regarding not what he had ſed,
Was neuer woman thus betrayed,
Nor man ſo falſe forſworne,
his faith and trouth ſo ſtrongly tyed,
Untruth hath all totorne:
And I haue leaue for my good will
To waile and wepe alone my fyll.
But ſince it will not better be,
My teares ſhal neuer blin:
To moiſt the earth in ſuch degree,

That I may drowne therin:
That by my death al men may ſay.
Lo women are as true as they.
  By me al women may beware,
That ſee my wofull ſmart,
To ſeke true loue let them not ſpare,
Before they ſet their hart.
Or els they may become as I.
Which for my truth am lyke to dye.

The louer yelden into his ladies handes, praieth mercie.

IN fredome was my fantaſie
  Abhorryng bondage of the minde,
But now I yelde my libertie,
And willingly my ſelfe I binde.
Truely to ſerue with al my hart,
Whiles life doth laſt not to reuart.
  Her beauty bounde me firſt of all
And forſt my will for to conſent:
And I agree to be her thrall,
For as ſhe liſt I am content.
My wyll is hers in that I may,
And where ſhe biddes I wyll obey.
  It lieth in her my wo or welth,
She may do that ſhe liketh beſt,
If that ſhe liſt I haue my helth,
If ſhe liſt not in wo I reſt.
Sins I am faſt within her bandes.
My wo and welth lieth in her handes.
  She can no leſſe then pitie me,
Sith that my faith to her is knowne,
It were to much extremitie,
With cruelty to vſe her owne.
Alas a ſinnefull enterpriſe,
To ſlay that yeldes at her deuice.
  But I thinke not her hart ſo harde,
Nor that ſhe hath ſuch cruell luſt:

I doubt nothing of her reward,
For my deſert but well I truſt,
As ſhe hath beauty to allure,
So hath ſhe a hart that will recure.

That nature which worketh all thinges for our behoofe, hath made women alſo for our comfort and delight.

AMong dame natures workes ſuch perfite law is wrought,
That things be ruled by courſe of kind in order as thei ought.
And ſerueth in their ſtate, in ſuch iuſt frame and ſort,
That ſlender wits may iudge the ſame, and make therof report.
Behold what ſecrete force the winde doth eaſely ſhow,
Which guides the ſhips amid the ſeas if he his bellowes blow.
The waters waxen wilde where bluſtering blaſtes do riſe,
Yet ſeldome do they paſſe their bondes for nature that deuiſe.
The fire which boiles the leade, and trieth out the gold:
Hath in his power both help and hurt, if he his force vnfold.
The froſt which kils the fruite, doth knit the bruſed bones:
And is a medecin of kinde, prepared for the nones.
The earth in whoſe entrails the foode of man doth liue,
At euery ſpring and fall of leafe, what pleaſure doth ſhe giue?
The ayre which life deſires, and is to helth ſo ſwete,
Of nature yeldes ſuch liuely ſmelles, that comforts euery ſprete.
The Sunne through natures might, doth draw away the dew,
And ſpredes the flowers wher he is wõt his princely face to ſhew.
The Moone which may be cald, the lanterne of the night,
Is halfe a guide to traueling men, ſuch vertue hath her light.
The ſters not vertueleſſe are beauty to the eyes,
A lodes man to the Mariner, a ſigne of calmed ſkyes.
The flowers and fruitfull trees to man do tribute pay,
And when they haue their duety done by courſe they fade away.
Eche beaſt both fiſhe and foule, doth offer life and all,
To nouriſh man and do him eaſe, yea ſerue him at his call.
The ſerpentes venemous, whoſe vglye ſhapes we hate,
Are ſoueraigne ſalues for ſondry ſores, and nedefull in their ſtate.
Sith nature ſhewes her power, in eche thing thus at large,
Why ſhould not man ſubmit himſelfe to be in natures charge?

Who thinkes to flee her force, at length becomes her thrall,
The wiſeſt cannot ſlip her ſnare, for nature gouerns all.
Lo, nature gaue vs ſhape, lo nature fedes our liues:
Thē they are worſe thē mad I think, againſt her force that ſtriues
Though ſome do vſe to ſay, which can do nought but faine,
Women were made for this intent, to put vs men to paine.
Yet ſure I thinke they are a pleaſure to the minde,
A ioy which man can neuer want, as nature hath aſſinde.

When aduerſitie is once fallen, it is to late to beware.

To my miſhap alas I finde
That happy hap is daungerous:
And fortune worketh but her kinde,
To make the ioyfull dolorous.
But all to late it comes to minde,
To waile the want that makes me blinde.
Amid my myrth and pleaſantneſſe,
Such chaunce is chaunced ſodainly,
That in diſpayre without redreſſe,
I finde my chiefeſt remedy.
No new kinde of vnhappineſſe,
Should thus haue left me comfortleſſe.
Who would haue thought that my requeſt,
Should bring me forth ſuch bitter frute:
But now is hapt that I feard leſt:
And all this harme comes by my ſute,
For when I thought me happieſt
Euen then hapt all my chiefe vnreſt.
In better caſe was neuer none
And yet vnwares thus am I trapt,
My chiefe deſire doth cauſe me mone,
And to my harme my welth is hapt,
There is no man but I alone,
That hath ſuch cauſe to ſigh and mone.
Thus am I taught for to beware
And truſt no more ſuch pleaſant chance,
My happy hap bred me this care,
And brought my mirth to great miſchance.
There is no man whom hap will ſpare,
But when ſhe liſt his welth is bare.

Of a louer that made his onely god of his loue.

ALl you that frendſhip do profeſſe,
And of a frende preſent the place:
Geue eare to me that did poſſeſſe,
As frendly frutes as ye imbrace.
And to declare the circumſtance,
There were them ſelues that did auaunce:
To teach me truely how to take,
A faithfull friende for vertues ſake.
But I as one of litle ſkill,
To know what good might grow therby,
Unto my welth I had no will,
Nor to my nede I had none eye,
But as the childe doth learne to go,
So I in time did learne to know,
Of all good frutes the world brought forth.
A faithfull frende is thing moſt worth.
Then with all care I ſought to finde,
One worthy to receiue ſuch truſt:
One onely that was riche in minde,
One ſecrete, ſober, wiſe, and iuſt:
Whom riches could not raiſe at all,
Nor pouertie procure to fall:
And to be ſhort in few wordes plaine,
One ſuch a frende I did attaine.
And when I did enioy this welth,
Who liued Lord in ſuch a caſe,
For to my frendes it was great helth,
And to my foes a fowle deface,
And to my ſelfe a thing ſo riche
As ſeke the world and finde none ſuch.
Thus by this frende I ſet ſuch ſtore.
As by my ſelfe I ſet no more.
This frende ſo much was my delight,
When care had clene ouercome my hart,
One thought of her rid care as quite,
As neuer care had cauſde my ſmart.
Thus ioyed I in my frende ſo dere,
Was neuer frende ſate man ſo nere,

I carde for her ſo much alone,
That other God I carde for none.
But as it doth to them befall,
That to them ſelues reſpect haue none:
So my ſwete graffe is growen to gall,
Where I ſowed mirth I reaped mone.
This ydoll that I honorde ſo,
Is now tranſformed to my fo
That me moſt pleaſed, me moſt paines,
And in diſpaire my hart remaines.
And for iuſt ſcourge of ſuch deſart,
Thre plages I may my ſelfe aſſure,
Firſt of my frende to loſe my part,
And next my life may not endure,
And laſt of all the more to blame,
My ſoule ſhall ſuffer for the ſame.
Wherfore ye frendes I warne you all,
Sit faſt for feare of ſuch a fall.

Vpon the death of ſir Antony Denny.

DEath and the king, did as it were contend,
Which of them two bare Denny greateſt loue.
The king to ſhew his loue gan farre extende,
Did him aduaunce his betters farre aboue.
Nere place, much welth, great honor eke him gaue,
To make it known what powre gret princes haue.
But when death came with his triumphant gift,
From worldly cark he quite his weried ghoſt.
Free from the corps, and ſtraight to heauen it lift,
Now deme that can who did for Denny moſt.
The king gaue welth but fading and vnſure,
Death brought him bliſſe that euer ſhall endure.

A compariſon of the louers paines.

Lyke as the brake within the riders hand,
Doth ſtraine the horſe nye wood with grief of paine,

Not uſed before to come in ſuch a bande,
Striueth for griefe, although god wot in vain
To be as erſt he was at libertie,
But force of force doth ſtraine the contrary.
Euē ſo ſince band doth cauſe my deadly grief,
That made me ſo my wofull chaunce lament,
Like thing hath brought me into paine & miſ-
Haue willingly to it I did aſſent. (chiefe,
To binde the thing in fredome which was free,
That now full ſore alas repenteth me.

Of a Roſemary branche ſent.

Such grene to me as you haue ſent,
Such grene to you I ſende againe:
A flowring hart that will not feint,
For drede of hope or loſſe of gaine:
A ſtedfaſt thought all wholy bent,
So that he may your grace obtaine:
As you by proofe haue alwayes ſene,
To liue your owne and alwayes grene.

To his loue of his conſtant hart.

As I haue bene ſo will I euer be,
Unto my death and lenger if I myght.
Haue I of loue the frendly lokyng eye?
Haue I of fortune fauour or deſpite?
I am of rock by proofe as you may ſee:
Not made of ware nor of no metall light,
As leefe to dye, by chaunge as to deceaue,
Or breake the promiſe made. And ſo I leaue.

Of the token which his loue ſent him.

Songes

The golden apple that the Troyan boy,
  Gaue to Venus the fayreſt of the thre,
Which was the cauſe of all the wrack of Troy,
Was not receiued with a greater ioy,
Then was the ſame (my loue) thou ſent to me,
It healed my ſore it made my ſorowes free,
It gaue me hope it baniſht mine annoy:
Thy happy hand full oft of me was bliſt,
That can geue ſuch a ſalue when that thou liſt.

Manhode auaileth not without good Fortune.

The Cowerd oft whom deinty viandes fed,
  That boſted much his ladies eares to pleaſe,
By helpe of them whom vnder him he led
Hath reapt the palme yͤ valiance could not ceaſe.
The vnexpert yͤ ſhores vnknowen neare ſought,
Whom Neptune yet apaled not with feare:
In wandring ſhippe on truſtles ſeas hath tought
The ſkill to fele that time to long doth leare.
The ſwortig knight that ſcorneth Cupides kinde,
With fained chere the pained cauſe to brede:
In game vnhides the leden ſparkes of minde,
And gaines the gole, where glowing flames ſhold
Thus I ſee proofe & trouth & mãly hart (ſpede.
May not auaile, if fortune chaunce to ſtart.

That conſtancy of all vertues is moſt worthy

Though in the waxe a perfect picture made,
  Doth ſhew as faire as in the marble ſtone,
Yet do we ſee it is eſtemed of none.
Becauſe that fier or force the forme doth fade.
Wheras the marble holden is ful dere,
Since that endures the date of lenger dayes.
Of Diamondes it is the greateſt praiſe,

So long to laſt and alwaies one tappere.
Then if we do eſteme that thing for beſt,
Which in perfection lengeſt time doth laſt:
And that moſt vaine yͭ turnes with euery blaſt
What iewel then with tong can be expreſt?
Like to that hart wher loue hath framed ſuch
That cā not fade but by yͤ force of death. (feth,

The vncertaine ſtate of of a louer.

Lyke as the rage of raine.
  Filles riuers with exceſſe,
And as the drought againe,
Doth draw them leſſe and leſſe.
So I both fall and clyme,
With no and yea ſometime.
  As they ſwell hye and hye,
So doth encreaſe my ſtate,
As they fall drye and drye
So doth my wealth abate,
As yea is mixt with no.
So mirth is mixt with wo.
  As nothing can endure,
That liues and lackes reliefe,
So nothing can ſtande ſure,
Where chaunge doth raigns as chiefe,
Wherefore I muſt intende,
To bowe when others bende.
  And when they laugh to ſmile,
And when they wepe to waile;
And when they craft, begile,
And when they fight, aſſaile.
And thinke there is no chaunge,
Can make them ſeme to ſtrange.
  Oh moſt vnhappy ſtate,
What man may leade this courſe,
To lacke he would fayneſt haue,
Or els to do much worſe.
Theſe be rewardes for ſuch,

As liue and loue to much.

The louer in libertie ſmileth at them in thraldome, that ſometime ſcorned his bondage.

AT libertie I ſit and ſee,
Them that haue erſt laught me to ſcorne:
Whypt with the whip that ſcourged me
And now they banne that they were borne.
I ſet them ſit full ſoberlye,
And thinke their earneſt lokes to hide:
Now in them ſelues they can not ſpye,
That they or this in me haue ſpide.
I ſee them ſitting all alone,
Markyng the ſteppes ech worde and loke:
And now they treade where I haue gone
The painfull pathe that I forſoke.
Now I ſee well I ſaw no whit,
When they ſaw wel that now are blinde
But happy hap hath made me quit,
And iuſt iudgement hath them aſſinde.
I ſee them wander all alone,
And treade full faſt in dredfull dout:
The ſelfe ſame pathe that I haue gone,
Bleſſed be hap that brought me out.
At libertie all this I ſee,
And ſay no word but erſt among:
Smiling at them that laught at me,
Lo ſuch is hap, marke well my ſong.

A compariſon of his loue wyth the faithful and painful loue of Troylus to Creſide.

I Read how Troylus ſerued in Troy,
A lady long and many a day,
And how he bode ſo great anoy,
For her as all the ſtories ſay.
That halfe the paine had neuer man,
Which had this wofull Troyan than.
His youth, his ſport, his pleaſant chere,
His courtly ſtate and company,
In him ſo ſtraungely altred were,
With ſuch a face of contrary.
That euery ioy became a wo,
This poyſon new had turnde him ſo.
And what men thought might moſt him eaſe,
And moſt that for his comfort ſtode,
The ſame did moſt his minde diſpleaſe,
And ſet him moſt in furious mode.
For all his pleaſure euer lay,
To thinke on her that was away.
His chamber was his comon walke,
Wherin he kept him ſecretly,
He made his bed the place of talke,
To heare his great extremity.
In nothing els had he delight.
But euen to be a martyr right.
And now to call her by her name
And ſtraight therwith to ſigh and throbbe:
And when his fanſies might not frame,
Then into teares and ſo to ſobbe,
All in extreames and thus he lyes,
Making two fountaines of his eyes.
As agues haue ſharpe ſhiftes of fits
Of cold and heat ſucceſsiuely:
So had his head like change of wits:
His pacience wrought ſo diuerſly.
Now vp, now down, now here, now there,
Like one that was he wiſt not where.
And thus though he were Priams ſonne
And comen of the kinges hye blood,
This care he had ere he her wonne.
Till ſhe that was his maiſtreſſe good,
And lothe to ſee her ſeruant ſo,
Became Phiſicion to his wo.

And toke him to her handes and grace,
And ſaid ſhe would her minde apply,
To helpe him in his wofull caſe,
If ſhe might be his remedy.
And thus they ſay to eaſe his ſmart,
She made him owner of her hart.
And truth it is except they lye,
From that day forth her ſtudy went,
To ſhew to loue him faithfully,
And his whole minde full to content.
So happy a man at laſt was he,
And eke ſo worthy a woman ſhe.
Lo lady then iudge you by this,
Mine caſe and how my caſe doth fall,
For ſure betwene my life and his,
No difference there is at all.
His care was great ſo was his paine,
And mine is not the leſt of twaine.
For what he felt in ſeruice true
For her whom that he loued ſo,
The ſame I fele as large for you,
To whom I do my ſeruice owe.
There was that time in him no paine,
But now the ſame in me doth raigne.
Which if you can compare and way,
And how I ſtand in euery plight,
Then this for you I dare well ſay,
Your hart muſt nedes remorce of right
To graunt me grace and ſo to do,
As Creſide then did Troylus to.
For well I wot you are as good,
And euen as faire as euer was ſhe,
And commen of as worthy blood,
And haue in you as large pitie
To tender me your own true man,
As ſhe did him her ſeruant than.
Which gift I pray God for my ſake,
Full ſone and ſhortly you me ſende,
So ſhall you make my ſorowes ſlake,
So ſhall you bring my wo to ende.
And ſet me in as happy caſe,
As Troylus with his lady was.

To leade a vertuous and honeſt life.

FLee frō the preaſe and dwell with ſothfaſtnes,
Suffiſe to thee thy good though it be ſmall,
For horde hath hate, and climing ticklenes,
Praiſe hath enuy, and weall is blinde in all,
Fauour no more, then thee behoue ſhall.
Rede well thy ſelfe that others well canſt rede,
And trouth ſhall thee deliuer, it is no drede.
Paine thee not eche croked to redreſſe,
In hope of her that turneth as a ball,
Great reſt ſtandeth in litle buſineſſe,
Beware alſo to ſpurne againſt a nall,
Striue not as doth a crocke againſt a wall,
Deme firſt thy ſelfe, that demeſt others dede,
And truth ſhall thee deliuer, it is no drede.
That thee is ſent, receiue in buxomneſſe,
The wreſtling of this world aſketh a fall:
Here is no home, here is but wilderneſſe.
Forth pilgryme forth, forth beaſt out of thy ſtall,
Looke vp on hye, geue thankes to God of all:
Weane well thy luſt, and honeſt life ay leade,
So trouth ſhall thee deliuer, it is no dreade.

The wounded louer determineth to make ſute to his lady for his recure.

SIns Mars firſt moued warre or ſtirred men to ſtrife,
Was neuer ſene ſo fearce a fight, I ſcarce could ſcape with life.
Reſiſt ſo long I did, till death approched ſo nye,
To ſaue my ſelfe I thought it beſt, with ſpede away to flye.
In daunger ſtill I fled, by flight I thought to ſcape
From my dere foe, it vailed not, alas it was to late.
For Venus from her campe brought Cupide with his bronde,
Who ſayd now yelde, or els deſire ſhall chace thee in euery londe.
Yet would I not ſtraight yelde, till fanſy fiercely ſtroke,
Who frō my will did cut the raines & charged me with this yoke.

Then all the daies and nightes mine eare might heare the ſound,
What carefull ſighes my hart would ſteale, to feele it ſelf ſo bound.
For though within my breſt, thy care I worke (he ſayde)
Why for good will didſt thou behold her perſing eye diſplayd,
Alas the fiſhe is caught, through baite that hides the hooke,
Euen ſo her eye me trayned hath, and tangled with her looke.
But or that it be long, my hart thou ſhalt be faine,
To ſtay my life pray her forth throw ſwete lokes whē I complain.
When that ſhe ſhall deny, to do me that good turne,
Then ſhall ſhe ſee to aſhes gray, by flames my body burne.
Deſerte of blame to her no wight may yet impute,
For feare of nay I neuer ſought, the way to frame my ſute.
Yet hap that what hap ſhall, delay I may to long,
Aſſay I ſhall for I heare ſay, the ſtill man oft hath wrong.

The louer ſhewing of the continuall paines that abide within his breſt, determineth to die becauſe he cannot haue redreſſe.

THe dolefull bell that ſtill doth ring,
The woſull knell of all my ioyes:
The wretched hart doth perce and wring,
And fils mine eare with deadly noyes.
The hongry Viper in my breſt,
That on my hart doth lye and gnaw:
Doth dayly brede my new vnreſt,
And deper ſighes doth cauſe me draw.
And though I force both hand and eye,
On pleaſant matter to attend:
My ſorowes to deceiue therby,
And wretched life for to amend.
Yet goeth the mill within my hart,
Which grindeth nought but paine and wo:
And turneth all my ioy to ſmart,
The euil corne it yeldeth ſo.
Though Venus ſmile with yelding eyes,
And ſwete muſicke doth play and ſing:
Yet doth my ſprites feele none of theſe,
The clarke doth at mine eare ſo ring.

As ſmalleſt ſparckes vncared for,
To greateſt flames do ſoneſt grow,
Euen ſo did this mine inward ſore,
Begin in game and end in wo.
And now by vſe ſo ſwift it goeth,
That nothing can mine cares ſo fill:
But that the clacke it ouergoeth,
And plucketh me backe into the mill.
But ſince the mill will nedes about,
The pinne wheron the whele doth go:
I will aſſay to ſtrike it out,
And ſo the mill to ouerthrow.

The power of loue ouer gods them ſelues.

For loue Apollo (his Godhed ſet aſide)
Was ſeruant to the king of Theſſaley,
Whoſe daughter was ſo pleaſant in his eye,
That both his harpe and ſawtrey he defide:
And bagpipe ſolace of the rurall bride,
Did puffe and blow, and on the holtes hy,
His cattell kept with that rude melody,
And oft eke him that doth the heauens gide,
Hath loue transformed to ſhapes for him to baſe
Tranſmuted thus ſomtime a ſwan is he,
Leda taccoy, and eft Europe to pleaſe,
A milde white bull, vnwrinckled front and face,
Suffreth her play till on his back leapeth ſhe,
Whō in great care he ferieth through the ſeas.

The promiſe of a conſtant louer.

As Lawrell leaues that ceaſe not to be grene,
From parching ſunne, nor yet from winters threte
As hardened oke that feareth no ſworde ſo kene,
As flint for toole in twaine that will not frete.
As faſt as rocke, or piller ſurely ſet:
So faſt am I to you, and ay haue bene,
Aſſuredly whom I cannot forget,

For ioy, for paine, for torment nor for tene.
For loſſe, for gaine, for frowning, nor for thret,
But euer one, yea both in calme and blaſt,
Your faithfull friende, and will be to my laſt.

Againſt him that had ſlaundered a gentle woman with him ſelfe.

FAlſe may be, and by the powers aboue,
Neuer haue he good ſpede or lucke in loue,
That ſo can lye or ſpot the worthy fame,
Of her for whom thou R. art to blame.
For chaſte Diane that hunteth ſtill the chace,
And all her maides that ſue her in the race.
With faire bowes bent and arrowes by their ſide,
Can ſay that thou in this haſt falſly lide.
For neuer hong the bow vpon the wall,
Of Dianes temple, no nor neuer ſhall.
Of broken chaſte the ſacred vow to ſpot,
Of her whom thou doſte charge ſo large I wot,
But if ought be wherof her blame may riſe,
It is in that ſhe did not well aduiſe
To marke thee right, as now ſhe doth thee know
Falſe of thy dede, falſe of thy talke alſo.
Lurker of kinde like ſerpent layd to bite,
As poyſon hid vnder the ſuger white.
What daunger ſuche: So was the houſe defilde,
Of Collatine: ſo was the wife beguide.
So ſmarted ſhe, and by a trayterous force,
The Cartage quene ſo ſhe fordid her corſe.
So ſtrangled was the Rodopeian maide,
Fye traytour fye, to thy ſhame be it ſayd.
Thou dunghill Crow that crokeſt againſt the rayne,
Home to thy hole, brag not with Phebe againe.
Carrion for thee, and lothſome be thy voyce,
Thy ſong is fowle, I weary of thy noyce.
Thy blacke fethers, which are thy wearing wede,
Wet them with teares, and ſorow for thy dede.
And in darke caues, where yrkeſome wormes do crepe,
Lurke thou all day, and flye when thou ſhouldeſt ſlepe.

And neuer light where liuing thing hath life,
But eat and drinke where ſtinche and filth is rife.
For ſhe that is a fowle of fethers bright,
Admit ſhe toke ſome pleaſure in thy ſight.
As fowle of ſtate ſometimes delight to take,
Fowle of mean ſort their flight with thē to make.
For play of wing or ſolace of their kinde:
But not in ſort as thou doſt breake thy minde.
Not for to treade with ſuch foule fowle as thou,
No no I ſweare, and dare it here auow.
Thou neuer ſetteſt thy foote within her neſt,
Boaſt not ſo broade then to thine owne vnreſt.
But bluſhe for ſhame, for in thy face it ſtandes,
And thou canſt not vnſpot it with thy handes.
For all the heauens againſt thee recorde beare,
And all in earth againſt thee eke will ſweare,
That thou in this art euen none other man,
But as the iudges were to Suſan than.
Forgers of that wherto their luſt them prickt,
Baſhe, blaſer then the truth hath thee conuict.
And ſhe a woman of her worthy fame,
Unſpotted ſtandes, & thou haſt caught the ſhame.
And there I pray to God that it may reſt,
Falſe as thou art, as falſe as is the beſt,
That ſo canſt wrong the noble kinde of man,
In whom all trouth firſt flouriſht and began.
And ſo hath ſtand, till now thy wretched part,
Hath ſpotted vs, of whoſe kinde one thou art.
That all the ſhame that euer roſe or may,
Of ſhamefull dede on thee may light I ſay.
And on thy kinde, and thus I wiſhe thee rather,
That all thy ſeede may like be to their father.
Untrue as thou, and forgers as thou art,
So as all we be blameleſſe of thy part.
And of thy dede. And thus I do thee leaue,
Still to be falſe, and falſely to deceaue.

A praiſe of maiſtreſſe R.

I Heard when fame with thundring voice did ſommon to appere,
The chiefe of natures children all that kinde hath placed here.

To view what brute by vertue got their liues could iuſtly craue,
And bad thē ſhew what praiſe by truth they worthy were to haue.
Wherwith I ſaw how Venus came and put her ſelfe in place,
And gaue her ladies leaue at large to ſtand and pleade their caſe.
Ech one was calde by name a row, in that aſſemble there,
That hence are gone or here remaines, in court or other where.
A ſolemne ſilence was proclamde, the iudges ſate and herd,
What truth could tell, or craft could fain, ⁊ who ſhould be preferd.
Then beauty ſtept before the barre, whoſe breſt and neck was bare
With heare truſt vp, and on her hed a caule of gold ſhe ware.
Thus Cupides thralles began to flock whoſe hongry eyes did ſay
That ſhe had ſtayned all the dames, that preſent were that day.
For er ſhe ſpake, & whiſpring wordes, the preaſe was fild through=
And fanſy forced common voyce, therat to giue a ſhoute. (out
Which cried to fame take forth thy trump, ⁊ ſound her praiſe on hy
That glads the hart of euery wight that her beholdes with eye.
What ſtirre and rule (quod order than) do theſe rude people make,
We hold her beſt that ſhall deſerue a praiſe for vertues ſake.
This ſentence was no ſoner ſaid, but beauty therwith bluſht,
The noiſe did ceaſe, the hall was ſtil and euery thing was whuſht.
Then fineneſſe thought by training talke to win that beauty loſt,
And whet her tonge with ioly wordes, and ſpared for no coſt:
Yet wantonneſſe could not abide, but brake her tale in haſt,
And peuiſh pride for Pecockes plumes would nedes be hieſt plaſt.
And therwithall came curiouſneſſe and carped out of frame.
The audience laught to heare the ſtrife as they beheld the ſame.
Yet reaſon ſone apeſde the brute her reuerence made and doon,
She purchaſed fauour for to ſpeake, and thus her tale begoon.
Sins bounty ſhall the garland weare, and crowned be by fame,
O happy iudges call for her, for ſhe deſerues the ſame.
Where tēperance gouerns beauties flowers ⁊ glory is not ſought,
And ſhamefaſt mekenes maſtreth pride, ⁊ vertu dwels in thought.
Bid her come forth and ſhew her face, or els aſſent eche one,
That true report ſhall graue her name in gold or marble ſtone.
For all the world to rede at will, what worthines doth reſt,
In perfect pure vnſpotted life which ſhe hath here poſſeſt.
Then ſkill roſe vp and ſought the preaſe to finde if that he might,
A perſon of ſuch honeſt name, that men ſhould praiſe of right.
This one I ſaw full ſadly ſit, and ſhrinke her ſelf aſide,
Whoſe ſober lokes did ſhew what giftes her wifely grace did hide.
Lo here (quod ſkill, good people all) is Lucrece left aliue,
And ſhe ſhall moſt excepted be, that leaſt for praiſe did ſtriue.

No lenger fame could hold her peace, but blew a blaſt ſo hye,
That made an eckow in the aier and ſowning through the ſkye.
The voice was loude & thus it ſaid come. R. with happy daies,
Thy honeſt life hath wonne the fame & crowned thee with praies.
And when I heard my maiſtres name I thruſt amids the throng,
And clapt my handes and wiſht of god ŷ ſhe might proſper long.

Of one vniuſtly detamed.

INe can cloſe in ſhort and cunning verſe,
Thy worthy praiſe of bountie by deſart:
The hatefull ſpite and ſlaunder to reherſe.
Of them that ſee but know not what thou art,
For kind by craft hath wrought thee ſo to eye,
That no wight may thy wit and vertue ſpye.
But he haue other fele then outward ſight,
The lacke wherof doth hate and ſpite to trie
Thus kind thy craft is let of vertues light:
See how the outward ſhew the wittes may dull:
Not of the wiſe but as the moſt entend,
Minerua yet might neuer perce their ſcull,
That Circes cup and Cupides brand hath blend.
Whoſe fonde affects now ſturred haue their braine,
So doth thy hap thy hue with colour ſtaine.
Beauty thy foe thy ſhape doubleth thy ſore,
To hide thy wit and ſhew thy vertue vaine,
Fell were thy fate, if wiſdome were not more.
I meane by thee euen G. by name,
Whom ſtormy windes of enuy and diſdaine,
Do toſſe with boiſteous blaſtes of wicked fame.
Where ſtedfaſtneſſe as chiefe in thee doth raigne.
Pacience thy ſetled minde dothe guide and ſtere,
Silence and ſhame with many reſteth there.
Till time thy mother liſt them forth to call,
Happy is he that may enioye them all.

Of the death of the late countiſſe of Penbroke.

Yet once againe my muſe I pardon pray,
Thine intermitted ſong if I repeate:
Not in ſuch wiſe as when loue was my pay,
My ioly wo with ioyfull verſe to treate.
But now (vnthanke to our deſert be geuen,
Which merite not a heauens gift to kepe)
Thou muſt with me bewaile yͤ fate hath reuen,
From earth a iewel laied in earth to ſlepe,
A iewel yea a gemme of womanhed,
Whoſe perfect vertues linked as in chaine:
So did adorne that humble wiuelyhed,
As is not rife to finde the like againe.
For wit and learnyng framed to obey,
Her huſbandes wil that willed her to vſe
The loue he bare her chiefely as a ſtaye,
For al her frendes yͭ wold her furtherance chuſe
Wel ſayd therfore a heauens gift ſhe was,
Becauſe the beſt are ſoneſt hence bereft:
And though her ſelf to heauen hence dyd paſſe,
Her ſpoyle to earth frō whence it came ſhe left.
And to vs teares her abſence to lament,
And eke his chance that was her make by law:
Whoſe loſſe to loſe ſo great an ornament,
Let thē eſteme which true loues knot can draw.

That eche thing is hurt of it ſelf.

Why feareſt thou thy outward fo,
When thou thy ſelfe thy harme doſt fede,
Of grief, or hurt, of paine or wo.
Within eche thing is ſowen the ſede.
So fine was neuer yet the cloth,
No ſmith ſo hard his yron did beate:
But thone conſumed was with moth,
Thother with canker all to freate.
The knotty oke and wainſcot old,
Within doth eate the ſilly worme:
Euen ſo a minde in enuy rold,
Alwaies within it ſelf doth burne.

Thus euery thing that nature wrought
Within it ſelfe his hurt doth beare:
No outward harme nede to be ſought,
Where enemies be within ſo neare,

Of the choiſe of a wife.

THe flickering flame that flieth from eare to eare,
And ay her ſtrength encreaſeth with her flight,
Geues firſt the cauſe why men to heare delight
Of thoſe whom ſhe doth note for beautie bright,
And with this fame that fleeth on ſo faſt,
Fanſy doth hye when reaſon makes no haſt.
And yet not ſo content they wiſhe to ſee
And therby know if fame haue ſaide aright,
More truſting to the trial of their eye,
Then to the brute that goes of any weight,
Wiſe in that point that lightly will not leue,
Unwiſe to ſe that may them after greue.
Who knoweth not how ſight may loue allure,
And kindle in the hart a hot deſire:
The eye to worke that fame could not procure,
Of greater cauſe there commeth hotter fire,
For ere he wete himſelfe he feleth warme
The fame and eye the cauſers of his harme.
Let fame not make her knowẽ whõ I ſhall know,
For yet mine eye therin to be my guyder
Suffiſeth me that vertue in her grow,
Whoſe ſimple life her fathers walles do hide,
Content with this I leaue the reſt to go,
And in ſuch choiſe ſhall ſtande my welth and wo.

Deſcription of an vngodly worde.

WHo loues to liue in peace, and marketh euery change,
Shall here ſuch newes frõ time to time, as ſeme right wõdrous
Such fraud in frendly lokes, ſuch frendſhip all for gaine: (ſtrãge
Such cloked wrath in hatefull harts, which worldly men retaine.
Such fayned flattring faith, amongs both hye and low:
Such

Such great deceit, ſuch ſubtil wittes, the poore to ouerthrow.
Such ſpite in ſugred tonges, ſuch malice full of pride,
Such open wrong ſuch great vntruth, which cannot go vnſpide,
Such reſtleſſe ſute for rowmes, which bringeth men to care:
Such ſliding downe from ſlippery ſeates, yet can we not beware,
Such barking at the good, ſuch bolſtering of the ill:
Such threatning of the wrath of god, ſuch vice embraced ſtyll.
Such ſtriuing for the beſt, ſuch climing to eſtate:
Such great diſſembling euery where, ſuch loue al mixt with hate:
Such traines to trap the iuſt, ſuch prolling fautes to pike,
Such cruell woordes for ſpeaking trouth, who euer heard the like?
Such ſtrife for ſtirring ſtrawes, ſuch diſcorde daily wrought:
Such forged tales dul wits to blind, ſuch matters made of nought
Such trifles tolde for trouth, ſuch crediting of lies,
Such ſilence kept when fooles do ſpeak, ſuch laughing at the wiſe,
Such plenty made ſo ſcarce, ſuch crying for redreſſe:
Such feared ſignes of our decay, which tong dares not expreſſe,
Such changes lightly markt, ſuch troubles ſtill apperes,
which neuer were before this time, no not this thouſand yeres.
Such bribing for the purſe, which euer gapes for more.
Such hording vp of worldly welth, ſuch keping muche in ſtore
Such folly founde in age, ſuch will in tender youth,
Such ſōdry ſortes among great clerkes, & few that ſpeake ÿ trueth
Such falſhed vnder craft, and ſuch vnſtedfaſt waies,
was neuer ſeen within mens harts, as is found now a dayes,
The cauſe and grounde of this, is our vnquiet mynde,
which thinks to take thoſe goods away, which we muſt leue behind
why do men ſeke to get which they can not poſſeſſe?
Or breake their ſlepes with careful thoughtes & al for wretchednes
Though one amonges a ſkore, hath welth and eaſe a while,
A thouſand want which toileth ſore and trauaile many a myle.
And ſome although they ſlepe yet welth falles in their lap,
Thus ſome be riche, and ſome be poore, as fortune geues the hap,
wherfore I holde him wiſe, which thinkes himſelf at eaſe,
And is content in ſimple ſtate both god and man to pleaſe.
For thoſe that liue like gods, and honoured are to day:
within ſhort time their glory falles as flowers do fade away,
Uncertaine is their liues on whom this world will frowne:
For though they ſit aboue ÿ ſtarres, a ſtorme may ſtrike thē downe
In wealth who feares no fall may ſlide from top full ſoone:
There is nothing ſo ſure on earth, but changeth as the moone.
what pleaſure hath the riche, or eaſe more then the poore?

Although he haue a pleaſant houſe, his trouble is the more
They bowe and ſpeake him feire, which ſeke to ſucke his blood:
And ſome do wiſhe his ſoule in hel, and al to haue his good
The coueting of the goodes, doth nought but dull the ſprite
And ſome men chaunce to taſt the ſower, that gropeth for the ſwete
The riche is ſtyl enuied by thoſe which eate his bread:
With fawning ſpeche and flattering tales his eares are dayly fed
In fine I ſee and proue the riche haue many foes.
He ſlepeth beſt, and careth leaſt, that little hath to loſe,
As tyme requireth now, who woulde auoyde much ſtrife,
Were better liue in poore eſtate, then leade a princis life.
To paſſe thoſe troubleſom times I ſee but littel choyſe,
But helpe to wayle with thoſe that wepe, & laugh whē they reioyce
For as we ſe to day, our brother brought in care:
To morow may we haue ſuch chaunce to fal with him in ſnare
Of this we may be ſure, who thinkes to ſit moſt faſt,
Shal ſoneſt fal like withered leaues that can not bide a blaſt,
Though that the flood be great, the ebbe as low doth runne
When euery man hath playd his part our pagent wylbe donne.
Who truſtes this wretched world, I, hold him worſe then madde
Here is not one that feareth God, the beſt is all to badde.
For thoſe that ſeme as ſaintes, are diuels in their dedes
Though that the earth bringes furth ſome flowers it beareth many
I ſee no preſent helpe from miſchiefe to preuaile, (wedes,
But flee the ſeas of worldly care or beare a quiet ſaile,
For who that medleth leaſt, ſhal ſaue him ſelfe from ſmart
Who ſtirres an oare in euery boate ſhal play a fooliſh part

The diſpairing louer lamenteth.

Walking the path of penſiue thought,
I aſkt my hart how came this wo:
Thine eye (quod he) this care me brought,
Thy minde, thy witte, thy wil alſo
Enforceth me to loue her euer
This is the cauſe ioy ſhal I neuer
And as I walke as one diſmaide,
Thinking that wrong this wo me lent:
Right, ſent me worde by wrath, which ſayd
This iuſt iudgement to thee is ſent:

Neuer to dye, but dieng euer,
Till breath the faile, ioy ſhalt thou neuer
With right doth iudge this wo tendure
Of health of welth of remedy.
As I haue done ſo be ſhe ſure,
Of faith and truth vntil I dye.
And as this paine cloke ſhal I euer
So inwardly ioy ſhal I neuer,
Griping of gripes greue not ſo ſore
Nor ſerpentes ſtyng cauſeth ſuch ſmart
Nothing on earth may paine me more,
Then ſight that perſt my woful hart
Drowned with cares ſtil to perſeuer
Come death betimes ioy ſhal I neuer,
O libertie why doſt thou ſwarue:
And ſteale away thus all at ones
And I in priſon like to ſtarue,
For lacke of foode do gnaw on bones
My hope and truſt in thee was euer,
Now thou art gon ioy ſhal I neuer,
But ſtyl as one al deſperate,
To leade my life in miſery:
Sith feare from hope hath locke the gate
Where pitie ſhould graunt remedy,
Diſpaire this lot aſſignes me euer,
To liue in paine, ioy ſhal I neuer,

The louer praieth his ſeruice to be accepted, and his defaultes pardoned.

Procryn that ſomtime ſerued Cephalus
With hart as true as any louer might.
Yet her betide in louing this vnright
That as in hart with loue ſurpriſed thus
She on a day to ſee this Cephalus
Where he was wont to ſhroude him in the ſhade
When of his hunting he an ende had made.
Within yͤ woods with dredful fote forth ſtalketh

So buſily loue in her hed it walketh.
That ſhe to ſene him may her not reſtraine.
This Cephalus that heard one ſhake yͤ leaues
Upriſt all egre thruſting after pray,
With darte in hand him liſt no further daine,
To ſee his loue but ſlew her in the greaues,
That ment to him but perfect loue alway.
  So curious bene alas the rites all,
Of mighty loue that vnnethes may I thinke,
In his high ſeruice how to loke or winke.
Thus I complaine that wretcheſt am of all,
To you my loue, and ſoueraine lady dere,
That may my hart with death or life ſtere
As ye beſt liſt. That ye vouchſafe in all
Mine humble ſeruice. And if me miſfall,
By negligence, or els for lacke of wit.
That of your mercy you do pardon it,
And thinke yͤ loue made Procrin ſhake yͤ leues
When with vnright ſhe ſlain was in yͤ greues.

Deſcripcion and praiſe of his loue.

Lyke the Phenix a birde moſt rare in ſight,
  That nature hath with gold and purple dreſt:
Such ſhe me ſemes in whom I moſt delight,
If I might ſpeake for enuy at the leaſt.
Nature I thinke firſt wrought her in deſpite,
Of roſe and lilly that ſommer bringeth firſt,
In beauty ſure, exceding all the reſt,
Under the bent of her browes iuſtly pight:
As Diamondes, or Saphires at the leaſt:
Her gliſtring lightes the darkneſſe of the night.
Whoſe litle mouth and chinne like all the reſt.
Her ruddy lippes excede the corall quite.
Her yuery teeth where none excedes the reſt.
Fautleſſe ſhe is from foote vnto the waſte:
Her body ſmall and ſtraight as maſt vpright,
Her armes long in iuſt proporcion caſt,
Her handes depaint with veines all blew & white.

What ſhal I ſay for that is not in ſight?
The hidden partes I iudge them by the reſt.
And if I were the forman of the queſt,
To geue a verdite of her beauty bright,
For geue me Phebus, thou ſhouldſt be diſpoſſeſt,
Which doeſt vſurpe my ladies place of right.
Here will I ceaſe leſt enuy cauſe diſpite.
But nature when ſhe wrought ſo faire a wight,
In this her worke ſhe ſurely dyd entende,
To frame a thing that God could not amende.

The louer declareth his paines to excede far the paines of hell.

The ſoules that lacked grace,
Which lye in bitter paine:
Are not in ſuch a place,
As fooliſh folke do faine.
Tormented all with fire,
And boile in leade againe,
With ſerpents full of ire,
Stong oft with deadly paine.
Then caſt in froſen pittes:
To freze there certaine howers:
And for their painfull fittes,
Apointed tormentours.
No no it is not ſo,
Their ſorow is not ſuch:
And yet they haue of wo,
I dare ſay twiſe as much.
Which comes becauſe they lack
The ſight of the godhed,
And be from that kept back
Where with are aungels fed
This thing know I by loue
Through abſence crueltie,
Which makes me for to proue
Hell pain before I dye.

There is no tong can tell
My thouſand part of care
Ther may no fire in hell,
With my deſire compare.
No boyling leade can pas
My ſcalding ſighes in hete:
Nor ſnake that euer was,
With ſtinging can ſo frete
A true and tender hert,
As my thoughtes dayly doe,
So that I know but ſmart,
And that which longes therto.
O Cupid Venus ſon,
As thou haſt ſhowed thy might,
And haſt this conqueſt woon,
Now end the ſame aright.
And as I am thy ſlaue,
Contented with all this:
So helpe me ſoone to haue
My parfect earthly bliſſe.

Of the death of ſir Thomas wiate the elder.

LO dead he liues, that whilome liued here,
Among the dead that quick go on the ground.
Though he be dead, yet doth he quick apere,
By liuely name that death cannot confound
His life for ay of fame the trump ſhall ſound.
Though he be dead, yet liues he here aliue.
Thus can no death from Wiate, life depriue.

That length of time conſumeth all thinges.

WHat harder is then ſtone, what more then water ſoft?
Yet with ſoft water drops, hard ſtones be perſed ſofte.
What geues ſo ſtrong impulſe,
That ſtone ne may withſtand:
What geues more weake repulſe,
Then water preſt with hand:

Yet weke though water be,
It holow with hardeſt flint:
By proofe wherof we ſee,
Time geues the greateſt dint.

The beginning of the epiſtle of Penelope to Vliſſes, made into verſe.

O Lingring make Vliſſes dere, thy wife lo ſendes to thee,
Her drery plaint write not againe, but come thy ſelfe to me.
Our hatefull ſcourge that womans foe proud Troy now is fordon
We bye it derer, though Priam ſlaine, and all his kingdome won.
O that the raging ſurges great that lechers bane had wrought,
When firſt with ſhip he forowed ſeas, and Lacedemon ſought,
In deſert bed my ſhiuering coarſe then ſhold not haue ſought reſt,
Nor take in griefe the cherefull ſunne ſo ſlowly fall to weſt.
And whiles I caſt long rũning nightes, how beſt I might begile,
No diſtaff ſhould my widowiſh hand haue weary made the while.
When dread I not more daungers great then are befall in dede:
Loue is a carefull thing God wot, and paſſing full of drede.

The louer aſketh pardon of his paſſed follie in loue.

YOu that in play peruſe my plaint, and reade in rime the ſmart,
Which in my youth with ſighes full cold I harbourd in my hart
Know ye that loue in that fraile age draue me to that diſtreſſe,
When I was halfe an other man, then I am now to geſſe.
Then for this worke of wauering words where I now rage now
Toſt in the toyes of troublous loue, as care or cõfort grew. (rew
I truſt with you that loues affaires by proofe haue put in vre:
Not onely pardon in my plaint, but pitie to procure.
For now I wot that in the world a wonder haue I be,
And where to lõg loue made me blinde, to late ſhame makes me ſe.
Thus of my fault ſhame is the fruite, and for my youth thus paſt,
Repentance is my recompence, and this I learne at laſt.
Looke what the world hath moſt in price, as ſure it is to kepe,
As is the dreame which fanſie driues, while ſence and reaſon ſlepe.

The louer ſheweth that he was ſtriken by loue on good friday.

IT was the day on which the ſunne depriued of his light,
To rew Chriſts death amid his courſe gaue place vnto ẏ night
When I amid mine caſe did fall to ſuch diſtemperate fits,
That for the face that hath my hart I was bereft my wits.
I had the bayte, the hooke and all, and wiſt not loues pretence,
But farde as one that fearde none yll, nor forſt for no defence.
Thus dwelling in moſt quiet ſtate, I fell into this plight,
And that day gan my ſecret ſighes, when all folke wept in ſight.
For loue that vexed me voide of care, approcht to take his pray,
And ſtept by ſtelth from eye to hart, ſo open lay the way.
And ſtraight at eyes brake out in teares, ſo ſalt that did declare,
By token of their bitter taſte that they were forgde of care.
Now vaunt thee loue which fleeſt a maid defenſt & vertues rare,
And wounded haſt a wight vnwiſe, vnweaponed and vnware.

The louer deſcribeth his whole ſtate vnto his loue, and promiſing her his faithfull good will: aſſureth himſelf of hers again.

THe Sunne when he hath ſpred his raies,
And ſhewde his face ten thouſand waies.
Ten thouſand thinges do then begin,
To ſhew the life that they are in.
The heauen ſhewes liuely art and hue,
Of ſundry ſhapes and colours new,
And laughes vpon the earth anone.
The earth as cold as any ſtone,
Wet in the teares of her own kinde:
Gins then to take a ioyfull minde.
For well ſhe feeles that out and out,
The ſunne doth warme her round about.
And dries her children tenderly,
And ſhewes them forth full orderly.
The mountaines hye and how they ſtand,
The valies and the great maine land.
The trees, the herbes, the towers ſtrong,
The caſtels and the riuers long.

And euen for ioy thus of this heate,
She ſheweth furth her pleaſures great.
And ſleepes no more but ſendeth forth
Her ciergions her own dere worth.
To mount and flye vp to the ayre.
Where then they ſing in order fayre.
And tell in ſong full merely,
How they haue ſlept full quietly,
That night about their mothers ſides.
And when they haue ſong more beſides,
Then fall they to their mothers breaſtes,
Where els they fede or take their reſtes.
The hunter then ſoundes out his horne,
And rangeth ſtraite through wood and corne.
On hilles then ſhew the Ewe and Lambe,
And euery yong one with his dambe.
Then louers walke and tell their tale,
Both of their bliſſe and of their bale.
And how they ſerue, and how they do,
And how their lady loues them to.
Then tune the birdes their armonie:
Then flocke the foule in companie.
Then euery thing doth pleaſure finde,
In that that comfortes all their kinde.
No dreames do drench them of the night,
Of foes that would them ſlea or bite.
As Houndes to hunt them at the taile,
Or men force them through hill and dale.
The ſhepe then dreames not of the Woulf,
The ſhipman forces not the goulf.
The Lambe thinkes not the butchers knife.
Should then bereue him of his life.
For when the Sunne doth once run in,
Then all their gladnes doth begin.
And then their ſkips, and then their play
So falles their ſadnes then away.
And thus all thinges haue comforting,
In that that doth them comfort bring.
Saue I alas, whom neither ſunne,
Nor ought that God hath wrought and don,
May comfort ought, as though I were
A thing not made for comfort here.

For beyng abſent from your ſighte,
Which are my ioy and whole delight
My comfort and my pleaſure to,
How can I ioy how ſhould I do?
May ſick men laugh that rore for paine?
Ioy they in ſong that do complaine?
Are martirs in their tormentes glad?
Do pleaſures pleaſe them that are mad?
Then how may I in comfort be,
That lacke the thing ſhould comfort me.
The blind man oft that lackes his light,
Complaines not moſt the lacke of light.
But thoſe that knewe their perfectnes,
And then do miſſe ther bliſfulnes.
In martirs tunes they ſyng and waile,
The want of that which doth them faile.
And hereof comes that in my braines,
So many fanſies worke my paines
For when I wayghe your worthynes,
Your wiſdome and your gentilnes,
Your vertues and your ſundry grace,
And minde the countenaunce of your face,
And how that you are ſhe alone,
To whom I muſt both plaine and mone.
Whom I do loue and muſt do ſtill,
Whom I embrace and ay ſo wil,
To ſerue and pleaſe you as I can,
As may a woſull faithful man.
And finde my ſelfe ſo far you fro.
God knowes what torment, and what wo,
My rufull hart doth then imbrace.
The blood then chaungeth in my face.
My ſynnewes dull, in ſounes I ſtand.
No life I fele in fote nor hand,
As pale as any clout and ded,
Lo ſodenly the blood oreſpred,
And gon againe it nill ſo bide.
And thus from life to death I ſlide
As colde ſometymes as any ſtone,
And then againe as hote anone.
Thus comes and goes my ſundry fits,
To geue me ſundri ſortes of wits.

Till that a ſigh becomes my frende,
And then to all this wo doth ende.
And ſure I thinke that ſigh doth roon,
From me to you where ay you woon.
For well I finde it eaſeth me,
And certes much it pleaſeth me,
To think that it doth come to you,
As would to God it could ſo do.
For then I know you would ſoone finde,
By ſent and ſauour of the winde.
That euen a martirs ſigh it is,
Whoſe ioy you are and all his blis.
His comfort and his pleaſure eke,
And euen the ſame that he doth ſeke.
The ſame that he doth wiſhe and craue,
The ſame that he doth truſt to haue.
To tender you in all he may,
And all your likinges to obey,
As farre as in his powre ſhall lye:
Till death ſhall darte him for to dye.
But wealeaway mine owne moſt beſt,
My ioy, my comfort, and my reſt.
The cauſer of my wo and ſmart,
And yet the pleaſer of my hart.
And ſhe that on the earth aboue:
Is euen the worthieſt for to loue.
Heare now my plaint, heare now my wo.
Heare now his paine that loues you ſo.
And if your hart do pitie beare,
Pitie the cauſe that you ſhall heare.
A dolefull foe in all this doubt,
Who leaues me not but ſekes me out,
Of wretched forme and lothſome face,
While I ſtand in this wofull caſe:
Comes forth and takes me by the hand,
And ſaies frende harke and underſtand.
I ſee well by thy port and chere,
And by thy lokes and thy manere,
And by thy ſadnes as thou goeſt,
And by the ſighes that thou outthroweſt:
That thou art ſtuffed full of wo,
The cauſe I thinke I do well know.

Alas

A fantaſer thou art of ſome,
By whom thy wits are ouercome.
But haſt thou red old pamphlets ought?
Or haſt thou known how bokes haue taught
That loue doth vſe to ſuch as thow,
When they do thinke them ſafe enow.
And certain of their ladies grace:
Haſt thou not ſene oft times the caſe,
That ſodenly there hap hath turnde,
As thinges in flame conſumde and burnde?
Some by diſceite forſaken right.
Some likwiſe changed of fanſy light.
And ſome by abſence ſone forgot.
The lottes in loue, why knoweſt thou not?
And tho that ſhe be now thine own:
And knowes the well as may be knowne.
And thinkes the to be ſuch a one,
As ſhe likes beſt to be her own.
Thinkes thou that others haue not grace,
To ſhew and plain their woful caſe.
And choſe her for their lady now,
And ſwere her trouth as well as thow.
And what if ſhe do alter minde?
Where is the loue that thou wouldeſt finde?
Abſence my frende workes wonders oft.
Now bringes full low that lay full loft.
Now turnes the minde now to and fro,
And where art thou if it were ſo?
If baſence (quod I) be marueilous,
I finde her not ſo dangerous.
For ſhe may not remoue me fro,
The ſtore good will that I do owe
To her, whom vnneth I loue and ſhall.
And choſen haue aboue them all,
To ſerue and be her own as far,
As any man may offer her.
And will her ſerue, and will her loue,
As lowly as it ſhall behoue.
And dye her own if fate be ſo.
Thus ſhall my hart nay part her fro.
And witnes ſhall my good will be,
That abſence takes her not from me.

But that my loue doth ſtill encreaſe,
To minde her ſtill and neuer ceaſe.
And what I feele to be in me,
The ſame good will I think hath ſhe.
As firme and faſt to biden ay,
Till death depart vs both away.
And as I haue my tale thus told,
Steps vnto me with countenance bold:
A ſtedfaſt frende a counſellour,
And namde is Hope my comfortour.
And ſtoutly then he ſpeakes and ſaies:
Thou haſt ſayde trouth withouten nayes.
For I aſſure thee euen by othe,
And theron take my hand and trothe.
That ſhe is one the worthieſt,
The trueſt and the faithfulleſt.
The gentleſt and the meekeſt of minde:
That here on earth a man may finde,
And if that loue and trouth were gone,
In her it might be found alone.
For in her minde no thought there is,
But how ſhe may be true iwis.
And tenders thee and all thy heale,
And wiſheth both thy health and weale.
And loues thee euen as farforth than,
As any woman may a man,
And is thine own and ſo ſhe ſaies,
And cares for thee ten thouſand waies.
On thee ſhe ſpeakes, on thee ſhe thinkes,
With thee ſhe eates, with thee ſhe drinkes.
With thee ſhe talkes, with thee ſhe mones,
With thee ſhe ſighes, with thee ſhe grones.
With thee ſhe ſaies farewell mine own.
When thou God knowes full farre art gon.
And euen to tell thee all aright,
To thee ſhe ſaies full oft good night.
And names thee oft, her owne moſt dere,
Her comfort weale and al her chere.
And telles her pelow al the tale,
How thou haſt doon her wo and bale,
And how ſhe longes and plaines for the,
And ſaies why art thou ſo from me?

Am I not ſhe that loues the beſt?
Do I not wiſh thine eaſe and reſt?
Seke I not how I may the pleaſe?
Why art thou then ſo from thine eaſe?
If I be ſhe for whom thou careſt,
For whom in tormentes ſo thou fareſt:
Alas thou knoweſt to finde me here,
Where I remaine thine owne moſt dere,
Thine own moſt true thine owne moſt iuſt,
Thine own that loues the ſtyl and muſt.
Thine own that cares alone for the,
As thou I thinke doſt care for me.
And euen the woman ſhe alone,
That is full bent to be thine owne.
What wilt thou more? what cāſt thou craue?
Since ſhe is as thou wouldeſt her haue.
Then ſet this driuell out of dore,
That in thy braines ſuch tales doth poore.
Of abſence and of chaunges ſtraunge,
Send him to thoſe that vſe to chaunge.
For ſhe is none I the auowe,
And well thou maieſt beleue me now.
When hope hath thus his reaſon ſaid,
Lord how I fele me well apaide.
A new blood then oreſpredes my bones,
That al in ioy I ſtand at ones.
My handes I throw to heuen aboue,
And humbly thank the god of loue.
That of his grace I ſhould beſtow,
My loue ſo well as I it owe.
And al the planets as they ſtand,
I thanke them to with hart and hand.
That their aſpectes ſo frendly were,
That I ſhould ſo my good will bere.
To you that are the worthieſt,
The faireſt and the gentilleſt.
And beſt can ſay, and beſt can do,
That longes me thinkes a woman to.
And therfore are moſt worthy far,
To be beloued as you ar.
And ſo ſaies hope in all his tale,
Wherby he eaſeth all my bale.

For I beleue and thinke it true,
That he doth ſpeake or ſay of you.
And thus contented lo I ſtand,
With that that hope beares me in hand:
That I am yours and ſhall ſo be,
Which hope I kepe full ſure in me.
As he that all my comfort is,
On you alone which are my blis.
My pleaſure chief which moſt I finde,
And euen the whole ioy of my minde.
And ſhall ſo be vntill the death,
Shall make me yeld vp life and breath.
Thus good mine own, lo here my truſt.
Lo here my truth and ſeruice iuſt.
Lo in what caſe for you I ſtand.
Lo how you haue me in your hand.
And if you can requite a man,
Requite me as you finde me than.

Of the troubled comon welth reſtored to quiet by the mighty power of god.

The ſecret flame that made all Troy ſo hot,
Long did it lurke within the wooden horſe.
The machine huge Troyans ſuſpected not,
The guiles of Grekes, nor of their hidden force:
Till in their beds their armed foes them met,
And ſlew them there, and Troy on fire ſet.
Then roſe the rore of treaſon round about,
And children could of treaſon call and cry.
Wiues wroũg their hands, yͤ hole fired town through
When yͭ they ſaw their husbands ſlain them by. (out,
And to the Gods and to the ſkies they ſhright,
Vengeance to take for treaſon of that night.
Then was the name of Sinon ſpred and blowne,
And whereunto his filed tale did tend.
The ſecret ſtartes and metinges then were knowne,
Of Troyan traitours tending to this end.
And euery man could ſay as in that caſe:
Treaſon in Anthenor and Eneas.

But all to long ſuch wiſdome was in ſtore,
To late came out the name of traytour than,
When that their king the aultar lay before
Slain there alas, that worthy noble man.
Ilium on flame, the matrons crying out,
And all the ſtretes in ſtreames of blood about.
But ſuch was fate, or ſuch was ſimple truſt,
That king and all ſhould thus to ruine roon,
For if our ſtories certein be and iuſt:
There were that ſaw ſuch miſchief ſhould be doon
And warning gaue which compted were in ſort,
As ſad deuines in matter but of ſport.
Such was the time and ſo in ſtate it ſtoode,
Troy trembled not ſo careles were the men.
They brake ẏ wals, they toke this hors for good,
They demed Grekes gone, they thought al ſurety (then.
Whē treaſon ſtart & ſet the town on fire,
And ſtroied Troians & gaue Grekes their deſire.
Like to our time, wherin hath broken out,
The hidden harme that we ſuſpected leaſt.
Wombed within our walles and realme about,
As Grekes in Troy were in the Grekiſh beaſt.
Whoſe tempeſt great of harmes and of armes,
We thought not on, till it did noyſe our harmes.
Then felt we well the piller of our welth,
How ſore it ſhoke, then ſaw we euen at hand,
Ruin how ſhe ruſht to confound our helth,
Our realme and vs with force of mighty band.
And then we heard how treaſon loud did rore:
Mine is the rule, and raigne I will therefore.
Of treaſon marke the nature and the kinde,
A face it beares of all humilitie.
Truth is the cloke and frendſhip of the minde,
And depe it goes, and worketh ſecretly,
Like to a mine that creepes ſo nye the wall,
Till out breakes ſulphure, and oreturneth all.
But he on hye that ſecretly beholdes
The ſtate of thinges: and times hath in his hand,
And pluckes in plages, and them againe vnfoldes,
And hath apointed realmes to fall and ſtand:
He in the moſt of all this ſturre and rout,
Gan bend his browes, and moue him ſelf about.

As who ſhould ſay, and are ye minded ſo?
And thus to thoſe, and whom you know I loue.
Am I ſuch one as none of you do know?
Or know ye not that I ſit here aboue,
And in my handes do hold your welth and wo,
To raiſe you now, and now to ouerthrow?
Then thinke that I, as I haue ſet you all,
In places where your honours lay and fame:
So now my ſelfe ſhall giue you eche your fall,
Where eche of you ſhall haue your worthy ſhame.
And in their handes I will your fall ſhalbe,
Whoſe fall in yours you ſought ſo ſore to ſee.
Whoſe wiſdome hye as he the ſame foreſaw,
So is it wrought, ſuch lo his iuſtice is.
He is the Lord of man and of his law,
Praiſe therfore now his mighty name in this,
And make accompt that this our caſe doth ſtand:
As Iſraell free, from wicked Pharaos hand.

The louer to his loue: hauing forſaken him, and betaken her ſelf to an other.

The bird that ſomtime built within my breſt,
And there as then chief ſuccour did receiue:
Hath now els where built her another neſt,
And of the old hath taken quite her leaue.
To you mine oſte that harbour mine old gueſt,
Of ſuch a one, as I can now conceiue,
Sith that in change her choiſe doth chiefe conſiſt,
The hauke may check, that now comes fair to fiſt.

The louer ſheweth that in diſſembling his loue openly he kepeth ſecret his ſecret good will.

Not like a God came Iupiter to woo,
When he the faire Europa ſought vnto.

In other forme his godly wiſdome toke,
Such in effect as writeth Ouides boke.
As on the earth no liuing wight can tell.
That mighty Ioue did leue the quene ſo well.
For had he come in golden garmentes bright,
Or ſo as men mought haue ſtarde on the light:
Spred had it bene both through earth and ayre,
That Ioue had loued the lady Europa fayre.
And then had ſome bene angry at the hart,
And ſome againe as ielous for their part.
Both which to ſtop, this gentle god toke minde,
To ſhape him ſelfe into a brutiſh kinde.
To ſuch a kinde as hid what ſtate he was,
And yet did bring him what he ſought to paſſe.
To both their ioyes, to both their comfort ſoon,
Though knowen to none, til al the thing was don
In which attempt if I the like aſſay,
To you to whom I do my ſelfe bewray:
Let it ſuffice that I do ſeke to be,
Not counted yours, and yet for to be he.

The louer diſceiued by his loue repenteth him of the true loue he bare her.

I That Vlyſſes yeres haue ſpent,
To finde Penelope:
Finde well that folly I haue ment,
To ſeke that was not ſo.
Since Troylous caſe hath cauſed me,
From Creſſed for to go.
And to bewaile Vlyſſes truth,
In ſeas and ſtormy ſkies,
Of wanton will and raging youth,
Which me haue toſſed ſore:
From Scilla to Caribdis cliues,
Vpon the drowning ſhore.
Where I ſought hauen, there found I hap,
From daunger vnto death:
Much like the Mouſe that treades the trap,
In hope to finde her foode,

And bites the bread that ſtops her breath,
So in like caſe I ſtoode.
Till now repentance haſteth him
To further me ſo faſt:
That where I ſanke, there now I ſwim,
And haue both ſtreame and winde:
And lucke as good if it may laſt,
As any man may finde.
That where I periſhed, ſafe I paſſe,
And finde no peril there:
But ſtedy ſtone, no ground of glaſſe,
Now am I ſure to ſaue,
And not to flete from feare to feare,
Such anker hold I haue.

The louer hauing enioyed his loue, humbly thanketh the god of loue: and auowing his hart onely to her faithfully promiſeth, vtterly to forſake all other.

Thou Cupide God of loue, whom Venus thralles do ſerue,
I yeld thee thankes vpon my knees, as thou doſt well deſerue.
By thee my wiſhed ioyes haue ſhaken of deſpaire,
And all my ſtorming dayes be paſt, and weather wareth faire.
By thee I haue receiued a thouſand times more ioy,
Then euer Paris did poſſeſſe, when Helen was in Troy.
By thee haue I that hope, for which I longde ſo ſore,
And when I thinke vpon the ſame, my hart doth leap therefore.
By thee my heauy doubtes and trembling feares are fled,
And now my wits yͤ troubled wer, with pleſant thoughts are fed.
For dread is baniſht cleane, wherein I ſtoode full oft,
And doubt to ſpeake that lay full low, is lifted now aloft.
With armes beſpred abrode, with opende handes and hart,
I haue enioyed the fruite of hope, reward for all my ſmart.
The ſeale and ſigne of loue, the key of trouth and truſt,
The pledge of pure good will haue I, which makes the louers iuſt
Such grace ſins I haue found, to one I me betake,
The reſt of Venus derlinges all, I vtterly forſake.

And to performe this vow, I bid mine eyes beware,
That they no ſtraungers do ſalute, nor on their beauties ſtare.
My wits I warn ye all from this time forth take hede,
That ye no wanton toyes deuiſe my fanſies new to fede.
Mine eares be ye ſhit vp, and heare no womans voyce,
That may procure me once to ſmile, or make my hart reioyce.
My fete full ſlow be ye and lame when ye ſhould moue,
To bring my body any where to ſeke an other loue,
Let all the Gods aboue, and wicked ſprites below,
And euery wight in earth acuſe and curſe me where I go:
If I do falſe my faith in any point or caſe,
A ſodein vengeance fall on me, I aſke no better grace.
Away then ſily rime, preſent mine earneſt faith,
Unto my lady where ſhe is, and marke thou what ſhe ſaith.
And if ſhe welcome thee, and lay thee in her lap,
Spring thou for ioy, thy maſter hath his moſt deſired hap.

Totus mundus in maligno poſitus.

Complaine we may: much is amiſſe:
Hope is nye gone to haue redreſſe:
Theſe daies ben ill, nothing ſure is:
Kinde hart is wrapt in heauineſſe.
The ſterne is broke. the ſaile is rent:
The ſhip is geuen to winde and waue:
All helpe is gone: the rocke preſent.
That will be loſt, what man can ſaue?
Thinges hard, therfore are now refuſed.
Labour in youth is thought but vaine:
Duty by (will not) is excuſed.
Remoue the ſtop the way is plaine.
Learning is lewd, and held a foole:
Wiſdome is ſhent, counted to raile:
Reaſon is baniſht out of ſchoole:
The blinde is bold, and wordes preuaile.
Power, without care, ſlepeth at eaſe:
Will, without law, runth where he liſt:
Might without mercy can not pleaſe.
A wiſe man ſaith not, had I wiſt.

When power lackes care and forceth not:
When care is feable and may not:
When might is ſlouthfull and will not:
Wedes may grow where good herbes cannot.
Take wrong away, law nedeth not:
For law to wrong is bridle and paine.
Take feare away, law booteth not.
To ſtriue gainſt ſtreame, it is but vaine.
Wyly is witty: brainſicke is wiſe:
Trouth is folly: and might is right:
Wordes are reaſon: and reaſon is lies:
The bad is good: darkneſſe is light.
Wrong to redreſſe, wiſdome dare not.
Hardy is happy, and ruleth moſt.
Wilfull is witleſſe, and careth not,
Which end go firſt, till all be loſt.
Few right do loue, and wrong refuſe.
Pleaſure is ſought in euery ſtate.
Liking is luſt: there is no chuſe.
The low geue to the hye checke mate.
Order is broke in thinges of weight.
Meaſure and meane who doth not flee?
Two thinges preuaile: money, and ſleight.
To ſeme is better then to be.
The bowle is round, and doth downe ſlide,
Eche one thruſteth: none doth vphold.
A fall failes not, where blinde is guide.
The ſtay is gone: who can him hold?
Folly and falſhed prayeth apace.
Trouth vnder buſhell is faine to crepe.
Flattry is treble, pride ſinges the bace.
The meane the beſt part ſcant doth pepe.
This firy plage the world infectes.
To vertue and trouth it geues no reſt:
Mens harts are burnde with ſundry ſectes,
And to eche man his way is beſt.
With floods and ſtormes thus be we toſt,
Awake good Lord, to thee we crye.
Our ſhip is almoſt ſonk and loſt.
Thy mercy help our miſerye.
Mans ſtrength is weake: mans wit is dull:
Mans reaſon is blinde. Theſe thinges tamend,

Thy hand (O Lord) of might is full,
Awake betime, and helpe vs ſend.
In thee we truſt, and in no wight:
Saue vs as chickens vnder the hen.
Our crokedneſſe thou canſt make right,
Glory to thee for aye. Amen.

The wiſe trade of lyfe.

Do all your dedes by good aduiſe,
Caſt in your minde alwaies the end.
Wit bought is of to dere a price.
The tried, truſt, and take as frend,
For frendes I finde there be but two:
Of countenance, and of effect.
Of thone ſort there are inow:
But few ben of the tother ſect.
Beware alſo the venym ſwete
Of crafty wordes and flattery.
For to deceiue they be moſt mete,
That beſt can play hypocriſy.
Let wiſdome rule your dede and thought:
So ſhall your workes be wiſely wrought.

That few wordes ſhew wiſdome, and work much quiet.

Who liſt to lead a quiet life,
Who liſt to rid him ſelf from ſtrife:
Geue eare to me, marke what I ſay,
Remember wel, beare it away.
Holde backe thy tong at meat and meale,
Speake but few wordes, beſtrow them well.
By wordes the wiſe thou ſhalt eſpye,
By wordes a foole ſone ſhalt thou trye.
A wiſe man can his tong make ceaſe,
A foole can neuer holde his peace,
Who loueth reſt of wordes beware.
Who loueth wordes, is ſure of care.

For wordes oft many haue ben ſhent:
For ſilence kept none hath repent.
Two eares, one tong onely thou haſt,
Mo thinges to heare then wordes to waſt.
A foole in no wiſe can forbeare:
He hath two tonges and but one eare.
Be ſure thou kepe a ſtedfaſt braine,
Leſt that thy wordes put thee to paine.
Words wiſely ſet are worth much gold:
The price of raſhneſſe is ſone told.
If time require wordes to be had,
To hold thy peace I count thee mad.
Talke onely of nedefull verities:
Striue not for trifling fantaſies.
With ſoberneſſe the truth boult out,
Affirme nothing wherin is dout.
Who to this lore will take good hede,
And ſpend no mo words then he nede,
Though he be a fole and haue no braine,
Yet ſhall he a name of wiſdome gaine
Speake while time is or hold thee ſtill.
Words out of time do oft things ſpyll.
Say well and do well are thinges twaine,
Twiſe bleſt is he in whom both raigne.

The complaint of a hot woer, delayed with doutfull cold anſwers.

A kinde of coale is as men ſay,
  Which haue aſſaied the ſame:
That in the fire will waſt away,
  And outward caſt no flame.
Unto my ſelf may I compare,
  Theſe coales that ſo conſume:
Where nought is ſene though men do ſtare,
  In ſtede of flame but fume.
They ſay alſo to make them burne,
  Cold water muſt be caſt:
Or els to aſhes will they turne,

And half to ſinder, waſt.
As this is wonder for to ſe,
  Cold water warme the fire,
So hath your coldneſſe cauſed me,
  To burne in my deſire.
And as this water cold of kinde,
  Can cauſe both heat and cold,
And can theſe coales both breake and binde,
  To burne as I haue told.
So can your tong of froſen yſe,
  From whence cold anſwers come:
Both coole the fire and fire entice,
  To burne me all and ſome.
Like to the corne that ſtandes on ſtake,
  Which mowen in winter ſunne:
Full faire without, within is black:
  Such heat therin doth runne.
By force of fire this water cold,
  Hath bred to burne within,
Euen ſo am I, that heat doth hold,
  which cold did firſt begyn.
which heat is ſtint when I do ſtriue,
  To haue ſome eaſe ſometime:
But flame a freſh I do reuiue,
  Wherby I cauſe to clime.
In ſtede of ſmoke a ſighing breath:
  with ſparkes of ſprinkled teares,
That I ſhould liue this liuyng death,
  Which waſtes and neuer weares.

The anſwer.

YOur borrowd meane to moue your mone, of fume wouten flame
  Being ſet from ſmithy ſmokyng coale: ye ſeme ſo by the ſame.
To ſhew, what ſuch coales vſe is taught by ſuch as haue aſſayd,
As I, that moſt do wiſh you well, am ſo right well apayd.
That you haue ſuch a leſſon learnd, how either to maintaine,
Your fredome of vnkindled coale, vpheaped all in vaine:
Or how moſt frutefully to frame, with worthy workmans art,
That cunnyng pece may paſſe there fro, by help of heated hart.
Out of the forge wherin the fume of ſighes doth mount aloft,

That argues preſent force of fire to make the metall ſoft,
To yelde vnto the hammer hed, as beſt the workman likes.
That thiron glowyng after blaſt in time and temper ſtrikes.
Wherin the vſe of water is, as you do ſeme to ſay,
To quenche no flame, ne hinder heat, ne yet to waſt away:
But, that which better is for you, and more deliteth me,
To ſaue you from the ſodain waſte, vaine cinderlike to be.
Which laſtyng better likes in loue, as you your ſemble ply.
Then doth the bauen blaſe, that flames and fleteth vp and by.
Sith then you know eche vſe, wherin your coale may be applide:
Either to lie and laſt on hoord, in open ayre to bide,
Withouten vſe to gather fat by fallyng of the raines,
That makes the pitchy iuyce to grow, by ſokyng in his veines,
Or lye on fornace in the forge, as is his vſe of right,
Wherin the water trough may ſerue, and enteryeld her might
By worke of ſmithes both hand and hed a cũnyng key to make,
Or other pece as cauſe ſhall craue and bid him vndertake:
Do as you deme moſt fit to do, and wherupon may grow,
Such ioy to you, as I may ioy your ioyfull caſe to know.

An epitaph made by. w. G. lying on his death bed, to be ſet vpon his owne tombe.

Lo here lieth G. vnder the ground
  Among the gredy wormes,
Which in his life time neuer found
  But ſtrife and ſturdy ſtormes.
And namely through a wicked wife,
  As to the world apperes:
She was the ſhortnyng of his life
  By many dayes and yeres.
He might haue liued long, god wot:
  His yeres, they were but yong:
Of wicked wiues this is the lot,
  To kill with ſpitefull tong.
Whoſe memory ſhall ſtill remayne
  In writing here with me,
That men may know whom ſhe hath ſlayne,
  And ſay this ſame is ſhe.

An anſwer.

If that thy wicked wife had ſpon the thread,
And were the weauer of thy wo:
Then art thou double happy to be dead,
As happely diſpatched ſo.
If rage did cauſeleſſe cauſe thee to complayne,
And mad moode mouer of thy mone:
If frenſy forced on thy teſty braine:
Then bliſt is ſhe to liue alone.
So, whether were the ground of others grefe,
Becauſe ſo doutfull was the dome:
Now death hath brought your payne a right relefe,
And bleſſed be ye both become:
She, that ſhe liues no longer bound to beare
The rule of ſuch a froward hed:
Thou, that thou liueſt no lenger faine to feare
The reſtleſſe ramp that thou hadſt wed,
Be thou as glad therfore that thou art gone,
As ſhe is glad ſhe doth abide:
For ſo ye be a ſonder, all is one:
A badder match can not betide.

An epitaph of maiſter Henry williams.

From worldly wo the mede of miſbelefe,
From cauſe of care that leadeth to lament,
From vaine delight the ground of greater grefe,
From feare for frendes, from matter to repent,
From painefull pangs laſt ſorowe that is ſent,
From dred of death ſith death doth ſet vs free:
With it the better pleaſed ſhould we be.
This lothſome life where likyng we do finde,
Thencreaſer of our crimes, doth vs bereue
Our bliſſe that alway ought to be in minde.
This wily world whiles here we breath aliue,
And fleſh our fayned fo, do ſtifly ſtriue
To flatter vs aſſuryng here the ioy,
Where we, alas, do finde but great annoy.

Vntclde

Untolde heapes though we haue of worldly wealth,
Though we poſſeſſe the ſea and frutefull ground,
Strength, beauty, knowledge, and vnharmed health,
Though at a wiſh all pleaſure do abound.
It were but vaine, no frendſhip can be found,
When death aſſalteth with his dredfull dart.
No raunſome can ſtay the home haſtyng hart.
And ſith thou cut the liues line in twaine,
Of Henry, ſonne to ſir John Williams knight,
Whoſe manly hart and prowes none could ſtaine.
Whoſe godly life to vertue was our light,
Whoſe worthy fame ſhall floriſh long by right.
Though in this life ſo cruell mighteſt thou be,
His ſpirite in heauen ſhall triumph ouer thee.

Another of the ſame.

Stay gentle frend that paſſeſt by,
And learne the lore that leadeth all:
From whence we come with haſt to hye,
To liue, to dye, and ſtand to fall.
And learne that ſtrength and luſty age,
That wealth and want of worldly wos,
Can not withſtand the mighty rage,
Of death our beſt vnwelcome foe.
For hopefull youth had hight me health,
My luſt to laſt till time to dye,
And fortune found my vertue wealth:
But yet for all that here I lye.
Learne alſo this, to eaſe thy minde:
When death on corps hath wrought his ſpite,
A time of triumph ſhalt thou finde,
With me to ſcorne him in delight.
For one day ſhall we mete againe,
Maugre deathes dart in life to dwell.
Then will I thanke thee for thy paine,
Now marke my wordes and fare thou well.

Againſt women, either good or bad.

A Man may liue thriſe Neſtors life,
Thriſe wander out Uliſſes race:
yet neuer finde Uliſſes wife.
Such change hath chanced in this caſe.
Leſſe age will ſerue than Paris had,
Small pein (if none be ſmall inough)
To finde good ſtore of Helenes trade.
Such ſap the rote doth yelde the bough.
For one good wife Uliſſes ſlew
A worthy knot of gentle blood:
For one yll wife Grece ouerthrew
The towne of Troy: Sith bad and good
Bring miſchief: Lord let be thy will,
To kepe me free from either yll.

An anſwer.

The vertue of Uliſſes wife
Doth liue, though ſhe hath ceaſt her race,
And farre ſurmountes old Neſtors life:
But now in moe than then it was.
Such change is chanced in this caſe.
Ladies now liue in other trade:
Farre other Helenes now we ſee,
Than ſhe whom Troyan Paris had.
As vertue fedes the roote, ſo be
The ſap and rote of bough and tre.
Uliſſes rage, not his good wife,
Spilt gentle blood. Not Helenes face,
But Paris eye did raiſe the ſtrife,
That did the Troyan buildyng race.
Thus ſith ne good, ne bad do yll:
Them all, O Lord maintain my wyll,
To ſerue with all my force and ſkill.

Againſt a gentilwoman by whom he was refuſed.

To falſe report and flying fame,
Whilſt my minde gaue credit light,

Beleuyng that her bolſtred name
Had ſtuffe to ſhew that praiſe did hight.
I finde well now I did miſtake,
Vpon report my ground to make.
  I heard it ſaid ſuch one was ſhe,
As rare to finde as parragon,
Of lowly chere, of hart ſo free,
As her for bounty could paſſe none.
Such one were fair though forme and face,
Were meane to paſſe in ſecond place,
  I ſought it neare, and thinkyng to finde
Report and dede both to agree:
But chaunge had tried her ſuttle minde:
Of force I was enforced to ſee,
That ſhe in dede was nothing ſo:
Which made my will my hart forgo.
  For ſhe is ſuch, as geaſon none.
And what ſhe moſt may boaſt to be:
I finde her matches mo then one,
What nede ſhe ſo to deale with me?
Ha ſleryng face, with ſcornefull hart,
So yll reward for good deſert;
  I will repent that I haue done,
To ende ſo well the loſſe is ſmall:
I loſt her loue, that leſſe hath won,
To vaunt ſhe had me as her thrall.
What though a gillot ſent that note,
By cocke and pye I meant it not.

The anſwere.

Whom fanſy forced firſt to loue,
  Now frenſy forceth for to hate:
whoſe minde erſt madneſſe gan to moue,
Inconſtaince cauſeth to abate.
No minde of meane, dut heat of braine
Bred light loue: like heate, hate againe
  What hurld your hart in ſo great heate
Fanſy forced by fayned fame.
Belike that ſhe was light to get.
For if that vertue and good name

Moued your minde, why changed your will,
Sithe vertue the cauſe abideth ſtill.
  Such, Fame reported her to be
As rare it were to finde her peere,
For vertue and for honeſtie,
For her free hart and lowly cheere.
This laud had lied if you had ſped,
And fame bene falſe that hath ben ſpred.
  Sith ſhe hath ſo kept her good name.
Such praiſe of life and giftes of grace,
As brute ſelf bluſheth for to blame,
Such fame as fame feares to deface:
you ſclaunder not but make it plaine,
That you blame brute of britiſh traine.
  If you haue found it looking neere,
Not as you toke the brute to be.
Bylike you ment by lowly cheere,
Bountie and hart that you call free,
But lewd lightneſſe eaſy to frame,
To winne your will againſt her name.
  Nay ſhe may deme your deming ſo,
A marke of madneſſe in his kinde,
Such cauſeth not good name to go:
As your fond folly ſought to finde.
For brute of kinde bent ill to blaſe,
Alway ſayth ill, but forced by cauſe.
  The mo there be, ſuch as is ſhe,
More ſhould be gods thank for his grace.
The more is her ioy it to ſee.
Good ſhould by geaſon, earne no place,
Nor nomber make nought, that is good.
your ſtrange luſting hed wants a hoode.
  Her dealing greueth you (ſay ye)
Byſide your labour loſt in vaine.
Her dealing was not as we ſee,
Sclaunder the end of your great paine,
Ha lewd lieng lips, and hatefull hart,
What canſt thou deſire in ſuch deſart.
  Ye will repent, and right for done.
Ye haue a dede deſeruing ſhame.
From reaſons race farre haue ye ronne.
Hold your rayling, kepe your tong tame.

Her loue, ye lye, ye loſt it not.
Ye neuer loſt that ye neuer got.
She reft ye not your libertie,
She vaunteth not ſhe had your thrall.
If ought haue done it, let it lye,
On rage that reft you wit and all.
What though a varlets tale you tell:
By cock and pye you do it well.

The louer dredding to moue his ſute for dout of deniall, accuſeth all women of diſdaine and fickleneſſe.

To walke on doutfull ground, where daunger is vnſene,
Doth double men that careleſſe be in depe diſpaire I wene.
For as the blinde doth feare, what footing he ſhall finde:
So doth the wiſe before he ſpeake, miſtruſt the ſtraungers minde.
For he that blontly runnes, may light among the breers,
And ſo be put vnto his plunge where danger leaſt apperes:
The bird that ſelly foole, doth warne vs to beware,
Who lighteth not on euery buſh, he dreadeth ſo the ſnare.
The Mouſe that ſhons the trap, doth ſhew what harme doth lye:
Within the ſwete betraying bait, that oft diſceiues the eye.
The fiſh auoydes the hooke, though hunger bids him bite,
And houereth ſtill about the worme, whereon is his delite.
If birdes and beaſtes can ſee, where their vndoing lies:
How ſhould a miſchief ſcape our heades, yͭ haue both wit ⁊ eyes:
What madneſſe may be more, then plow the barreyn fielde:
Or any frutefull wordes to ſow, to eares that are vnwild.
They heare and than miſlike, they like and then they lothe,
They hate, thei loue, thei ſcorn, thei praiſe, yea ſure thei cā do both
We ſee what falles they haue, that clime on trees vnknowne:
As they that truſt to rotten bowes, muſt nedes be ouerthrowne.
A ſmart in ſilence kept, doth eaſe the hart much more,
Than for to playn where is no ſalue, for to recure the ſore.
Wherfore my grief I hide, within a holow hart:
Untill the ſmoke thereof be ſpred, by flaming of the ſmart.

An anſwere.

TO truſt the fayned face, to rue on forced teares,
To credit finely forged tales, wherin there oft appeares
And breathes as from the breſt a ſmoke of kindled ſmart,
Where onely lurkes a depe deceit within the hollow hert,
Betrayes the ſimple ſoule, whom plaine deceitleſſe minde
Taught not to feare that in it ſelfe, it ſelfe did neuer finde.
Not euery trickling teare doth argue inward paine:
Not euery ſigh doth ſurely ſhew the ſigher not to faine:
Not euery ſmoke doth proue a preſence of the fire:
Not euery gliſtring geues the gold, that gredy folke deſire:
Not euery wayling word is drawen out of the depe:
Not grief for want of graunted grace enforceth all to wepe.
Oft malice makes the minde to ſhed the boyled brine:
And enuies humor oft vnlades by conduites of the eyen.
Oft craft can cauſe the man to make a ſeming ſhow,
Of hart with dolour all diſtreined, where grief did neuer grow.
As curſed Crocodile moſt cruelly can tole,
With truthleſſe teares, vnto his death, the ſilly pitying ſoule.
Blame neuer thoſe therfore, that wiſely can beware
The guilefull man, that ſutly ſayth himſelfe to dread the ſnare.
Blame not the ſtopped eares againſt the Syrenes ſong:
Blame not the minde not moued ẇ mone of falſheds flowing tõg.
If guile do guide your wit by ſilence ſo to ſpeake,
By craft to craue and faine by fraude the cauſe ẏ you wold breake.
Great harme your ſuttle ſoule ſhall ſuffer for the ſame:
And mighty loue will wreke the wrong, ſo cloked with his name.
But we, whom you haue warnde, this leſſon learne by you:
To know the tree before we clime, to truſt no rotten bowe,
To view the limed buſhe, to looke afore we light,
To ſhunne the perilous bayted hooke, and vſe a further ſight.
As do the mouſe, the birde, the fiſh, by ſamply fitly ſhow.
That wily wits and ginnes of men do worke the ſimples wo:
So, ſimple ſithe we are, and you ſo ſuttle be,
God help the Mouſe, the birde, the fiſh, & vs your ſleightes to fle.

The louer complaineth his fault, that with vngentle writing had diſpleaſed his lady.

Ah loue how waiward is his wit what pãges do perce his breſt
Whom thou to wait vpon thy will haſt reued of his reſt.
The light, the darke, the ſunne, the mone, the day & eke the night,
His dayly dieng life, him ſelf, he hateth in deſpight,
Sith furſt he light to looke on her that holdeth him in thrall,
His mouing eyen his moued wit he curſeth hart and all,
From hungry hope to pining feare eche hap doth hurle his hart,
From panges of plaint to fits of fume from aking into ſmart.
Eche moment ſo doth change his chere not with recourſe of eaſe,
But with ſere ſortes of ſorowes ſtill he worketh as the ſeas.
That turning windes not calme returnde rule in vnruly wiſe,
As if their holdes of hilles vphurld they braſten out to riſe.
And puffe away the power that is vnto their king aſſignde
To pay that ſithe their priſonment they deme to be behinde.
So doth the paſſions long repreſt within the wofull wight,
Breake downe the banks of all his wits & out they guſhen quite.
To rere vp rores now they be free from reaſons rule and ſtay,
And hedlong hales thunruled race his quiet quite away.
No meaſure hath he of his ruth, no reaſon in his rage,
No bottom groũd where ſtayes his grief, thus weares away his age
In wiſhing wants, in wayling woes. Death doth he dayly call,
To bring releaſe when of relief he ſeeth no hope at all.
Thence comes that oft in depe deſpeire to riſe to better ſtate,
On heauen and heauenly lampes he layeth the faute of al his fate.
On God and Gods decreed dome cryeth out with curſing breath,
Eche thing that gaue and ſaues him life he damneth of his death.
The wõbe him bare, yͤ breſts he ſuckt, ech ſtar yͭ with their might.
Their ſecret ſuccour brought to bring the wretch to worldly light
Yea that to his ſoules perile is moſt haynous harme of all,
And craues the cruelleſt reuenge that may to man befall:
Her he blaſphemes in whom it lieth in preſent as ſhe pleaſe,
To dampne him downe to depth of hell, or plant in heauens eaſe.
Such rage conſtrainde my ſtrained hart to guide thunhappy hand
That ſent vnfitting blots to her on whom my life doth ſtand.
But graunt O God that he for them may beare the worthy blame
Whom I do in my depe diſtreſſe finde guilty of the ſame,
Euen that blinde boy that blindly guides the faultles to their fall,
That laughes when they lament that he hath throwen into thral.
Or Lord, ſaue louing lookes of her, what penance els thou pleaſe
So her contented will be wonne I count it all mine eaſe.
And thou on whõ doth hang my will, with hart, with ſoul & care,
With life and all that life may haue of well or euell fare:

Graunt grace to him that grates therfore with ſea of ſaltiſh brine
By extreme heat of boylyng breſt diſtilled through his eyen.
And with thy fancy render thou my ſelf to me againe,
That dayly then we duely may employ a paineleſſe paine.
To yelde and take the ioyfull frutes that herty loue doth lend.
To them that meane by honeſt meanes to come to happy end.

The louer wounded of Cupide, wiſheth he had rather ben ſtriken by death.

The blinded boy that bendes the bow,
To make with dint of double wound:
The ſtowteſt ſtate to ſtoupe and know:
The cruell craft that I haue found.
With death I would had chopt a change,
To borow as by bargain made:
Ech others ſhaft when he did range,
With reſtleſſe rouyng to inuade.
Thunthralled mindes of ſimple wightes,
Whoſe giltleſſe ghoſtes deſerued not:
To fele ſuch fall of their delightes,
Such panges as I haue paſt God wot.
Then both in new vnwonted wiſe,
Should death deſerue a better name,
Nor (as tofore hath bene his guiſe)
Of crueltie to beare the blame.
But contrary be counted kinde,
In lendyng life and ſparyng ſpace:
For ſicke to riſe and ſeke to finde,
A way to wiſh their weary race
To draw to ſome deſired end,
Their long and lothed life to rid.
And ſo to fele how like a frend,
Before the bargain made he did.
And loue ſhould either bring againe,
To wounded wightes their owne deſire:
A welcome end of pinyng payne,
As doth their cauſe of ruthe require:

Or when he meanes the quiet man,
A harme to haſten him to grefe:
A better dede he ſhould do then,
With borrowd dart to geue releſe.
That both the ſicke well demen may,
He brought me rightly my requeſt:
And eke the other ſort may ſay,
He wrought me truely for the beſt.
So had not fancy forced me,
To beare a brunt of greater wo:
Then leauing ſuch a life may be,
The ground where onely grefes do grow.
Unlucky likyng linkt my hart,
In forged hope and forced feare:
That oft I wiſht the other dart,
Had rather perced me as neare.
A fayned truſt, conſtrayned care,
Moſt loth to lack, moſt hard to finde:
In ſunder ſo my iudgement tare,
That quite was quiet out of minde.
Abſent in abſence of mine eaſe,
Preſent in preſence of my paine:
The woes of want did much diſpleaſe,
The ſighes I ſought did greue againe.
Oft grefe that boyled in my breſt,
Hath fraught my face with ſaltiſh teares,
Pronouncyng proues of mine vnreſt,
Whereby my paſſed paine appeares.
My ſighes full often haue ſupplied,
That faine with wordes I wold haue ſaid:
My voice was ſtopt my tong was tyed,
My wits with wo were ouerwayd.
With trembling ſoule and humble chere,
Oft grated I for graunt of grace:
On hope that bounty might be there,
Where beauty had ſo pight her place.
At length I found, that I did fere,
How I had labourde all to loſſe,
My ſelf had ben the carpenter,
That framed me the cruell croſſe.
Of this to come if dout alone,
Though blunt with truſt of better ſpede:

So oft hath moued my minde to mone,
So oft hath made my hart to blede.
What ſhall I ſay of it in dede,
Now hope is gone mine olde releſe:
And I enforced all to fede,
Vpon the frutes of bitter greſe?

Of womens changeable will.

I Wold I found not as I fele,
Such changyng chere of womens will,
By fickle flight of fortunes whele,
By kinde or cuſtome, neuer ſtill.
So ſhold I finde no fault to lay,
On fortune for their mouyng minde,
So ſhould I know no cauſe to ſay
This change to chance by courſe of kinde.
So ſhould not loue ſo work my wo,
To make death ſurgeant for my ſore,
So ſhould their wittes not wander ſo,
So ſhould I reck the leſſe therfore.

The louer complayneth the loſſe of his ladye.

NO ioy haue I, but liue in heauineſſe,
My dame of price bereft by fortunes cruelneſſe,
My hap is turned to vnhappineſſe,
Vnhappy I am vnleſſe I finde releſſe.
My paſtime paſt, my youthlike yeres are gone,
My monthes of mirth, my gliſtring daies of gladſomneſſe:
My times of triumph turned into mone,
Vnhappy I am vnleſſe I finde releſſe.
My wonted winde to chaunt my cherefull chaunce,
Doth ſigh that ſong ſomtime the balades of my leſſe:
My ſobbes, my ſore and ſorow do aduaunce.
Vnhappy I am vnleſſe I finde releſſe.
I mourne my mirth for grefe that it is gone,
I mourne my mirth wherof my muſing mindefulneſſe:

Is ground of greater grefe that growes theron,
Unhappy I am vnleſſe I finde releſſe.
No ioy haue I: for fortune frowardly:
Hath bent her browes hath put her hand to cruelneſſe:
Hath reſt my dame, conſtrayned me to crye,
Unhappy I am vnleſſe I finde releſſe.

Of the golden meane.

The wiſeſt way, thy bote, in waue and winde to guie,
Is neither ſtill the trade of middle ſtreame to trie:
Ne (warely ſhunnyng wrecke by wether) aye to nie,
To preſſe vpon the perillous ſhore.
Both clenely flees he filthe: ne wonnes a wretched wight,
In carliſh coate: and carefull court aie thrall to ſpite,
With port of proud aſtate he leues: who doth delight,
Of golden meane to hold the lore.
Stormes rifeſt rende the ſturdy ſtout pineapple tre.
Of lofty ruing towers the fals the feller be.
Moſt fers doth lightenyng light, where furtheſt we do ſe.
The hilles the valey to forſake.
Well furniſht breſt to bide eche chanſes changing chear,
In woe hath chearfull hope, in weal hath warefull fear,
One ſelf Ioue winter makes with lothfull lokes appear,
That can by courſe the ſame aſlake.
What if into miſhap thy caſe now caſten be?
It forceth not ſuch forme of luck to laſt to thee.
Not alway bent is Phebus bow: his harpe and he,
Ceaſt ſiluer ſound ſometime doth raiſe.
In hardeſt hap vſe helpe of hardy hopefull hart.
Seme bold to beare the brunt of fortune ouerthwart.
Eke wiſely when forewinde to full breathes on thy part,
Swage ſwellyng ſaile, and doubt decayes.

The praiſe of a true frende.

Who ſo that wiſely weyes the profite and the price,
Of thinges wherin delight by worth is wont to riſe.

Shall finde no iewell is ſo rich ne yet ſo rare,
That with the frendly hart in value may compare.
What other wealth to man by fortune may befall,
But fortunes changed there may reue a man of all.
A frend no wracke of wealth, no cruell cauſe of wo,
Can force his frendly faith vnfrendly to forgo.
If fortune frendly fawne, and lend thee welthy ſtore,
Thy frendes conioyned ioy doth make thy ioy the more.
If frowardly ſhe frown and driue thee to diſtreſſe,
His ayde releues thy ruthe, and makes thy ſorow leſſe.
Thus fortunes pleaſant frutes by frendes encreaſed be.
The bitter ſharp and ſowre by frendes alayde to thee.
That when thou doeſt reioyce, then doubled is thy ioy,
And eke in cauſe of care, the leſſe is thy anoy.
Aloft if thou do liue, as one appointed here,
A ſtately part on ſtage of worldly ſtate to bere:
Thy frende as only free from fraud will thee aduiſe,
To reſt within the rule of mean as do the wiſe.
He ſeeketh to foreſee the peril of thy fall.
He findeth out thy faultes and warnes thee of them all.
Thee, not thy luck he loues, what euer be thy caſe,
He is thy faithfull frend and thee he doth embrace.
If churliſh cheare of chance haue thrown thee into thrall,
And that thy nede aſke ayde for to releue thy fall:
In him thou ſecret truſt aſſured art to haue,
And ſuccour not to ſeke, before that thou can craue.
Thus is thy frende to thee the comfort of thy paine,
The ſtayer of thy ſtate, the doubler of thy gaine.
In wealth and wo thy frend, an other ſelf to thee,
Such man to man a God, the prouerb ſayth to be.
As welth will bring thee frendes in louring wo to proue,
So wo ſhall yeld thee frendes in laughing wealth to loue.
With wiſedome chuſe thy frend, with vertue him retaine:
Let vertue be the ground, ſo ſhall it not be vaine.

The louer lamenteth other to haue the frutes of his ſeruice.

SOme men would think of right to haue,
For their true meaning ſome reward,

But while that I do cry and craue:
I ſee that other be preferd,
I gape for that I am debard.
I fare as doth the hound at hatch:
The worſe I ſpede, the lenger I watch.
My waſtefull will is tried by truſt:
My fond fanſie is mine abuſe.
For that I would refraine my luſt:
For mine auaile I cannot chuſe,
A will, and yet no power to vſe.
A will, no will by reaſon iuſt,
Sins my will is at others luſt.
They eate the hony, I hold the hyue.
I ſow the ſede, they reape the corne.
I waſte, they winne, I draw they driue.
Theirs is the thanke, mine is the ſcorne.
I ſeke, they ſpede, in waſte my winde is worne,
I gape, they get, and gredely I ſnatch:
Till wurſe I ſpede, the lenger I watch.
I faſt, they fede: they drink, I thurſt.
They laugh, I wayle: they ioy, I mourne.
They gayne, I loſe: I haue the wurſt.
They whole, I ſicke: they cold, I burne.
They leape, I lye: they ſlepe, I toſſe and turne.
I would, they may: I craue, they haue at will.
That helpeth them, lo, cruelty doth me kill.

Of the ſutteltie of crafty louers.

SUch waiward waies haue ſome whē folly ſtirres their braines
To fain & plain full oft of loue, when leſt they fele his paines.
And for to ſhew a griefe ſuch craft haue they in ſtore,
That they can halt and lay a ſalue wheras they fele no ſore.
As hound vnto the foote, or dog vnto the bow,
So are they made to vent her out, whom bent to loue they know.
That if I ſhould diſcribe one hundred of their driftes,
Two hūdred wits beſide mine owne I ſhould put to their ſhiftes.
No woodman better knowes how for to lodge his dere,
Nor ſhipman on the ſea that more hath ſkill to guide the ſtere.
Nor beaten dogge to herd can warer choſe his game.

Nor ſcholeman to his fanſie can a ſcholer better frame.
Then one of theſe which haue old Ouids arte in vre,
Can ſeke the wayes vnto their minde a woman to allure.
As round about a hyue the Bees do ſwarme alway,
So roūd about the houſe they preaſe wherin they ſeke their pray.
And whom they ſo beſege, it is a wonderous thing,
What crafty engins to aſſault theſe wily warriers bring.
The eye as ſcout and watch to ſtirre both to and fro,
Doth ſerue to ſtale her here & there where ſhe doth come and go.
The tong doth pleade for right as herauld of the hart:
And both the handes as oratours do ſerue to point their part.
So ſhewes the countenance then with theſe fowre to agree,
As though in witnes with the reſt, it would hers ſworne be.
But if ſhe then miſtruſt it would turne blacke to white,
For that the worrier lokes moſt ſmoth whē he wold faineſt bite.
Then wit as counſellour a helpe for this to finde:
Straight makes the hand as ſecretair forthwͭ to write his minde.
And ſo the letters ſtraight embaſſadours are made,
To treate in haſte for to procure her to a better trade.
Wherin if ſhe do thinke all this is but a ſhewe,
Or but a ſubtile maſking cloke to hide a crafty ſhrewe:
Then come they to the larme, then ſhew they in the fielde,
Then muſter they in colours ſtrange, that waues to make her yeld
Then ſhoote they batry of, then compaſſe they her in,
At tilt and turney oft they ſtriue this ſelly ſoule to win.
Then ſound they on their lutes, then ſtrain they forth their ſong.
Then romble they with inſtrumentes to lay her quite a long.
Then borde they her with giftes, then do they woo and watch.
Then night and day they labour hard this ſimple hold to catch,
As pathes within a wood, or turnes with in a maſe:
So then they ſhew of wiles & craftes they can a thouſand wayes.

Of the vanitie of mans lyfe.

Vaine is the fleting welth,
Whereon the world ſtayes:
Sithe ſtalking time by priuy ſtelth,
Encrocheth on our dayes.
And elde which crepeth faſt,
To taynts vs with her wounde:

Will turne eche blyſſe vnto a blaſt,
Which laſteth but a ſtounde.
Of youth the luſty floure,
Which whylome ſtoode in price:
Shall vaniſh quite within an houre,
As fire conſumes the ice.
Where is become that wight,
For whoſe ſake Troy towne:
Withſtode the grekes till ten yeres fight,
Had raſde their walles adowne.
Did not the wormes conſume,
Her caryon to the duſt?
Did dreadfull death forbeare his fume
For beauty, pride, or luſt?

The louer not regarded in earneſt ſute, being become wiſer, refuſeth her profred loue.

DO way your phiſike I faint no more,
The ſalue you ſent it comes to late:
You wiſt well all my grief before,
And what I ſuffred for your ſake.
Hole is my hart I plaine no more,
A new the cure did vndertake:
Wherfore do way you come to late.
For whiles you knew I was your own,
So long in vaine you made me gape,
And though my fayth it were well knowne,
Yet ſmall regard thou toke therat,
But now the blaſt is ouerblowne.
Of vaine phiſicke a ſalue you ſhape,
Wherfore do way you come to late.
How long or this haue I bene faine
To gape for mercy at your gate,
Untill the time I ſpyde it plaine,
That pitie and you fell at debate.
For my redreſſe then was I faine:
Your ſeruice cleane for to forſake.

Wherfore do way you come to late.
 For when I brent in endleſſe fire,
Who ruled then but cruell hate:
So that vnneth I durſt deſire
One looke, my feruent heate to ſlake.
Therfore another doth me hyre,
And all the profer that you make,
Is made in vayne and comes to late.
 For when I aſked recompence,
With coſt you nought to graunt God wat:
Then ſaid diſdaine to great expence,
It were for you to graunt me that.
Therfore doway your rere pretence,
That you would binde that derſt you brake,
For lo your ſalue comes all to late.

The complaint of a woman rauiſhed, and alſo mortally wounded.

A Cruell Tiger all with teeth bebled,
A bloody tirantes hand in eche degre,
A lecher that by wretched luſt was led,
(Alas) deflowred my virginitee.
And not contented with this villanie,
Nor with thoutragious terrour of the dede,
With bloody thirſt of greater crueltie:
Fearing his haynous gilt ſhould be bewrayed,
By crying death and vengeance openly,
His violent hand forthwith alas he layed
Vpon my guiltles ſely childe and me,
And like the wretch whom no horrour diſmayde,
Drownde in the ſinke of depe iniquitie:
Miſuſing me the mother for a time,
Hath ſlaine vs both for cloking of his crime.

The louer being made thrall by loue, perceiueth how great a loſſe is libertye.

AH libertie now haue I learnd to know,
By lacking thee what Jewell I poſſeſt,
When I receiued firſt from Cupids bow
The deadly wound that feſtreth in my breſt.
So farre (alas) forth ſtrayed were mine eyes,
That I ne might refraine them backe, for lo:
They in a moment all earthly thinges deſpiſe,
In heauenly ſight now are they fixed ſo.
What then for me but ſtill with mazed ſight,
To wonder at that excellence diuine:
Where loue (my freedome hauing in deſpight)
Hath made me thrall through errour of mine eyen.
For other guerdon hope I not to haue,
My foltring toonge ſo baſheth ought to craue.

The diuers and contrarie paſſions of the louer.

HOlding my peace alas how loud I crye,
Preſſed with hope and dread euen both at ones,
Strayned with death, and yet I cannot dye.
Burning in flame, quaking for cold that grones,
Unto my hope withouten winges I flye.
Preſſed with diſpayre, that breaketh all my bones.
Walking as if I were, and yet am not.
Fayning with mirth, moſt inwardly with mones.
Hard by my helpe, vnto my health not nye.
Mids of the calme my ſhip on rocke it rones.
I ſerue vnbound, faſt fettred yet I lye.
In ſtede of milke that fede on marble ſtones,
My moſt will is that I do eſpye:
That workes my ioyes and ſorowes both at ones.
In contraris ſtandeth all my loſſe and gaine:
And lo the giltleſſe cauſeth all my paine.

The teſtament of the hawthorne.

I Sely haw whoſe hope is paſt,
In faithfull true and fixed minde:

To her whom that I ſerued laſt,
Haue all my ioyefulnes reſignde,
Becauſe I know aſſuredly,
My dying day aprocheth nye.
  Diſpaired hart the carefull neſt,
Of all the ſighes I kept in ſtore:
Conuey my carefull corps to reſt,
That leaues his ioy for euermore.
And when the day of hope is paſt,
Geue vp thy ſprite and ſigh the laſt.
  But or that we depart in twaine,
Tell her I loued with all my might:
That though the corps in clay remaine,
Conſumed to aſſhes pale and white.
And though the vitall powres do ceaſſe,
The ſprite ſhall loue her natreleſſe.
  And pray my liues lady dere,
During this litle time and ſpace,
That I haue to abiden here,
Not to withdraw her wonted grace,
In recompenſing of the paine,
That I ſhall haue to part in twaine.
  And that at leaſt ſhe will withſaue,
To graunt my iuſt and laſt requeſt:
When that ſhe ſhall behold his graue,
That lyeth of lyfe here diſpoſſeſt,
In record that I once was hers,
To bathe the froſen ſtone with teares.
  The ſeruice tree here do I make,
For mine executour and my frende:
That liuing did not me forſake,
Nor will I truſt vnto my ende,
To ſee my body well conueyde,
In ground where that it ſhalbe layde.
  Tombed vnderneth a goodly Oke,
With Iuy grene that faſt is bound:
There this my graue I haue beſpoke,
For there my ladies name do ſound:
Beſet euen as my teſtament tels:
With oken leaues and nothing els.
  Grauen wheron ſhalbe expreſt,
Here lyeth the body in this place,

Of him that liuing neuer ceſt
To ſerue the fayreſt that euer was,
The corps is here, the hart he gaue
To her for whom he lieth in graue.
And alſo ſet about my herſſe,
Two lampes to burne and not to queint,
Which ſhalbe token, and reherſſe
That my good will was neuer ſpent.
When that my corps was layd alow,
My ſpirit did ſweare to ſerue no mo.
And if you want of ringing bels,
When that my corps goth into graue:
Repete her name and nothing els,
To whom that I was bonden ſlaue.
When that my life it ſhall vnframe,
My ſprite ſhall ioy to heare her name.
With dolefull note and piteous ſound,
Wherwith my hart did cleaue in twaine:
With ſuch a ſong lay me in ground,
My ſprite let it with her remayne,
That had the body to commend:
Till death therof did make an end.
And euen with my laſt bequeſt,
When I ſhall from this life depart:
I geue to her I loued beſt,
My iuſt my true and faithfull hart,
Signed with the hand as cold as ſtone:
Of him that liuing was her owne.
And if he here might liue agayne,
As Phenix made by death anew:
Of this ſhe may aſſure her plaine,
That he will ſtill be iuſt and trew.
Thus farewell ſhe on liue my owne.
And ſend her ioy when I am gone.

The louer in diſpeire lamenteth his caſe.

ADieu deſert, how art thou ſpent?
Ah dropping teares how do ye waſhe?
Ah ſcalding ſighes, how be ye ſpent?

To pricke them forth that will not haſt,
Ah payned hart thou gapſt for grace,
Euen there where pitie hath no place.
  As eaſy it is the ſtony rocke,
From place to place for to remoue,
As by thy plaint for to prouoke:
A froſen hart from hate to loue,
What ſhould I ſay ſuch is thy lot,
To fawne on them that force the not.
  Thus maiſt thou ſafely ſay and ſweare,
That rigour raigneth and ruth doth faile,
In thankleſſe thoughts thy thoughts do weare
Thy truth, thy faith, may nought auaile,
For thy good will why ſhould thou ſo,
Still graft where grace it will not grow.
  Alas pore hart thus haſt thou ſpent,
Thy flowryng time, thy pleaſant yeres.
With ſighing voyce wepe and lament:
For of thy hope no frute apperes,
Thy true meanyng is paide with ſcorne,
That euer ſoweth and repeth no corne.
  And where thou ſekes a quiet port,
Thou doſt but weigh agaynſt the winde,
For where thou gladdeſt woldſt reſort,
There is no place for thee aſſinde.
Thy deſteny hath ſet it ſo
That thy true hart ſhould cauſe thy wo.

Of his maiſtreſſe. m. B,

IN Bayes I boaſt whoſe braunch I beare,
  Such ioy therin I finde:
That to the death I ſhall it weare,
  To eaſe my carefull minde.
In heat, in cold, both night and day,
  Her vertue may be ſene:
When other frutes and flowers decay,
  The bay yet growes full grene.
Her berries fede the birdes full oft,
  Her leues ſwete water make:

&c.

Her bowes be ſet in euery loft,
For their ſwete ſauours ſake.
The birdes do ſhrowd them from the cold,
In her we dayly ſee:
And men make arbers as they wold,
Under the pleaſant tree.
It doth me good when I repayre,
There as theſe bayes do grow:
Where oft I walke to take the ayre,
It doth delight me ſo.
But loe I ſtand as I were dome,
Her beauty for to blaſe:
Wherwith my ſprites be ouercome,
So long theron I gaſe.
At laſt I turne vnto my walk,
In paſſing to and fro:
And to my ſelf I ſmile and talk,
And then away I go.
Why ſmileſt thou ſay lokers on,
what pleaſure haſt thou found?
With that I am as cold as ſtone,
And ready for to ſwound.
Fie fie for ſhame ſayth fanſy than,
Pluck vp thy faynted hart:
And ſpeke thou boldly like a man,
Shrinke not for little ſmart.
Wherat I bluſhe and change my chere,
My ſenſes ware ſo weake:
O god think I what make I here,
That neuer a word may ſpeake.
I dare not ſigh leſt I be heard,
My lokes I ſlyly caſt:
And ſtill I ſtand as one were ſcarde,
Untill my ſtormes be paſt.
Then happy hap doth me returne,
The blood comes to my face:
A merier man is not aliue,
Then I am in that caſe.
Thus after ſorow ſeke I reſt,
When fled is fanſies fit.
And though I be a homely geſt,
Before the bayes I ſit.

Where I do watch till leaues do fall,
When winde the tree doth ſhake:
Then though my branch be very ſmall,
My leafe away I take.
And then I go and clap my hands,
My hart doth leape for ioy.
Theſe bayes do eaſe me from my bands,
That long did me annoy:
For when I do behold the ſame,
Which makes ſo faire a ſhow:
I finde therin my maiſtreſſe name,
And ſe her vertues grow.

The louer complaineth his harty loue not requited.

When Phebus had the ſerpent ſlaine,
He claymed Cupides boe:
Which ſtrife did turne him to great paine,
The ſtory well doth proue.
For Cupide made him fele much woe,
In ſekyng Dephnes loue.
This Cupide hath a ſhaft of kinde,
Which wounded many a wight:
Whoſe golden hed had power to binde,
Ech hart in Venus bandes.
This arrow did on Phebus light,
Which came from Cupides handes.
An other ſhaft was wrought in ſpite,
which headed was with lead:
Whoſe nature quenched ſwete delight,
That louers moſt embrace.
In Dephnes breſt this cruell head,
Had found a dwellyng place.
But Phebus fonde of his deſire,
Sought after Dephnes ſo:
He burnt with heat, ſhe felt no fire,
Full faſt ſhe fled him fro.
He gate but hate for his good will,
The gods aſſigned ſo.

My caſe with Phebus may compare,
His hap and mine are one,
I cry to her that knowes no care,
Yet ſeke I to her moſt:
When I approche then is ſhe gone,
Thus is my labour loſt.
Now blame not me but blame the ſhaft,
That hath the golden head,
And blame thoſe gods that with their craft
Such arrowes forge by kinde.
And blame the cold and heauy lead,
That doth my ladies minde.

A praiſe of .m. M.

IN court as I behelde, the beauty of eche dame,
Of right my thought frō all the reſt ſhould .M. ſteale the ſame,
But, er I ment to iudge: I vewed with ſuch aduiſe.
As retchleſſe dome ſhould not inuade: the boundes of my deuiſe.
And, whiles I gaſed long: ſuch heat did brede within,
As Priamus towne felt not more flame, whē did the bale begin.
By reaſons rule ne yet by wit perceue I could,
That .M. face of earth yfound: enioy ſuch beauty ſhould.
And fanſy doubted that from heauen had Venus come,
To noriſh rage in Britaynes harts, while corage yet doth blome,
Her natiue hue ſo ſtroue, with colour of the roſe,
That Paris would haue Helene left, and .M. beauty choſe.
A wight farre paſſyng all, and is more faire to ſeme,
Then luſty May the lodg of loue: that clothes the earth in grene,
So angell like ſhe ſhines: ſhe ſemeth no mortall wight,
But one whom nature in her forge, did frame her ſelf to ſpight.
Of beauty princeſſe chiefe: ſo makeleſſe doth ſhe reſt,
Whoſe eye would glad an heauy wight: and pryſon payne in breſt,
I ware aſtonied to ſee: the ſcator of her ſhape,
And wōdred that a mortal hart: ſuch heauenly beames could ſcape
Her limmes ſo anſweryng were: the mould of her faire face,
Of Venus ſtocke ſhe ſemde to ſpring, the rote of beauties grace.
Her preſens doth pretende: ſuch honour and eſtate,
That ſimple men might geſſe her birthe: if folly bred debate.
Her lokes in hartes of flint: would ſuch affectes impreſſe,
As rage of flame not Nilus ſtremes: in Neſtors yeres encreaſe.

Within the ſubtill ſeat, of her bright eyen doth dwell,
Blinde Cupide with the pricke of paine: that princes fredom ſell.
A Paradice it is: her beauty to behold,
Where natures ſtuffe ſo full is found , that natures ware is ſold.

An old louer to a yong gentil woman.

YE are to yong to bryng me in,
And I to old to gape for flies:
I haue to long a louer bene,
If ſuch yong babes ſhould bleare mine eyes,
But trill the ball before my face,
I am content to make you play:
I will not ſe, I hide my face,
And turne my backe and ronne away.
But if you folowe on ſo faſt,
And croſſe the waies where I ſhould go,
Ye may waxe weary at the laſt,
And then at length your ſelf orethrow.
I meane where you and all your flocke,
Deuiſe to pen men in the pound:
I know a key can picke your locke,
And make you runne your ſelues on ground.
Some birdes can eate the ſtrawie corne,
And flee the lime that fowlers ſet,
And ſome are ferde of euery thorne,
And ſo therby they ſcape the net.
But ſome do light and neuer loke,
And ſeeth not who doth ſtand in waite,
As fiſh that ſwalow vp the hoke,
And is begiled through the baite.
But men can loke before they leape,
And be at price for euery ware,
And penyworthes caſt to bye good cheape,
And in ech thyng hath eye and care.
But he that bluntly runnes on hed,
And ſeeth not what the race ſhal be:
Is like to bring a foole to bed,
And thus ye get no more of me.

The louer forſaketh his vnkinde loue.

F Arewell thou froſen hart and eares of hardned ſtele,
Thou lackeſt yeres to vnderſtand the grefe that I did fele.
The gods reuenge my wrong, with equall plage on thee,
When pleſure ſhal prick forth thy youth, to learn what loue ſhalbe.
Perchance thou proueſt now, to ſcale blinde Cupides holde,
And matcheſt where thou maiſt repent, when al thy cards are told
But bluſh not thou therfore, thy betters haue done ſo,
Who thought they had retaind a doue, when they but caught a cro
And ſome do lenger time, with lofty lokes we ſee,
That lights at length as low or wors thē doth the betell bee.
Yet let thy hope be good, ſuch hap may fall from hye:
That thou maiſt be if fortune ſerue, a princeſſe er thou dye.
If chance prefer thee ſo, alas poore ſely man,
Where ſhall I ſcape thy cruell handes, or ſeke for ſuccour than?
God ſhild ſuch greedy wolues, ſhould lap in giltleſſe bloode,
And ſend ſhort hornes to hurtful heads, ẏ rage like lyons woode.
I ſeldome ſe the day, but malice wanteth might,
And hatefull harts haue neuer hap, to wreke their wrath aright.
The madman is vnmete, a naked ſword to gide,
And more vnfit are they to clime, that are orecome with pride.
I touch not thee herein, thou art a fawcon ſure,
That can both ſoer and ſtoupe ſometime, as men caſt vp the lure.
The pecock hath no place, in thee when thou ſhalt liſt,
For ſome no ſoner make a ſigne, but thou perceueſt the fiſt.
They haue that I do want, and that doth thee begilde,
The lack that thou doſt ſe in me, doth make thee loke ſo wilde.
My luryng is not good it liketh not thine eare,
My call it is not half ſo ſwete, as would to god it were.
Well wanton yet beware, thou do no tiryng take,
At euery hand that would thee fede, or to thee frendſhip make,
This councell take of him that ought thee once his loue,
Who hopes to mete thee after this among the ſaintes aboue.
But here within this world, if he may ſhonne the place,
He rather aſketh preſent death, then to beholde thy face.

The louer preferreth his *lady* aboue all other.

Reſigne you dames whom tikelyng brute delight,
The golden praiſe that flatteries tromp doth ſowne:
And vaſſels be to her that claims by right,
The title iuſt that firſt dame beauty found.
Whoſe dainty eyes ſuch ſugred baits do hide,
As poyſon harts where glims of loue do glide.
Come eke and ſee how heauen and nature wrought,
Within her face where framed is ſuch ioy:
As Priams ſonnes in vaine the ſeas had ſought,
If halfe ſuch light had had abode in Troy.
For as the golden ſunne doth darke ech ſtarre,
So doth her hue the fayreſt dames as farre.
Ech heauenly gift, ech grace that nature could,
By art or wit my lady ſo retaynes:
A ſacred head, ſo heapt with heares of gold,
As Phebus beames for beauty farre it ſtayns,
A ſucred tong, where eke ſuch ſweteneſſe ſnowes,
That well it ſemes a fountain where it flowes.
Two laughyng eyes ſo linked with pleaſyng lokes,
As wold entice a tygers hart to ſerue:
The bayt is ſwete but eager be the hookes,
For Dyane ſekes her honour to preſerue.
Thus Arundell ſits, throned ſtill with fame,
Whom enmies trompe can not attaynt with ſhame.
My daſed head ſo daunted is with heapes,
Of giftes diuine that harber in her breſt:
Her heauenly ſhape, that ſo my verſes leaps,
And touch but that wherin ſhe clowds the reſt.
For if I ſhould her graces all recite,
Both time ſhould want, and I ſhould wonders write.
Her chere ſo ſwete, ſo chriſtall is her eyes,
Her mouth ſo ſmall, her lips ſo liuely red:
Her hand ſo fine, her wordes ſo ſwete and wiſe,
That Pallas ſemes to ſoiourne in her hed.
Her vertues great her forme as farre excedes,
As ſunne the ſhade that mortall creatures leades.
Would God that wretched age would ſpare to race,
Her liuely hew that as her graces rare:
Be goddeſſe like, euen ſo her goddeſſe face,
Might neuer change but ſtill continue faire
That eke in after time ech wight may ſee,
How vertue can with beauty beare degree.

The louer lamenteth that he would forget loue, and can not.

ALas when ſhall I ioy,
When ſhall my wofull hart,
Caſt forth the foliſh toy
That breadeth all my ſmart.
A thouſand times and mo,
I haue attempted ſore:
To rid this reſtleſſe wo,
Which raigneth more and more.
But when remembrance paſt,
Hath laid dead coales together:
Old loue renewes his blaſt,
That cauſe my ioyes to wither.
Then ſodaynely a ſpark,
Startes out of my deſire:
And lepes into my hart,
Settyng the coles a fire.
Then reaſon runnes about,
To ſeke forgetfull water:
To quench and clene put out,
The cauſe of all this matter.
And ſaith dead fleſh muſt nedes,
Be cut out of the core,
For rotten withered wedes,
Can heale no greuous ſore.
But then euen ſodaynely,
The feruent heat doth ſlake:
And cold then ſtraineth me,
That makes my bodies ſhake.
Alas who can endure,
To ſuffer all this paine,
Sins her that ſhould me cure,
Moſt cruell death hath ſlaine.
Well well, I ſay no more,
Let dead care for the dead,
Yet wo is me therfore,
I muſt attempt to lead.

One other kinde of life,
Then hitherto I haue:
Or els this paine and ſtrife,
Will bring me to my graue.

¶ *Songes written by N. G.*

Of the ix. Muſes.

IMps of king Ioue, and quene Remembrance lo,
The ſiſters nyne, the poets pleaſant feres.
Calliope doth ſtately ſtile beſtow,
And worthy praiſes paintes of princely peres.
Clio in ſolem ſonges reneweth all day,
With preſent yeres conioyning age bypaſt.
Delitefull talke loues Comicall Thaley:
In freſh grene youth, who doth like laurell laſt.
With voyces Tragicall ſowndes Melpomen,
And, as with cheins, thallured eare ſhe bindes.
Her ſtringes when Terpſichor doth touche, euen then
She toucheth hartes, and raigneth in mens mindes,
Fine Erato, whoſe looke a liuely chere
Preſents, in dauncing keepes a comely grace.
With ſemely geſture doth Polymnie ſtere:
Whoſe wordes holle routes of rankes doo rule in place,
Uranie, her globes to view all bent,
The ninefold heauen obſerues with fixed face.
The blaſtes Eutrepe tunes of inſtrument,
With ſolace ſweet hence heauie dumps to chaſe.
Lord Phebus in the mids (whoſe heauenly ſprite
Theſe ladies doth enſpire) embraceth all.
The graces in the Muſes weed, delite
To lead them forth, that men in maze they fall.

Muſonius the Philoſophers ſaying.

IN working well, if trauell you ſuſtain:
Into the winde ſhall lightly paſſe the paine:
But of the dede the glory ſhall remain,
And cauſe your name with worthy wights to raign.
In working wrong, if pleaſure you attaine:
The pleaſure ſoon ſhall vade, and voyde, as vaine:
But of the deed, throughout the life, the ſhame
Endures, defacing you with fowl defame:
And ſtill tormentes the minde, both night and day:
Scant length of time the ſpot can waſh away.
Flee then ylſwading pleaſures baits vntrew:
And noble vertues fair renown purſeew.

Deſcription of Vertue.

WHat one art thou, thus in torn weed yclad?
Vertue, in price whom auncient ſages had.
Why, poorely rayd? For fading goodes paſt care.
Why doublefaced? I marke ech fortunes fare.
This bridle, what? Mindes rages to reſtrain.
Tooles why beare you? I loue to take great pain.
Why, winges? I teache aboue the ſtarres to flye.
Why tread you death? I onely cannot dye.

Praiſe of meaſure-keping.

THe auncient time commended, not for nought,
The mean: what better thing can ther be ſought?
In meane, is vertue placed: on either ſide,
Both right, and left, amiſſe a man ſhall ſlide.
Icar, with ſire hadſt thou the mid way flown,
Icarian beck by name had no man known.
If middle path kept had proud Phaeton,
No burning brand this earth had falne vpon.
Ne cruel powr, ne none to ſoft can raign:
That kepes a mean, the ſame ſhall ſtill remain.
Thee, Julie, once did toomuch mercy ſpill:
Thee, Nero ſtern, rigor extreem did kill.

How could Auguſt ſo many yeres well paſſe?
Nor ouermeek, nor ouerferſe he was.
Worſhip not Ioue with curious fanſies vain,
Nor him deſpiſe: hold right atween theſe twain.
No waſtefull wight, no greedy goom is prayzd.
Standes largeſſe iuſt, in egall balance payzd.
So Catoes meal, ſurmountes Antonius chere,
And better fame his ſober fare hath here.
To ſlender building, bad: as bad, to groſſe:
One, an eyeſore, the tother falls to loſſe.
As medcines help, in meaſure: ſo (God wot)
By ouermuch, the ſick their bane haue got.
Unmeet mee ſeems to vtter this, mo wayes:
Meaſure forbids vnmeaſurable prayſe.

Mans life after Poſſidonius, or Crates.

WHat path liſt you to tread? what trade will you aſſay?
The courts of plea, by brawl, & bate, driue gẽtle peace away.
In houſe, for wife, and childe, there is but cark and care:
With trauail, and with toyl ynough, in feelds we vſe to fare.
Upon the ſeas lieth dreed: the rich in foraine land,
Doo fear the loſſe: and there, the poore, like miſers poorely ſtand.
Strife, with a wife, without, your thrift full hard to ſee:
Yong brats, a trouble: none at all, a maym it ſeems to bee:
Youth, fond, age hath no hert, and pincheth all to nye.
Chooſe then the leeſer of theſe twoo, no life, or ſoon to dye.

Metrodorus minde to the contrarie.

WHat race of life ronne you? what trade will you aſſaye?
In courts, is glory got, and wit encreaſed day by day.
At home, wee take our eaſe, and beak our ſelues in reſt:
The feeldes our nature doo refreſh with pleaſures of the beſt.
On ſeas, is gayn to get: the ſtraunger, hee ſhall bee
Eſteemed: hauing much: if not, none knoweth his lack, but hee.
A wife will trim thy houſe: no wyfe: then art thou free.
Brood is a louely thing: without, thy life is looſe to thee.
Yong bloods be ſtrong: old ſires in double honour dwell.

Doway that choyſe, no life, or ſoon to dye: for all is well.

Of frendſhip.

Of all the heauenly giftes, that mortall men commend,
What truſty treaſure in the world can counteruail a frend?
Our helth is ſoon decayd: goodes, caſuall, light, and vain:
Broke haue we ſene the force of powre, and honour ſuffer ſtain.
In bodies luſt, man doth reſemble but baſe brute:
True vertue gets, and keeps a frend, good guide of our purſute:
Whoſe harty zeale with ours accords, in euery caſe:
No terme of time, no ſpace of place, no ſtorme can it deface.
When fickle fortune failes, this knot endureth ſtill:
Thy kin out of their kinde may ſwarue, whẽ frends owe the good (will,
What ſweter ſolace ſhall befall, than one to finde,
Upon whoſe breſt thou mayſt repoſe the ſecretes of thy minde:
He wayleth at thy wo, his teares with thine be ſhed:
With thee doth he all ioyes enioy: ſo leef a life is led.
Behold thy frend, and of thy ſelf the patern ſee:
One ſoull, a wonder ſhall it ſeem, in bodies twain to bee.
In abſence, preſent, rich in want, in ſickneſſe ſound,
Yea after death aliue, mayſt thou by thy ſure frend be found.
Eche houſe, eche towne, eche realm by ſtedfaſt loue doth ſtand:
Where fowl debate breeds bitter bale, in eche deuided land.
O frendſhip, flowr of flowrs: O liuely ſprite of life,
O ſacred bond of bliſſfull peace, the ſtalworth ſtaunch of ſtrife:
Scipio with Lelius didſt thou conioyn in care,
At home, in warrs, for weal and wo, with egall faith to fare.
Geſippus eke with Tite, Damon with Pythias,
And with Menetius ſonne Achill, by thee combined was.
Euryalus, and Niſus gaue Uirgil cauſe to ſing:
Of Pylades doo many rimes, and of Oreſtes ring.
Down Theſeus went to hell, Pirith, his frend to finde:
O that the wiues, in theſe our daies, wer to their mates ſo kinde.
Cicero the frendly man, to Atticus his frend,
Of frendſhip wrote: ſuch couples lo doth lot but ſeldome lend.
Recount thy race, now ronne: how few ſhalt thou there ſee,
Of whom to ſay: This ſame is he, that neuer fayled mee.
So rare a iewell then muſt nedes be holden dere:
And as thou wilt eſteem thy ſelf, ſo take thy choſen fere.
The tirant, in diſpaire, no lacke of gold bewayls.

But, Out I am vndoon (ſaith he() for all my frendſhip fails.
Wherfore ſins nothing is more kindely for our kinde:
Next wiſdome thus that teacheth vs, loue we the frendful minde.

The death of Zoroas, an Egyptian Aſtronomer, in the firſt fight, that Alexander had with the Perſians.

NOw clattering armes, now ragyng broyls of warre,
Gan [illegible]le the noyes of dredfull trompets clang:
Shrowded with ſhafts, the heuen: with clowd of darts,
Couered the ayre: againſt full fatted bulls,
As forceth kindled yre the Lyons keen:
Whoſe greedy gutts the gnawyng honger pricks:
So Macedoins againſt the Perſians fare.
Now corpſes hide the purpurde ſoyl with blood:
Large ſlaughter, on ech ſide: but Perſes more
Moyſt feelds be bledd: their harts, and nombers bate.
Fainted while they geue back, and fall to flight:
The lightening Macedon, by ſwoords, by gleaus,
By bands and trowps, of fotemen with his garde,
Speeds to Darie: but him, his neareſt kyn,
Oxate preſerues, with horſemen on a plump
Before his carr: that none the charge could geue.
Here grunts, here grones, echwhere ſtrong youth is ſpent:
Shakyng her bloody hands, Bellone among
The Perſes, ſoweth all kynde of cruel death.
With throte ycutt, he roores: he lieth along,
His entrails with a lance through girded quite:
Him ſmites the club, him wounds farſtrikyng bow,
And him the ſling, and him the ſhinyng ſwoord:
He dieth, he is all dead, he pants, he reſts.
Right ouerſtood, in ſnowwhite armour braue,

The Memphite Zoroas, a cunning clarke:
To whom the heauen lay open, as his boke:
And in celeſtiall bodies he could tell
The mouyng, metyng, light, aſpect, eclips,
And influence, and conſtellacions all:
What earthly chances would betide: what yere
Of plenty, ſtorde, what ſigne forwarned derth:
How winter gendreth ſnow, what temperature
In the primetide doth ſeaſon well the ſoyl:
Why ſomer burns, why autumne hath ripe grapes:
Whether the circle, quadrate may become:
Whether our tunes heauens harmony can yelde:
Of four begins, among them ſelues how great
Proporcion is: what ſway the erryng lightes
Doth ſend in courſe gayn that firſt mouyng heauen:
What grees, one from another diſtant be:
What ſtarre doth let the hurtfull fire to rage,
Or him more milde what oppoſition makes:
What fire doth qualify Mauorſes fire:
What houſe ech one doth ſeke: what planet raignes
Within this hemiſphere, or that, ſmall things
I ſpeake, whole heauen he cloſeth in his breſt.
This ſage then, in the ſtarres had ſpied: the fates
Threatned him death, without delay: and ſithe
He ſaw, he could not fatall order change:
Forward he preaſt, in battayle that he might
Mete with the ruler of the Macedoins:
Of his right hand deſtrous to be ſlayne,
The boldeſt beurn, and worthieſt in the felde:
And, as a wight now weary of his life,
And ſekyng death: in firſt front of his rage,
Comes deſperatly to Alexanders face:
At him, with darts, one after other throwes:
With reckles wordes, and clamour him prouokes:
And ſaith, Nectanabs baſtard, ſhamefull ſtain
Of mothers bed: why loſeſt thou thy ſtrokes,
Cowards among: Turne thee to me, in caſe
Manhod there be ſo much left in thy hart:
Come fight with me: that on my helmet weare
Appolloes laurell, both for learnings laude,
And eke for martiall praiſe: that, in my ſhield,
The ſeuenfold ſophie of Minerue contein:

A match, more meet, ſir king, than any here.
The noble prince amoued, takes ruthe vpon
The wilfull wight: and with ſoft wordes, ayen,
O monſtrous man (quod he) what ſo thou art,
I pray the, lyue: ne do not, with thy death,
This lodge of lore, the Muſes manſion marr.
That treaſure houſe this hand ſhall neuer ſpoyl:
My ſword ſhall neuer bruſe that ſkilfull braine,
Long gatherd heapes of ſcience ſone to ſpyll.
O, how faire frutes may you to mortall men
From wiſdomes garden geue: how many may
By you the wiſer and the better proue?
What error, what mad moode, what phrenſy thee
Perſwades to be downe ſent to depe Auerne:
Where no arts floriſh, nor no knowledge vails?
For all theſe ſawes, when thus the ſouerain ſayd,
Alighted Zoroas: with ſword vnſheathed,
The careles king there ſmot, aboue the greue,
At thopenyng of his quiſhes: wounded him
So that the blood down reyled on the ground.
The Macedon perceiuyng hurt, gan gnaſh:
But yet his minde he bent, in any wiſe,
Him to forbear: ſet ſpurs vnto his ſtede,
And turnde away: leſt anger of his ſmart
Should cauſe reuenger hand deale balefull blowes.
But of the Macedonian chieftains knights
One Meleager, could not beare this ſight:
But ran vpon the ſaid Egyptian reuk:
And cut him in both knees: he fell to ground:
Wherwith a whole rout came of ſouldiers ſtern,
And all in pieces hewed the ſilly ſeg.
But happily the ſoule fled to the ſtarres:
Where vnder him, he hath full ſight of all,
Wherat he gaſed here, with reaching looke.
The Perſians waild ſuch ſapience to forgo:
The very ſone, the Macedonians wiſht.
He would haue liued: king Alexander ſelf
Demde him a man, vnmete to dye at all:
Who won like praiſe, for conqueſt of his yre,
As for ſtout men in field that day ſubdued:
Who princes taught, how to diſcerne a man,

That in his hed ſo rare a iewell beares.
But ouer all, thoſe ſame Camenes, thoſe ſame
Deuine Camenes, whoſe honour he procurde,
As tender parent doth his daughters weal:
Lamented: and for thankes all that they can,
Do cheriſh him deceaſt, and ſet him free,
From dark obliuion of deuouring death.

Marcus Tullius Ciceroes death.

Therfore, when reſtleſſe rage of winde, and waue
Hee ſaw: By fates, alas calld for (quod hee)
Is hapleſſe Cicero: ſayl on, ſhape courſe
To the next ſhore, and bring me to my death.
Perdy theſe thanks, reſkued from ciuill ſwoord,
Wilt thou my countrey paye: I ſee mine end:
So powers diuine, ſo bid the gods aboue,
In citie saued that Conſul Marcus ſhend.
Speakyng no more, but drawyng from deep hart
Great grones, euen at the name of Rome rehearſt:
His eies and chekes, with ſhowrs of teares, he waſht,
And (though a rout in dayly daungers worne)
With forced face, the ſhipmen held their teares:
And, ſtriuyng long the ſeas rough floods to paſſe,
In angry windes, and ſtormy ſhowres made way:
And at the laſt, ſafe ancred in the rode.
Came heauy Cicero a land: with pain,
His fainted lims the aged ſire doth draw:
And, round about their maſter ſtood his band:
Nor greatly with their owne hard hap diſmayd,
Nor plighted fayth, proue in ſharp time to break:
Some ſwordes prepare: ſome their dere lord aſſiſt:
In littour layd, they lead him vnkouth wayes:
If ſo deceaue Antonius cruell gleaues
They might, and threats of folowyng routs eſcape.
Thus lo, that Tullie, went, that Tullius,
Of royall robe, and ſacred ſenate prince:
When he a far the men approch eſpieth,

And of his ſone the enſignes doth aknow:
And, with drawn ſwoord, Popilius threatning death:
Whoſe life, and holl eſtate, in hazard once,
Hee had preſerude: when Room as yet to free
Herd him, and at his thundring voyce amazde.
Herennius eek, more eyger than the reſt,
Preſent enflamde with furie, him purſeews.
What might hee doo? Should hee vſe in defenſe
Diſarmed hands? or pardon aſk, for meed?
Should he with wordes attempt to turn the wrath
Of tharmed knight, whoſe ſafegard hee had wrought?
No, age forbids, and fixt within depe breſt
His countryes loue, and falling Romes image.
The charret turn, ſayth hee, let looſe the rayns:
Roon to the vndeſerued death: mee, lo,
Hath Phebus fowl, as meſſenger forwarnd:
And Ioue deſires a neew heauenſman to make.
Brutus, and Caſſius ſoulls, liue you in bliſſe:
In caſe yet all the fates gaynſtriue vs not,
Neither ſhall we perchaunce dye vnreuenged.
Now haue I liued, O Room, ynough for mee:
My paſſed life nought ſuffreth me to dout
Noyſom obliuion of the lotheſome death.
Slea mee: yet all the offſpring to come ſhall know:
And this deceas ſhall bring eternall life.
Yea, and (onleſſe I fayl, and all in vain
Room, I ſoomtime thy Augur choſen was)
Not euermore ſhall frendly fortune thee
Fauour, Antonius: once the day ſhall coom:
When her deare wights, by cruell ſpight, thus ſlain,
Victorious Room ſhall at thy hands require.
Me likes, therwhile, go ſee the hoped heauen.
Speech had he left: and therwith hee, good man,
His throte preparde, and held his hed vnmoued.
His haſting to thoſe fates the very knightes
Be lothe to ſee: and, rage rebated, when
They his bare neck beheld, and his hore heyres:
Scant could they hold the teares, that forth gan burſt
And almoſt fell from bloody hands the ſwoords.
Onely the ſtern Herennius, with grym looke,
Daſtards, why ſtand you ſtill? he ſayth: and ſtraight,
Swaps of the hed, with his preſumptuous yron.

Ne with that ſlaughter yet is he not fild:
Fowl ſhame on ſhame to heape, is his delite.
Wherefore the handes alſo doth hee of ſmyte,
Which durſt Antonius life ſo liuely paynt.
Him, yeldyng ſtrayned goſte, from welkin hye.
With lothy chere, lord Phebus gan behold:
And in black clowd, they ſay, long hid his hed.
The latine Muſes, and the Grayes, they wept:
And, for his fall, eternally ſhall weep.
And lo, hertperſing Pitho (ſtraunge to tell)
Who had to him ſuffiſde both ſenſe, and words,
When ſo he ſpake: and dreſt, with nectar ſoote,
That flowyng toung: when his windpipe diſcloſde,
Fled with her fleeyng frend: and (out alas)
Hath left the earth, ne will no more return.
Popilius flyeth, therwhile: and, leauing there
The ſenſleſſe ſtack, a grizely ſight doth bear
Unto Antonius boord, with miſchief fed.

Of M. T. Cicero.

For Tullie, late, a tomb I gan prepare:
When Cynthie, thus, bad mee my labour ſpare:
Such maner things becoom the ded, quoth hee:
But Tullie liues, and ſtyll alyue ſhall bee.

N. G.

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FINIS.

❧ Imprinted at London in flete
ſtrete within Temple barre, at the
ſygne of the hand and ſtarre,
by Richard Tottell
the .xxxi. day of July.
An. 1557.

*Cum priuilegio ad impri-
mendum ſolum.*